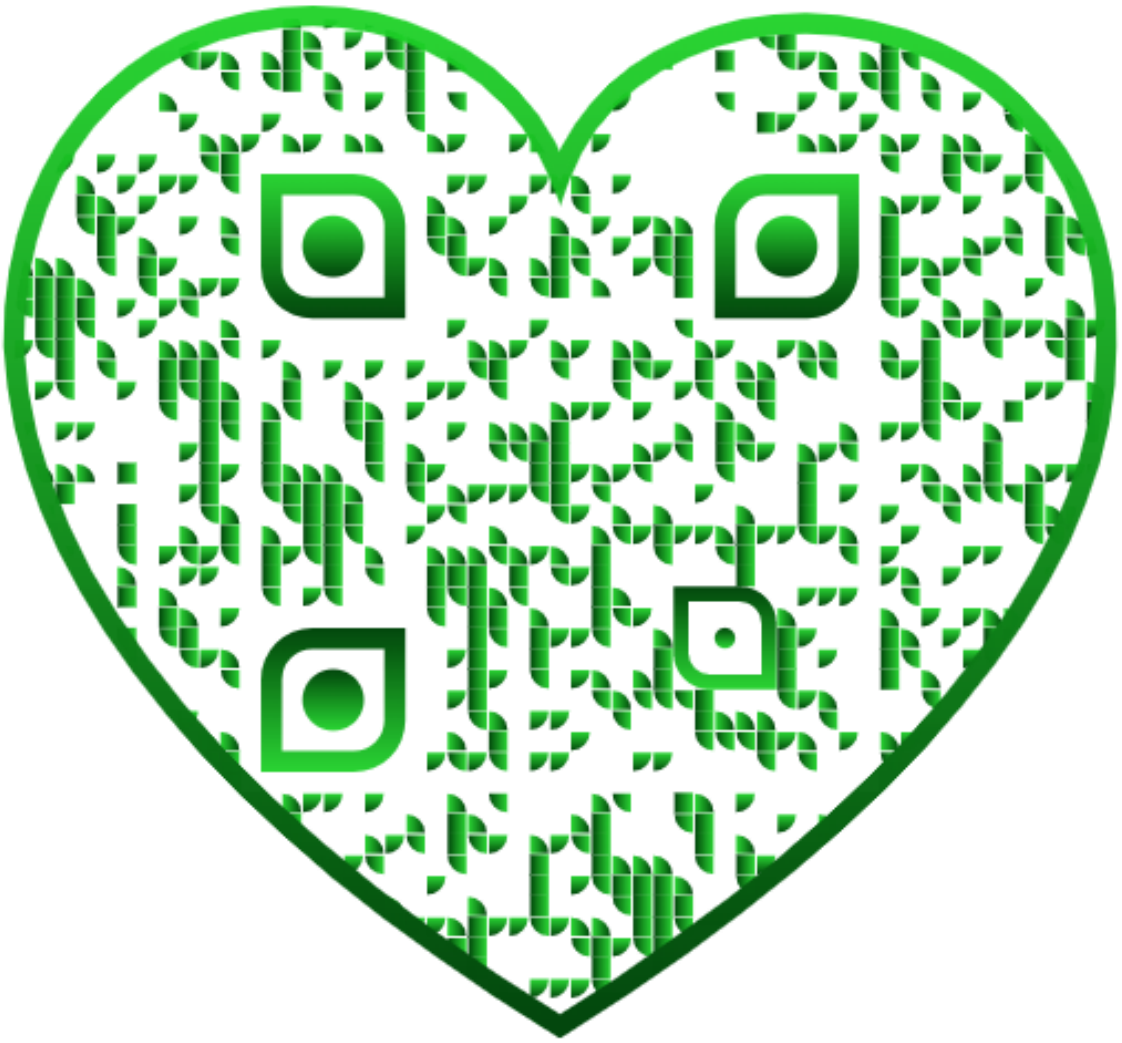
THE PARANORMAL

Apparitions and Haunted Houses

Sir Ernest Bennett



APPARITIONS AND HAUNTED HOUSES

A Survey of Evidence

by SIR ERNEST BENNETT
Late Fellow of Hertford College, Oxford

with a foreword by The Very Rev.
The Dean of St. Paul's

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FOREWORD

By the Very Rev. The Dean of St. Paul's

The study of Apparitions and Haunted Houses which Sir Ernest Bennett has given us in this book is not designed to satisfy that craving for the marvellous which is, I suppose, innate in most of us, but rather to awaken scientific curiosity. The examples cited have been selected because of their evidential value, and romantic appeal has been a secondary consideration compared with solidity of attestation. It has always seemed to me difficult to resist the weight of evidence that apparitions have formed a part of human experience through the centuries. The cases collected in this book are sufficient to show that modern times are not different from ancient in this respect. To-day there are people whose sanity and good faith it would be impossible to doubt who believe that they have seen phantasms of the dead. I believe that a study of the evidence makes it impossible to adopt the hypothesis that the whole of this evidence can be dismissed as the product of subjective hallucination or conscious fraud.

I am inclined to agree with Sir Ernest Bennett in thinking that the most acceptable hypothesis is that of telepathic influence from the minds of the departed, though, as he points out, this does not seem to explain all the

phenomena. I very much hope that this book will make some impression on two different classes of distinguished men — the scientists and the leaders of religion. The attitude of the ‘orthodox’ man of science to ‘psychic phenomena’ is extraordinary. For the most part he ignores the existence of the evidence; when compelled to recognize it he writes it down as a tissue of error and deceit. Yet there are facts which appear to be well attested and which, if true, would throw a new light upon the nature of existence. Telepathy alone, without the hypothesis of telepathic communication with the dead, must have quite revolutionary consequences when its implications are thought out.

One can understand the caution of religious teachers in approaching phenomena which bear upon our belief in our survival of death. Superstition, often of a degrading kind, has grown up in the past round the belief that it is possible to communicate with the dead. The Christian belief in immortality is not the same as the belief that some persons continue to exist after death. All this must be admitted. But it would be a great gain for spiritual religion if some fresh evidence could be discovered that consciousness is not wholly dependent on the body and extinguished when the body dies. The wide-spread fear that this is the case is based on the results of science, on facts and the interpretation of facts. It may be argued, as I think with justice, that the facts do not compel us to adopt a quasi-materialist view, but it is difficult to deny the *prima facie* plausibility of that view. What folly then to refuse to look at another set of facts which, again *prima facie*, suggest a totally different conception of the relation of consciousness with the body! On what ground can we loftily wave them aside? Is it because our own faith in immortality is securely based on more abstract and more spiritual evidence? There are others who have no such confidence and whose minds move perhaps in another and more empirical way — people who like facts. If there

are evidences of the power of consciousness to survive death it is of religious no less than scientific interest that they should be widely known and carefully criticized. I believe that Sir Ernest Bennett's book will help towards that cool and unprejudiced discussion which is needed.

W. R. MATTHEWS
The Deanery
*St. Paul's, E.C.*4
19 July 1959

PREFACE

The purpose of this book is to present a survey of the evidence furnished from time to time by reliable witnesses in regard to what are commonly known as apparitions or ghosts, and the various hypotheses which may be put forward to meet the admitted facts. Apart from the evidence accumulated in Great Britain, careful investigators have engaged in similar labours in every country of the civilized world. Flammarion in France, Professor Bozzano in Italy, Dr. Walter Prince in the United States, and other foreign students of recognized intellectual standing have collected narratives bearing on this subject. It is in our own country, however, that by far the most systematic and careful investigations have taken place, mainly through the sustained efforts of the Society for Psychical Research.

This society (which I shall describe hereafter by the letters S.P.R.) was founded in 1882 chiefly through the efforts of Professor Barrett and a group of distinguished Cambridge men, Frederic Myers, Henry Sidgwick, and Edmund Gurney, to make ‘an organized and scientific attempt to investigate that large group of debatable phenomena designated by such terms as psychical and spiritualistic’. Among these phenomena those connected with apparitions have always held an important place, more especially in the earlier work of the society.

In 1886 Gurney, Myers, and Podmore published their famous book *Phantasms of the Living*, a monument of industrious research and critical judgement, which contains some hundreds of well-attested narratives. This volume, however, dealt almost exclusively, as its name implies, with the phantasmal appearances of living persons to living persons. No direct attempt was made to deal with other phantasms than those of the living, though, in view of the fact that the overwhelming majority of such appearances occur at or about the moment of the agent's death, considerable doubt must obviously prevail in some instances as to whether or not death had actually taken place before the appearance of the phantasmal figure.

Apart from the large volume of evidence accumulated in the pages of *Phantasms of the Living*, we find in the forty-three volumes of the Proceedings of the S.P.R. and the monthly *Journal* a very large number of narratives dealing with apparitions of the dead, some recognized, others carrying with them no indication of identity. The cases which are printed by the society have all been carefully investigated; no narratives have been accepted unless they reached a high standard of evidential value.

In view of the fact that the subject of phantasms of the living has been exhaustively covered, no such narratives, with the exception of a very few collective cases, appear in this book, which is concerned especially with the evidence for, and explanation of, apparitions of the dead. It is upon the tried and tested cases of the S.P.R. that I have largely relied in this present volume. To that extremely small section of the community who are members of the S.P.R. or read its literature some at least of these narratives will doubtless be familiar; but to the reading public in general this important body of evidence is more or less unknown. On that ground, therefore, I make no apology for reprinting with occasional abridgements some of the best cases in the records of the S.P.R.

Because, however, of the obvious fact that nearly all the S.P.R. cases are now remote — though their comparative antiquity does not necessarily invalidate the evidence — I gladly accepted an invitation in the spring of 1934 to take part with Professor Broad, Dame Edith Lyttelton, Sir Oliver Lodge, and others in a series of broadcasts described as an ‘Inquiry into the Unknown’. The topic allotted to me at my request was ‘Apparitions and Haunted Houses’. It was difficult to believe that those sources of experience which had furnished the evidence of the best S.P.R. cases in earlier years should have dried up, and I wished to supplement the older narratives by the first-hand testimony of present-day witnesses.

In response to this broadcast, which is printed below, I received nearly thirteen hundred letters. The vast majority of the stories, though in many cases well presented and interesting, failed to reach the evidential level which was essential. Some fifty narratives, however, of adequate merit as regards the quality of the evidence, have been included in the present collection. Most of these selected narratives are ‘collective cases’, i.e., cases which depend on the witness of two or more persons; but I have also included a limited number of single cases, in which there is only one witness, for, although these accounts are not in themselves so convincing, the cumulative effect of hundreds of such cases, if well authenticated, is considerable. The testimony of a single individual may frequently possess a special value in virtue of his profession, his education, or his trustworthy character — or again from his mental and physical health, or the absence of any anticipation on his part, or any suggestion from others. The famous apparition, for example, which appeared to Lord Brougham lasted for an appreciable time in broad daylight, and such testimony coming from a thorough-going sceptic like the great Chief Justice is obviously important despite the absence of corroboration from other witnesses. Nevertheless, the collective evidence of

two or more trustworthy persons is, in general, vastly stronger than merely individual testimony.

For the sake of variety I have, as I said before, included a few collective cases of phantasms of the living, and also some well-attested stories of animal apparitions.

I should like to warn my prospective readers of one thing in advance. They must not always expect in these narratives to find the conventional features of the ordinary ghost story of fiction. From time to time newspapers invite their readers to send them tales of apparitions and other ghostly experiences, and prizes varying from half a guinea to several pounds are offered for the ‘best stories’. Now the best story for public consumption, I notice, is not necessarily the one best attested and most free from possibilities of trickery, delusion, or bad observation, but rather the story which strikes the imagination of the general reader most forcibly. The popular ghost is one which appears for some definite purpose, bent on communicating some information, or calling attention to some tragic event, such as murder or suicide; it is quite determined to make its presence known and its demeanour is at times sinister and even menacing. In short the kind of story which meets with the most general acceptance by the public is of a more or less sensational character, and provided this feature is secured the quality of the evidence seems sometimes quite a secondary consideration. The one and only test of a good story from a scientific point of view is, of course, the quantity and quality of the available evidence.

The well-authenticated cases on which we rely are often, in fact, of a very different order from the popular ‘ghost story’. The apparition, whether seen in the open, so to speak, or within the narrow limits of a room or a garden, is in many instances a fleeting, fugitive thing. It crosses a path or walks, or glides, down a passage, or stands beside a bed. Sometimes it looks

at the percipient and shows personal concern and interest with what is happening, or has happened; but more generally it simply fades away without paying any attention whatever to those who are present. In the well-authenticated case of the ‘Morton’ family ghost the apparition, though visible from time to time to both individuals and groups of persons over a period of seven years, evinced on only one, or possibly two occasions, any apparent recognition of those who witnessed it. The scientific view of an authentic apparition of a dead man will not be the popular view of a ghost as a deceased person permitted by Providence to hold intercourse with survivors. The truer definition, as Myers suggested, is ‘a manifestation of persistent personal energy’.

I must express my deep obligation to my colleagues on the council of the S.P.R. for permission to use many cases taken *passim* from the Proceedings and the *Journal*; and to the British Broadcasting Corporation for permission to reprint my broadcast of 1934. My sincere thanks are also due to the ladies and gentlemen who have sent me records of their experiences, and in many instances rendered me further assistance in securing corroborative evidence.

My own personal contribution to these pages has been comparatively slight, for I have done little else than reprint some old narratives and edit others hitherto unpublished. Nor have I been able to add much that is new in the way of comment upon the evidence here collected. The enthusiastic labours of Frederic Myers came to me in my Oxford days as a veritable inspiration, and no recent developments of modern thought or scientific discovery have led me, as regards the problem of apparitions, to question the validity of his methods or conclusions, which are here to a large extent restated and endorsed.

In the following narratives the actual names and addresses of witnesses are given except in cases where a desire is expressed for anonymity.

A BROADCAST ON APPARITIONS AND HAUNTED HOUSES

3rd March 1934

All down the centuries, in all countries, civilized and uncivilized alike, stories of ghosts and apparitions persist, and in the present age, too, amid the ever-increasing conquests of scientific discovery, it is certain that men and women with sound minds and sound bodies do from time to time see phantasms of both living and dead persons under circumstances which rule out illusion or deception.

I shall not attempt to say more here about phantasms of the living — though they are more numerous than those of the dead — than that this phenomenon is usually explained as the result of telepathy, conscious or unconscious, between the person seen and the seer. Nor shall I attempt to lead you into the dark and dubious surroundings of the materializing seance and its alleged production of partial or complete figures. Nevertheless, from my own personal experience of sittings with well-known mediums like Florence Cook, Eusapia Paladino, Eva C., and others, I feel that, despite the

environment of fraud which so often surrounds physical mediumship, the baffling phenomena of the materializing seance cannot be entirely ignored by any serious student of psychical research.

It is with the ghost in the ordinary sense of the word that we are mainly concerned here — that is, the apparition of a dead person. It is only within the last fifty years that any serious attempt has been made to deal scientifically with these abnormal experiences, which occur more frequently than is generally supposed. In 1889 the Psychical Research Society organized a Census of Hallucinations covering Great Britain, the United States, France, Germany, and Italy, and replies were invited to the following question: Have you ever, when believing yourself to be completely awake, had a vivid impression of seeing or being touched by a living being, or of hearing a voice, which impression, so far as you could discover, was not due to an external physical cause? Seventeen thousand answers were received, of which 99 — say 10 — per cent were in the affirmative.

Of the very large number of narratives which have reached the society a careful selection has been made from time to time. The first-hand evidence has been analysed and every possible channel of corroboration explored. We learn from this exhaustive study of selected narratives: first, that a large majority of apparitions appear at or near the death of the deceased person; second, that apparitions are seen in any light from dawn to daylight, sometimes at night with a luminosity of their own; they appear in any house, ancient or quite modern, and are seen by persons of every type, quite independently of their health, temperament, or intellectual capacity; and, third, that apparitions are seen not only by individuals at odd moments and places, but, unless one’s mind is closed entirely to human testimony, ghosts of a more persistent type are associated with certain localities and houses.

That apparitions of the dead are seen is attested by a veritable cloud of tried and tested witnesses. How are we to account for these abnormal appearances? The old and popular view is that they are the spirits of dead men in the sense of objective things, existing in space externally to ourselves — things that are always there but only occasionally perceived when through some unknown cause our eyes are, so to speak, opened to behold these beings from another sphere of existence. Some support is accorded to this view by cases where the figure is seen successively and in different places by independent witnesses.

Another explanation takes the line of least resistance by maintaining that all apparitions are purely subjective, the result simply and solely of hallucination, due to nothing beyond some abnormal condition of the percipient's nervous or digestive system. Such a solution seems quite inadequate. Hallucination in the case of normal individuals is a very rare phenomenon, and of the collective hallucination of such persons medical science knows nothing. Further, when two or three ordinary people without any expectancy or suggestion from others see an apparition simultaneously, is it probable that they are all unconsciously suffering from the same special form of neurasthenia or dyspepsia at the same moment?

The best working hypothesis seems to be that of telepathy from those who are dead. If we attribute the phantasm of a living person to some conscious or unconscious volition on the part of the individual seen, precisely the same explanation may be applied to the apparitions of those who have died. The significance of this solution, if it be the correct one, need scarcely be pointed out — a mind capable of volition survives the grave. This explanation appears to me the only one which covers the facts before us; nor need it, one would think, disturb the minds of a broadcasting audience, the vast majority of whom profess some form of a religion definitely based on

the doctrine of a future life. Further, although science in general does not yet accept the existence of a discarnate intelligence, it does not regard it as intrinsically incredible or impossible. And, indeed, if we accept telepathy as proved and so admit the existence of a psychic or spiritual force, apart altogether from the ordinary channels of sense, can we reasonably deny *a priori* that in such a phase of existence disembodied personalities, minds, spirits — call them what you like — may find a place?

The question can, it is true, be asked whether such apparitions are necessarily due to the agency of the dead, or genuinely represent the personalities of the departed whom they resemble. In many cases these appearances are fugitive and fleeting: the figure moves along a passage or enters a room without paying any attention to the living percipient. On one only of the many occasions when the Cheltenham apparition was visible to persons singly or collectively was any recognition of the percipient's presence at all apparent. On the other hand, there are many evidential cases in which the figure unmistakably resembling a deceased person exhibits a definite purpose in its appearance and a continued knowledge of earthly conditions. When, for instance, a clergyman sees in broad daylight the figure of a young man, of whose illness he has heard nothing, looking at him with an eager and anxious expression as if longing to speak; and then learns subsequently that this young man had died three days before and had been disturbed for hours at the failure of the clergyman — thanks to the neglect of the parents — to visit him, it is difficult to resist the conviction that such an apparition was due to the post-mortem agency of the deceased.

It is, of course, impossible to attempt much here in the way of detailed evidence, and I can only refer those who may be interested in the subject to the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research. There are, however, two types of evidence which seem to possess a special value and significance

— apparitions witnessed by more than one person simultaneously, and those seen by quite young children. One of the best of the collective cases is that of a haunted house where identically the same figure of a woman in black with a handkerchief held to her face was repeatedly seen over a period of seven years, sometimes by two, three or four persons simultaneously. In another case two persons see an apparition at the same moment, and two others, quite independently, and unaware of the experiences of the first pair, see the same figure a little later on. We have, too, a number of well-authenticated narratives of apparitions seen by dying children of three years or so, or by their young brothers and sisters present in the room. Surely these little ones knew nothing of death and its problems, but they clearly recognized beside them the faces and figures of relatives and others whom they, in their brief lives, knew and loved. Even so strong an anti-spiritist as Professor Richet of Paris admits that it is almost impossible in these cases to resist the belief that the figures seen are veritable personalities of the dead.

Nobody could expect the recital of a few detached ghost stories, however well authenticated, to bring conviction to any one. But a careful study of some four hundred such stories selected for their first-hand evidence and well-attested corroboration does, I feel, produce a cumulative effect of compelling weight and significance.

Nevertheless, however varied and, to my mind, irresistible our evidence may be, it suffers from one serious defect — it is now, and for the present generation, largely out of date. Since the early efforts of the Psychical Research Society to secure authentic records of ghosts and apparitions we have added comparatively little to our store of first-class testimony. Very few individuals have either time or opportunity to consult the mass of evidence which was accumulated by the devoted and unselfish labours of Myers, Gurney, Podmore, Barrett, Professor and Mrs. Sidgwick, Richard Hodgson of

the United States, and others. With the exception of that gifted lady, Mrs. Sidgwick, who is happily still with us,[1] all these early pioneers have passed away, and more than fifty years have rolled by since many of the events they recorded took place.

The old records were sound enough, but a younger generation needs fresh facts and fresh evidence. That such first-hand evidence exists to-day I am convinced. Even a limited census with 17,000 answers produced results of amazing interest and value: surely the source of these psychic experiences cannot be dried up, nor the mental and spiritual conditions of the human race materially altered in so short a period. The subject of ghosts is not, I am afraid, a popular one. In some middle-class circles it is generally not considered good form to mention ghosts except in a jocular way; and many devout Christians who anticipate, with some assurance, eternal happiness hereafter, regard any mention of disembodied spirits as an unpleasant and depressing topic. Others there are, however, in whose eyes the ordinary aims and preoccupations of life, however necessary they are for a useful and happy existence in this world, are perhaps less important than the vast possibilities which may be opened up by the proved facts of psychic research.

To thoughtful men and women of this type I want to make an appeal for any fresh evidence they can furnish. Let me then repeat the old question of the census in simpler form. Have you ever seen an apparition under circumstances which rule out illusion, trickery, or mal-observation? I beg those of you who have been fortunate enough to have had these psychic experiences to let me know. Any information addressed to me will be most gratefully received, and in no case will either names or places be published without the definite permission of the senders. I ask your help not only in the name of science generally, which includes all terrestrial experiences within its frontiers, but of a special branch of scientific investigation, which may

open up to the human race an avenue of eternal hope and help to furnish a solution of the great misgiving,

Whether ‘tis ampler day, divinelier lit,
Or homeless night without.

PART ONE

RECOGNIZED OR IDENTIFIED APPARITIONS

Case 1

The following account came from a lady (known to Mr. Myers), who preferred that her name should not be given (March 1889):

My mother died on the 24th of June 1874, at a house called The Hunter's Palace, Slima, Malta, where we were then residing for her health. She had always a great fear of being buried alive, and extracted a promise from my father that wherever she died he should not allow her to be buried for a week, and I remember we had to get special permission, as it is the custom to bury within three days in a hot climate. The third day after death was the last time I saw her, and I then went into the room with my father, and we cut off all her hair, which was very long and curly. I have no remembrance of being at all nervous or in the least frightened. On the seventh day after death she was buried, and it was on that night she appeared to me. I slept in a little dressing-room opening out of the larger nursery, which, like many old houses, had two steps leading into it. The smoking-room, where my father generally spent his evenings, was across the hall, and my little room also had a door opening on to the hall, so that it was not necessary for me to go through the nursery, where my two little brothers slept, to get out. On this particular evening the weather was stiflingly hot, and intensely still. I had been put to bed earlier than usual, and had no light in the room; the Venetian shutters were open as far as they would go, and the night was so beautiful that the room was quite light. The door into the nursery was only partially closed, and I could see the nurse's shadow as she leaned over her work, and I gazed at the shadow of her hand moving up and down with an irritating

regularity until I fell asleep. I seemed to have been sleeping some time when I woke, and turning on the other side towards the window saw my mother standing by my bedside crying and wringing her hands. I had not been awake long enough to remember that she was dead and exclaimed quite naturally (for she often came in when I was asleep), 'Why, dear, what's the matter?' and then, suddenly remembering, I screamed. The nurse sprang up from the next room, but on the top step flung herself on her knees, and began to tell her beads and cry. My father at the same moment arrived at the opposite door, and I heard his sudden exclamation of 'Julia, darling!' My mother turned towards him, and then to me, and wringing her hands again retreated towards the nursery and was lost. The nurse afterwards declared that she distinctly felt something pass her, but she was in such a state of abject terror that her testimony is quite worthless. My father then ordered her out of the room, and telling me that I had only been dreaming stayed until I fell asleep. The next day, however, he told me that he too had seen the vision, and that he hoped to do so again, and that if ever she came to see me again I was not to be frightened, but to tell her that 'Papa wanted to speak to her', which I faithfully promised to do, but I need scarcely say that she never appeared again.

What has struck me as curious since then is that I saw her as she usually came to see me the last thing at night, dressed in a white flannel dressing-gown trimmed with a band of scarlet braid and her long hair loose and flowing. She was *not* buried in that dressing-gown, and we had cut off all her hair. Years afterwards, when we were speaking of it, my father told me that she had always promised to come back after death if such a thing were possible. That being the case it is curious that she should have appeared to me. The nurse from that time forward refused to sit alone in the nursery, and predicted no end of dreadful things as likely to happen, but when a few weeks

afterwards I sickened for a long and serious illness she was quite satisfied. She was a Maltese and when we left the island we quite lost sight of her. My father died just three years ago, so that I am now the only eyewitness left. My father's second wife has, however, heard the story from him, and will sign this.

L. H.
M. S. H.

In reply to further inquiries, Miss H. adds:

March 11th 1889

1. I have no newspaper cutting which has the notice of my mother's death in it, or a memorial card. I have a photograph of her tomb, which bears the date of death, June 24th 1874, and I enclose you an envelope containing some of her hair, which my father fastened up on the morning of the funeral, and which I found among his papers after his death, and have never opened.[1]

2. I was eight years old on the 13th of June, 1874.

3. I have never had any hallucination of any kind, nor am I in the very least nervous. My father never had any other hallucination that I know of, that is, I never heard him mention any.

4. Neither my father nor nurse ever hinted at such an idea [as that of a possible reappearance of the dead]. My nurse indeed was a Roman Catholic, uneducated, and very superstitious. But, of course, any mention of my mother at that time resulted in tears, which both my nurse and father naturally wished to avoid, so that I am *quite sure* such an idea was never suggested to me.

5. I have no contemporary evidence of any kind. My father never mentioned the story to anyone out of the family, and quite his favourite motto was: 'If no one would keep a diary, and if every one would burn their letters, there would be nothing for the lawyers to do.'

Lady E. (also known to Mr. Myers) wrote as follows:

March, 1889

Mrs. H. was one of my most intimate friends for many years, and she and I made a compact that whoever died first should, if possible, appear to the survivor. When I heard of her death (by telegraph on the very day) I sat up all night hoping to see her, but saw and heard nothing. Years afterwards her daughter told me that she and a Maltese nurse and her father had all three seen my departed friend, in the child's bedroom — she seeing the figure first, then the nurse and father rushing in at her scream and seeing it also.

The above narrative is curious in more than one respect. In the first place, it shows on what a mere chance the evidential quality of any case may depend. Here we have a child of eight, who, in the midst of her grief for her mother's death, sees that mother's form standing by her bedside. Had this been all it might perhaps have been classed as a purely subjective hallucination. But it chanced that the child's scream was heard by two other persons, and that those persons, rushing to the room, shared, as it appears, in the vision. And the evidence of one of these witnesses — coming to us at second-hand, indeed, but through a second channel, as well as through the child herself — gives to the child's first-hand evidence a value which it could never have possessed but for the accident that the scream was so quickly heard and answered.

In the second place, we have here another case where a *compact* was made by the deceased to appear, if possible, to a friend (Lady E.) who was still living.[2] That compact, was not, strictly speaking, fulfilled (though Lady E. eagerly expected it); but the deceased appeared to others, two of whom at least were wholly unaware that any such compact had been made. This case resembles a later one, No. 33, where the deceased man, who appeared to the

Rev. A. Bellamy, had made a compact, not with himself, to whom he was a stranger, but with his wife.

It seems clear from the records of the S.P.R. that cases where an apparition follows on a compact (the death not being known to the percipient) are commoner than mere chance (so far as we can judge) could account for; and it seems possible that such a compact, suggesting to the deceased person the wish to cause some apparition, may sometimes induce an apparition seen by some percipient other than the friend with whom the compact was made.

Case 2

We owe this narrative to Mr. More Adey of Wootton-under-Edge, who had seen some of the persons concerned; and the original accounts, which are undated, appear to have been sent to him in the latter part of 1883:

From Mrs. H: Some years ago we happened to be having one of our usual small gatherings for a musical evening, when the circumstances happened which I am going to relate. My husband had been detained visiting patients until rather late, returning home about 9 o'clock. He was running upstairs in his usual quick way, three or four steps at a time, to go to his dressing-room and dress for the evening, when, on turning the first flight of stairs, he was rather startled to see on the landing (a few steps higher) a little child, who ran before him into my room. My little boy B., about two or three years of age, was at that time sleeping in a small child's bed at my bedside. Mr. H. followed and spoke, calling the boy by name, but he gave no answer. The gas was burning on the landing outside my room, but there was no light inside. He felt about and on the bed, but instead of finding the child standing or sitting on the bed, as he supposed, he found him comfortably tucked in and fast asleep. A cold creepy feeling came over him, for there had not possibly been time for anyone to get into the bed, which was just behind the door. He

lighted a candle, searched the room, and also saw that the boy was unmistakably fast asleep. He expected to find one of the other children, as the figure appeared to be taller than that of the boy. When the company had gone my husband told me of the occurrence. I felt quite sure that the mystery could be solved, and that we should find it had been one of the children, though he assured me there could be no one in the room, as he had made a thorough search.

I still thought he might be mistaken, and fancied that it had been G. (who was a year or two older than B.) who had escaped out of the night nursery, which was near; that she had been listening to the music, when she heard someone coming, and had run into my room to hide; but on inquiring closely the next morning I found she had never left her bed. We did not think much more about it, though there was still a feeling of mystery, and we never named it to anyone. Some years afterwards it was brought to our minds by two of my daughters having seen a child very early in the morning at the same time, but in different rooms. One of them only saw its face. Then, after a lapse of years, Miss A. while staying with us, saw the apparition mentioned in her ghost story. Whether the appearance has been a ghost or merely an optical delusion I cannot say, but each of those who have seen it had never heard the slightest allusion to anything of the kind before. If the apparition should be a ghost, I have thought that it must be the spirit of a little girl who died in part of our house before it was added to it. When we first came to this house, about thirty years ago, it was divided into two, the smaller part being inhabited by a doctor. His wife died soon after we came, and a few years afterwards his little girl. I used to see her when she was ill, and I last saw her the day before she died. She had fine dark eyes, black hair, oval face, and a pale olive complexion. This description I find exactly agrees with those who have seen its face. None of them had ever heard me mention the child;

indeed, I had forgotten her until hearing of these ghost stories. I said it must be J. M., who died here. Soon after her death her father went abroad.

As far as I remember the child was about eight or nine years of age.

From Miss G. H.:

I was up early one winter's morning just as dawn was breaking and there was barely light enough for me to see my way about the house; I was feeling tired and somewhat sleepy, but not in the slightest degree nervous.

On passing the door of a room at the head of the staircase, in which my youngest sister slept, I perceived that it was open. Taking hold of the handle, I was about to shut it (the door opened inwards) when I was startled by the figure of a child, standing in a corner formed by a wardrobe which was placed against the wall about a foot and a half from the doorway. Thinking it was my sister, I exclaimed, 'Oh, M., you shouldn't startle me so!' and shut the door; but in the same instant, before I had time to quit my hold of the handle, I opened it again, feeling sure that it could not be my sister; and sure enough, she was fast asleep in bed so far from the door that it would not have been possible for her to have crossed from the door to her bedside in the short space of time when I was closing the door. In the corner where the child had been there was nothing, and I felt that I must have seen a ghost, for I was suddenly seized with a feeling of horror which could not have been caused by anything imaginary. The child had a dark complexion, hair and eyes, and a thin oval face: it was not white as when seen by Miss A., but it gave me a mournful look as if full of trouble. Had it been a living child, I should have imagined it to be one who enjoyed none of the thoughtlessness and carelessness of childhood, but whose young life, on the contrary, was filled with premature cares. Its age might be about nine or ten; its dress I could not distinguish, as I only seemed to see its head and face; the expression struck

me most; so vividly did I see it that if I were able to draw I could, I believe, give an accurate representation of it, even now after about five years.

On telling my eldest sister A. what I had seen she said, ‘How very curious! I thought I saw something, too, this morning.’

I must tell you that to reach her bedroom it was necessary to pass through mine; on the morning in question as she looked into my room she saw a figure standing by a small table. Being short-sighted she thought for a moment that it was I, though it appeared to be smaller; and suddenly seized with a nervous fear, *most* unusual with her, she called out, ‘Oh! G., wait for me.’ She turned for an instant to get something out of her room, and when she looked again there was nothing to be seen. The door from my room into the passage was shut. I was in another part of the house at the time, and we were the only two members of the family out of bed.

From Mrs. A. (formerly Miss H.):

I believe it was between five and six in the morning my sister and self thought we would get up early to read. We had our bedrooms close together, with the door in the middle joining the rooms always open.

My sister had just left her room about three minutes; when I looked towards her room I saw a little figure in white standing near a table. I did not see its face, but I attribute that to my being so short-sighted. Also I was so suddenly overcome with nervousness that I ran from the room.

During the morning I told my sister what I had seen; then she gave me her account.

Asked whether they had experienced any other hallucination, Miss G. H. and Mrs. A. replied in the negative. Dr. H., however, explained that he had heard more than once strange unaccountable noises, and from a later letter we

learn that on one occasion he had a visual hallucination after sitting up three nights in succession.

In answer to questions, Mrs. H. writes:

December 11th, 1883

Strange that she (i.e. the child whom the phantasm was supposed to resemble) did not die in our house, but in the next one to it, which has since been added. It was originally all in one. It is since the two houses have been joined that the child appeared, and to three, Mr. H., G., and Miss A., in our old part. But when Mrs. A. saw it, it was in the very room in which she died. When the others described the appearance of the child, then it struck me that it might be the one I knew, and when I gave a minute description of her they said it corresponded exactly.

The first appearance to Mr. H. was in winter, but we do not remember the date. On referring to other events that occurred about the time, I think it must have been between January 1863 and 1865. This child appeared to both my daughters on the same morning. This happened in January 1877. It appeared to Miss A. in July 1879.

J. M. died January 21st, 1854, aged ten years. I enclose a copy of the registration of her death.

April 11th, 1885

My husband a few weeks ago began to hear again the loud knocks which he mentions in answer to one of your former questions. He does not say much about it, but I see that he thinks it is something supernatural.

I want to persuade him that it is a dream, and I cannot help thinking that it may be, but I am trying to find it out. I cannot hear the knocks. They ceased for a few weeks, but came again two or three nights ago. I have begged that

he will tell me when it comes again, and I shall make a note of each time, with the surrounding circumstances.

I think I told you before that it was only my idea that the apparition of the child might be one who died many years ago in part of our house, then detached, and I rather mentioned it in jest at the first. Long afterwards, however, and some time after the appearance to Miss A., when I gave a description of the child, my daughter, G., exclaimed at once that it was exactly the same as the one she saw (she had partly described it to me before) and the same as the face Miss A. had seen. I distinctly remember J. M.'s face, although I have forgotten almost everything else about her.

The following account, written by Miss J. A. A., and communicated by her to Mr. H. C. Coote, appeared in *Notes and Queries* for March 20th, 1880, over the signature of H. C. C.:

The following interesting communication has been handed to me by a young lady, who is as intelligent as she is charming. Her hereditary acumen precludes altogether the possibility of any self-deceit in regard to her own personal experiences as narrated by herself.

'What I am going to relate happened to myself while staying with some north-country cousins, last July, at their house in — shire. I had spent a few days there in the summer of the previous year, but without then seeing or hearing anything out of the common. On my second visit, arriving early in the afternoon, I went out boating with some of the family, spent a very jolly evening, and finally went to bed — a little tired, perhaps, with a day's work, but not the least nervous. I slept soundly until between three and four, just when the day was beginning to break. I had been awake for a short time when suddenly the door of my bedroom opened and shut again rather quickly. I fancied it might be one of the servants, and called out "Come in!" After a

short time the door opened again, but no one came in — at least, no one that I could see. Almost at the same time that the door opened for the second time, I was a little startled by the rustling of some curtains belonging to a hanging wardrobe, which stood by the side of the bed; the rustling continued, and I was seized with a most uncomfortable feeling, not exactly of fright, but a strange, unearthly sensation *that I was not alone.* I had had that feeling for some minutes, when I saw at the foot of the bed a child about seven or nine years old. The child seemed as if it were on the bed, and came gliding towards me as I lay. It was the figure of a little girl in her night-dress — a little girl with dark hair and a very white face. I tried to speak to her, but could not. She came slowly on up to the top of the bed, and then I saw her face clearly. She seemed in great trouble; her hands were clasped and her eyes were turned up with a look of entreaty, an almost agonized look. Then, slowly unclasping her hands, she touched me on the shoulder. The hand felt icy cold, and while I strove to speak she was gone. I felt more frightened after the child was gone than before, and began to be very anxious for the time when the servant would make her appearance. Whether I slept again or not I hardly know. But by the time the servant did come I had almost persuaded myself that the whole affair was nothing but a very vivid nightmare. However, when I came down to breakfast, there were many remarks made about my not looking well — it was observed that I was pale. In answer I told my cousins that I had had a most vivid nightmare, and I remarked if I was a believer in ghosts I should imagine I had seen one. Nothing more was said at the time upon this subject, except that my host, who was a doctor, observed that I had better not sleep in the room again, at any rate not alone.

‘On leaving, my cousin, the eldest daughter of the doctor, went on a visit with me to the house of an uncle of mine in the same county. We stayed there

for about a fortnight, and during that time the “little girl” was alluded to only as my “nightmare”.

‘In this I afterwards found there was a little reticence, for, just before leaving my uncle’s, my cousin said to me, “I must tell you something I have been longing to tell you ever since I left home. But my father desired me not to tell you, as, not being very strong, you might be too frightened. Your nightmare was not a nightmare at all, but the apparition of a little girl.” She then went on to tell me that this “little girl” had been seen three times before, by three different members of the family, but as this was some nine or ten years since, they had almost ceased to think anything about it until I related my experience on the morning after the first night of my second visit.

‘My cousin further went on to tell me that her younger sister whilst in bed had one morning, about daybreak, to her great surprise, seen a little girl with dark hair standing with her back to her, looking out of the window. She took this figure for her little sister, and spoke to it. The child not replying or moving from her position, she called out to it, “It’s no use standing like that; I know you. You can’t play tricks with me.” On looking round, however, she saw that her little sister, the one she thought she was addressing, and who was sleeping with her, had not moved from the bed. Almost at the same time the child passed from the window into the room of her (my cousin’s) sister, A., and the latter, as she afterwards declared, distinctly saw the figure of a child with dark hair standing by the side of a table in her room. She spoke to it, and it instantly disappeared. The little girl was subsequently seen again, for the last time before I saw it, by my cousin’s father, Dr. H. It was in the early daylight of a summer’s morning, and he was going upstairs to his room, having just returned from a professional visit. On this occasion he saw the same child (he noticed its dark hair) running up the stairs immediately before

him, until it reached his room and entered it. When he got into the room it was gone.

‘Thus the apparition has been seen three times by the family, and once by me. I am the only one, however, that has seen its face. It has also never been seen twice in the same room by any one else.’

We have in this case the evidence of four witnesses, who testify to having seen the figure of a child in the house. And the S.P.R. has in its possession a certificate of the death of the child who, as stated by one of the narrators, died in the house some years before the apparition was seen. The first account was written by Mrs. H., wife of a doctor in a small provincial town; and, as we learn from her, Dr. H. had seen and admitted the correctness of what she wrote, so that his evidence is practically first-hand.

This is among the most interesting and the strongest examples in our collection of the ‘successive’ type. It is evidentially strong, because, in the first place, there is a reasonable presumption that none of the percipients had heard of any experience previous to her own, and, in the second place, the accounts as they stand show a marked similarity in the various appearances. And lastly, from the record the apparition appears to have borne an unmistakable resemblance to the child who had actually died in the house some years before.

Case 3

The writer of the narrative which follows was the Rev. Gerrard Lewis, vicar of Saint Paul’s, Margate, (30th December 1882):

My wife’s mother had in her service a coachman named P., with one son, James Henry P., who had been brought up by friends at a distance, and was apprenticed to a trade in London. His father had only twice casually

mentioned him to me, and he had almost entirely slipped out of my mind, for, with a large seaside parish on my hands, of which I was curate, my time and attention were fully taken up with matters nearer home. I mention this, lest in the course of the following story my readers should chance to think that a deep impression, previously made on my own mind, had predisposed me to see what I saw, and afterwards to regard it in a supernatural light. I cannot, therefore, too emphatically repeat that I knew next to nothing about James Henry P., my friend's son; that I had never seen him; and seldom, if ever, thought of him at all.

It was a hot and bright afternoon in summer, and, as if it were only yesterday, I remember perfectly well walking down the broad bright street in the full, unclouded sunshine. I had to pass the house of P. I remarked indeed that all his window blinds were drawn carefully down, as if to screen his furniture, of which his wife was inordinately proud, from the despoiling blaze of the afternoon sun. I smiled inwardly at the thought. I then left the road, stepped on to the side pavement, and looked over the area rails, into the front court below. A young man, dressed in dark clothes, and without a hat, and apparently about twenty years of age, was standing at the door beneath the front steps. On the instant, from his likeness to my friend P., I seemed to recognize his son. We both stood and looked very hard at each other. Suddenly, however, he advanced to that part of the area which was immediately below where I was standing, fixed on me a wide, dilated, winkless sort of stare, and halted. The desire to speak was evidently legible on his face, though nothing audible escaped from his lips. But his eyes spoke; every feature in his countenance spoke, spoke, as it were, a silent language, in which reproach and pain seemed equally intermingled. At first I was startled; then I began to feel angry. 'Why', I said to myself,' does he look at me in that manner?' At last, annoyance prevailing over surprise, I turned away with the

half-muttered thought: ‘He certainly knows me by sight as a friend of his father, and yet has not the civility to salute me. I will call on the first opportunity and ask his reason for such behaviour.’ I then pursued my way and thought no more of what had just occurred.

On Wednesday it was my turn to officiate at the local cemetery. On my asking who was to be buried, I was told that it was a young man from my quarter of the town, who had died of consumption. I cannot give the reason, but immediately I felt startled and ill at ease. It was not that I had the least suspicion that anything extraordinary was about to happen. I had quite forgotten young P. The feeling which I think was uppermost in my mind was annoyance at the fact that any one should have died of such a slow disease in my parish, but without my knowledge. I asked without delay for the registrar’s certificate. My eyes fell on the words, ‘James Henry P., aged 21 years’. I could scarcely believe my own senses.

I lost but little time before calling on P. and his wife. I found the latter at home, and what she had to say only made me more uncomfortable still. James Henry P. bore such a close resemblance to his father that all who saw him remarked on the striking likeness. In addition to this, during the last three months of his life, which he spent under his father’s roof, he had often wondered that I did not come to see him. His longing for an interview with me had been most intense; and every time he saw me pass the house without going in he had both felt and expressed a keen disappointment. In fact he died terribly in earnest, wishing in vain to the last that I would come. That thought pierced me through and through. I had not gone to him but he had come to me. And yet I would have gone, if I had but known. I blame the doctor for not telling me; I blame the parents for not sending for me; and with that awful look he gave me in my remembrance, I blame myself, though I cannot tell why.

James Henry P. had died on the Thursday before the Sunday on which I had seen him. He had died, too, in the front room, on a level with the area, into which its window opened. He had also lain there till the Wednesday following, awaiting burial. His corpse then was lying in that very room on that very Sunday, and at the very moment, too, when I had seen his living likeness, as it were, in the area outside. Nobody, I found, had passed through the area that day; the door there had been locked and unused all the Sunday. The very milkman, the only person who called, had come by the front steps to the house; and P. and his wife were the only inmates at the time.

As to dates, he died on September 19th. I saw his apparition on the 22nd and officiated at his funeral on the 25th.

This case is one which seems to indicate a continued knowledge of and interest in terrene affairs, for the fact pretty definitely communicated by the apparition was the young man's longing, before his death, to see the percipient. Mr. Podmore saw Mr. Lewis, and also Mrs. Lewis, who heard of her husband's experience at the time and confirmed all he said. Mr. Lewis had never had any other usual hallucination, veridical or otherwise.

After very careful consideration on the spot of all the facts, Mr. Podmore, definitely opposed as he normally was to the hypothesis of telepathy from the dead, came to the conclusion that the figure seen by Mr. Lewis was at any rate not that of a real man.

Case 4

The following narrative is one of the most important in our collection:

Congleton, Cheshire.
March 23rd, 1892

A friend of mine, named Mrs. Johnson, died in November, 1877; she had been confined just over a week. A few days before she died she said to me, ‘I am going to die’, and asked me to take care of her baby, which I did until it died three months after. The night before she died we were awakened between twelve and one o’clock by a noise like tapping at the window twice. My husband got up and went downstairs, but could see nothing. So we tried to settle to sleep again, when all of a sudden we were alarmed by our little boy, who was not quite two years old, calling out ‘Auntie’, by which name he used to call her, and pointing towards the foot of the bed, and there I saw her standing all in white. She died the next morning between nine and ten. She appeared again a second time three months later: it would be about midnight. My husband saw her standing by the fire. At first he thought it was I, until he turned round and saw I was in bed. We were very much frightened for a long time after. The baby died the next day about three o’clock in the afternoon (Thursday). We can’t recollect the exact day of the month, as they had no cards printed for either. The mother died in November 1877, the baby in February 1878. This is as near a true account as we can give, it being so long ago, nearly fifteen years.

MARY JANE PEDLEY.
JAMES PEDLEY.

Mrs. Reynolds adds, under date 24th March 1892:

Mr. Reynolds and I went to Congleton yesterday, and called upon Mr. and Mrs. Pedley. We heard the story from both.

It seems that when Mrs. Pedley saw the apparition on its first appearance she screamed, and frightened her husband so much that he dared not look.

There was a light in the room on both occasions. We saw the son who called out ‘Auntie’, a youth between sixteen and seventeen years of age.

Mr. and Mrs. Pedley consent to the story being published with names and address.

He told me that he looked several times, and each time saw it standing by the fire. Mrs. Johnson is stated to have been unconscious the night before she died.

E. R.

Mrs. Pedley subsequently procured for us the certificates of death which follow, and which show that each death occurred on a Thursday, as she had remembered.

Annie Johnson died on the 1st of November, 1877, at Thomas Street, Congleton, aged twenty-three years.

Elijah Johnson died on the 31st of January, 1878, at Thomas Street, Congleton, aged fourteen weeks.

Given this 24th March, 1892.
W. HENRY CARTER.
Deputy Superintendent Registrar.
Congleton.

Here we have a collective case, the evidence coming from two adults and a young child, which has a special interest and significance. First of all the apparition of a dying mother is seen some ten hours before death, and then, three months later, the same figure appears again on the night before the baby’s death. No suggestion of telepathic latency’ could be reasonably applied to the second experience, after the lapse of so long an interval.

May we not assume that the same mechanism is at work in both instances — in one case, telepathy from the living, in the other, telepathy from the dead mother?

Case 5

The S.P.R. received the following letter from General Barter, C.B., of Careystown, Whitegate, Co. Cork:

April 28th, 1888

In the year 1854, then a subaltern in the 75th Regiment, I was doing duty at the hill station of Murree in the Punjab. The sanatorium had not been long in being, and our men were in temporary huts perched on the crest of a hill some 7,000 feet above sea-level, and the officers were living in tents pitched in sheltered spots on the hillside, except three or four who had been fortunate enough to rent houses, such as they were, which had been built by their predecessors. I rented a house built a year or two before by a Lieutenant B., who had died the previous year at Peshawur.[1] This house was built on a spur jutting out from the side of the mountain, and about 200 or 300 yards under the Mall, as the only road then made which ran round the hill was called. A bridle-path led to my house from the Mall, and this was scooped out of the hillside, the earth, etc., being shovelled over the side next my house. The bridle-path ended at a precipice, but a few yards from there a footpath led to my hut.

Shortly after I had occupied my hut an officer named D. came down one evening with his wife and stayed with us until near 11 p.m. It was a lovely night, with the moon at the full, and I walked with them to where my path joined the bridle-road, and remained standing there while they toiled up the zigzag footpath to the Mall, from which they called down to me good night. I had two dogs with me, and remained on the spot while I finished the cigar which I was smoking, the dogs meanwhile hunting about in the brushwood jungle which covered the hill. I had just turned to return home when I heard the ring of a horse’s hoof as the shoe struck the stones coming along the bridle-path before it takes the sharp bend [marked in a plan which General

Barter enclosed], and presently I could see a tall hat appear, evidently worn by the rider of the animal. The steps came nearer, and in a few seconds round the corner appeared a man mounted on a pony with two syces or grooms. At this time the two dogs came, and crouching at my side, gave low frightened whimpers. The moon was at the full, a tropical moon, so bright that you could see to read a newspaper by its light, and I saw the party before me advance as plainly as if it were noon-day; they were above me some eight or ten feet on the bridle-road, the earth thrown down from which sloped to within a pace or two of my feet. On the party came until almost in front of me; and now I had better describe them. The rider was in full dinner dress, with white waistcoat, and wearing a tall chimney-pot hat, and he sat a powerful hill pony (dark brown, with black mane and tail) in a listless sort of way, the reins hanging loosely from both hands. A syce led the pony at each side, but their faces I couldn't see, the one next to me having his back to me, and the one farthest off being hidden by the pony's head; each held the bridle close up by the bit, the man next me with his right hand, the other with his left and their other hands were on the thighs of the rider as if to steady him in his seat. As they approached, I, knowing that they couldn't get to any place other than my own, called out in Hindustani, '*Koi hai?*' (Who is it?) There was no answer, and on they came till right in front of me, when I said in English, 'Hallo, what the d — l do you want here?' Instantly the group came to a halt; the rider gathering the bridle-reins up with both hands, turned his face, which had hitherto been looking away from me, towards me and looked down upon me. The group was still as in a tableau, with the bright moon shining full upon it, and I at once recognized the rider as Lieutenant B., whom I had formerly known. The face, however, was different from what it used to be; in place of being clean-shaved as when I knew it, it was now surrounded by a fringe (what used to be known as a Newgate fringe), and it was the face of a dead

man, the ghastly waxen pallor of it brought out more distinctly in the moonlight by the fringe of dark hair by which it was encircled; the body, too, was far stouter than when I had known it in life.

I marked all this in a moment, and then resolved to lay hold of the thing whatever it was. I dashed up the bank, and the earth which had been thrown on the side giving under my feet I fell forward up the bank on my hands; recovering myself instantly, I gained the road, and stood in the exact spot where the group had been, but which was now vacant; there wasn't a trace of anything; it was impossible for them to go on, the road stopped at a precipice about twenty yards beyond, and it was impossible to turn and go back in a second. All this flashed through my mind, and I then ran along the road for about 100 yards, along which they had come, until I had to stop for want of breath, but there was no trace of anything, and not a sound to be heard. I then returned home, where I found my dogs, who, on all other occasions my most faithful companions, had not come with me along the road.

Next morning I went up to D., who belonged to the same regiment as B., and gradually induced him to talk of him. I said: 'How very stout he had become lately, and what possessed him to allow his beard to grow into that horrid fringe?' D. replied: 'Yes, he became very bloated before his death; you know he led a very fast life, and while on the sick list he allowed the fringe to grow in spite of all we could say to him, and I believe he was buried with it.' I then asked where he got the pony I had seen, describing it minutely. 'Why,' said D., 'how do you know anything about all this? You hadn't seen B. for two or three years, and the pony you never saw. He bought him at Peshawur, and killed him one day riding in his reckless fashion down the hill to Trete.'

I then told him what I had seen the night before.

R. BARTER, MAJOR-GENERAL, C.B.

In conversation, on the 12th October of 1888, General Barter gave some further details, put down next day, and subsequently revised and corrected by him.

October 13th, 1888

When I saw the apparition I had been about a week in Uncle Tom's Cabin. I heard that B. had built the house; but that fact did not interest me. I never talked about B. He was never in my thoughts. I am positive that I had not heard about his change of appearance before death.

When I saw the rider and syces approaching me down the hill I noticed that, as the path was narrow as well as rough, sometimes one syce and sometimes the other would have to leave the path, and walk on the hillside above or below it, still holding the rider. When I rushed up the hill to accost the rider he was only some four yards from me, but the intervening space was a bank of soft earth (thrown from the path when it was made), so that I stumbled in it when almost up to the horse.

We remained about six weeks in Uncle Tom's Cabin [i.e. as afterwards explained, in June and July]. During that time my wife and I repeatedly heard the sound of a man riding rapidly down the path to the house. There was never any one really there; and in fact, except B., I doubt whether any one had ever ridden down that path. B. was a reckless rider, and eventually rode to death the very pony whose image I saw. I say the very pony, for Lieutenant Deane recognized the pony as well as the rider from my description.

Once when the galloping sound was very distinct, I rushed to the door of the house. There I found my Hindoo bearer, standing with a tattie in his hand. I asked him what he was there for. He said that there came a sound of riding down the hill, which 'passed him like a typhoon', and went round the corner of the house, and he was determined to waylay whatever it was. He added: *'Shaitan ka ghur hai'* (It is a devil's house).

R. BARTER, MAJOR-GENERAL, C.B.

Mr. Adam Steuart, formerly Lieutenant 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers, writes to General Barter, September, 1888, as follows:

I well remember your coming into my hut at Murree, when I was still in bed, one morning, and telling me you had seen the ghost of J. B. the night before. Deane of the 22nd had, you told me, been to dinner with you, and when he and his wife left you walked with them a bit of the way, and then you sat down to finish your pipe at the side of the path before going home. While thus sitting you heard the sound of horses' hoofs behind you, and the path they were apparently in only led down to your house. You jumped up to see who it could be. You then saw a European on a black pony, with two native servants, apparently holding him on. You called out, asking who it was, and receiving no reply sprang up the hill to give him a lesson in politeness. Doing so, you caught your foot and fell, and when you recovered your feet the apparition had vanished.

On this account General Barter comments as follows:

I was not sitting down, but was standing up, finishing a cheroot, and the sound of the hoofs was in front of me, and I could see the man's hat for some time before the entire group came into view on my left front.

I asked Mr. Steuart 'whether he remembered anything as to Lieutenant B.'s aspect or hair'. He replied as follows:

16 Crookham Road, Fulham, S.W.

September 24th, 1888

Dear Sir,

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your favour of 21st inst., and in reply have to state that when General (then Lieutenant) Barter told me of what he had seen he said to me, in almost these words, ‘I would have said it was J. B. but that it was so stout, and that he had what is commonly called a Newgate frill’ (viz. the hair of the beard growing under the chin). I had not myself seen Mr. B. for some time before his death, but I believe he did get bloated before he died, and for some time previously he had from some freak or other grown the hair under his chin. — I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

ADAM STEUART.

Finally, Mrs. Barter confirms as follows:

October 18th, 1888

During the summer of 1854 my husband, then a lieutenant in the 75th Regiment, was doing duty at the Murree Depot, in the Punjab, and one night when Mr. and Mrs. Deane, 22nd Regiment, had been spending the evening with us, he accompanied them part of the way home. On his return, seeing him very pale and with a troubled expression, I questioned him, and he told me that when the Deanes had left him, as he was about returning home, he was surprised to hear the sound of a horse’s hoofs, on the little road leading to our house, ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin’ as it was called, and that when the horse came in view he saw that it was ridden by a European, who was held on by two syces, that they came close to him, on the roadway, under which he was standing, and on his challenging them the rider stopped the pony and looked down on him, and he, by the light of the full moon, at once recognized him as Lieutenant B., 22nd Regiment, who had died some time before in Peshawur. My husband said that he made a dash up the bank to get at the party, but the earth thrown down from the road gave under his feet, and he slipped forward

on his hands, and when he recovered himself the whole thing had disappeared.

We lived at ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin’ for about six weeks after and several times heard a horse gallop down the path and round our house, at break-neck speed, during the night, the panting of the horse being quite audible, and once my husband, hearing it approaching, threw open the door as it passed and ran into the verandah, where stood our old bearer, named ‘Bola’, armed with a tattie, who said he often heard it go past like a whirlwind, and that it was the devil’s house. I may add that our house, ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin’, had been built by Lieutenant B.

(Signed) M. D. BARTER.

This case presents some very interesting features. In the first place, although the incident is remote, the testimony is remarkably concordant. We have three streams of evidence: (1) General Barter himself, corroborated by Mrs. Barter; (2) Mr. Steuart, with whom General Barter had held no communication on the matter for many years, when he asked his old friend, in writing, at my request, simply what he remembered of the incident; (5) Major Bond, with whom General Barter is not acquainted, and whose letter gives a merely hearsay account (not here reproduced). Now we find that Mr. Steuart’s evidence is practically identical with General Barter’s, and that Major Bond’s — while inaccurate as to a minor point, viz. the precise place where the apparition was seen — has preserved an important item which Mr. Steuart omitted, viz. the repeated hearing of *sounds* of a horseman galloping down the haunted pathway.

In the second place, this narrative strongly exemplifies the *dreamlike* character of many of these post-mortem apparitions. The group and the action which General Barter saw was like a scene reproduced or prolonged from the fevered fancies or memories of the man who had now been some months in

the grave. In the third place, the dog's behaviour is noticeable. In every case which I can recall where a dog or other animal is stated to have been in a position to see or hear phantasmal sights or sounds, it has been alarmed thereby. But, of course, animals may have been present — though we have not been informed of it — on other occasions, and may not have shown alarm.

The above narrative affords a marked example of what has been termed a 'local case' — a case, that is, where the appearance of the phantom bears relation rather to the place where it is seen than to the percipients. Nevertheless, the figure in this instance does exhibit cognizance of General Barter's voice and action, as it halts, gathers up the reins, and turns its head to look at the general.

Case 6

The next account is from Mr. Charles A. W. Lett, of the Military and Royal Naval Club, Albemarle Street, W.:

December 3rd, 1885

On the 5th April 1873 my wife's father, Captain Towns, died at his residence, Cranbrook, Rose Bay, near Sydney, N.S. Wales. About six weeks after his death, my wife had occasion, one evening about 9 o'clock, to go to one of the bedrooms in the house. She was accompanied by a young lady, Miss Berthon, and as they entered the room — the gas was burning all the time — they were amazed to see, reflected as it were on the polished surface of the wardrobe, the image of Captain Towns. It was barely half figure — the head, shoulders, and part of the arms only showing — in fact, it was like an ordinary medallion portrait, but life-size. The face appeared wan and pale, as it did before his death; and he wore a kind of grey flannel jacket, in which he had been accustomed to sleep. Surprised and half alarmed at what they saw,

their first idea was that a portrait had been hung in the room, and that what they saw was its reflection — but there was no picture of the kind.

Whilst they were looking and wondering, my wife's sister, Miss Towns, came into the room, and before either of the others had time to speak she exclaimed, 'Good gracious! Do you see papa?' One of the housemaids happened to be passing downstairs at the moment, and she was called in, and asked if she saw anything, and her reply was, 'Oh, Miss! the master.' Graham — Captains Towns' old body servant — was then sent for, and he also immediately exclaimed 'Oh, Lord save us! Mrs. Lett, it's the Captain!' The butler was called, and then Mrs. Crane, my wife's nurse, and they both said what they saw. Finally, Mrs. Towns was sent for and, seeing the apparition, she advanced towards it with her arm extended as if to touch it, and as she passed her hand over the panel of the wardrobe the figure gradually faded away, and never again appeared, though the room was regularly occupied for a long time after.

These are the simple facts of the case, and they admit of no doubt; no kind of intimation was given to any of the witnesses; the same question was put to each one as they came into the room, and the reply was given without hesitation by each. It was by the merest accident that I did not see the apparition. I was in the house at the time, but did not hear when I was called.

C. A. W. LETT.

We, the undersigned, having read the above statement, certify that it is strictly accurate, as we both were witnesses of the apparition.

SARAH LETT.

SIBBIE SMYTH (née TOWNS).

Mrs. Lett assures me that neither she nor her sister ever experienced an hallucination of the senses on any other occasion. She is positive that the

recognition of the appearance on the part of each of the later witnesses was *independent*, and not due to any suggestion from the persons already in the room.

The evidence in this instance is remarkably strong, for although only two percipients furnish direct corroboration to Mr. Lett's narrative it seems clear that no less than seven persons in all saw the apparition, which in this singular case took the form of a quasi-reflection in the polished surface of a panel.

Case 7

I owe the following well-authenticated case to the kindness of Miss Godley of Killegar, Leitrim.

Killegar, Co. Leitrim.

One afternoon in February 1926 I went to visit a former old farm labourer of mine, Robert Bowes, who lived about a mile away, but inside the place: it was about 2:50. He had been ill for some time but was not any worse. I had lately broken my leg and was in a donkey trap, the steward was leading the donkey and my masseuse walking behind. I talked to Robert through the open window and he sat up and talked quite well, and asked me to send for the doctor as he had not seen him for some time. I then came straight back. The road runs along the shores of a big lake and, while the steward stopped to open a gate there, he asked me, 'if I saw the man on the lake'. I looked and saw an old man with a long white beard which floated in the wind, crossing to the other side of the lake. He appeared to be moving his arms, as though working a punt, he was standing up and gliding across but I saw no boat. I said, 'Where is the boat?' The steward replied 'There is no boat.' I said, 'What nonsense! there must be a boat, and he is standing up in it,' but there was no boat and he was just gliding along on the dark water; the

masseuse also saw him. The steward asked me who I thought he was like, I said, ‘he is exactly like Robert Bowes, the old man.’ The figure crossed the lake and disappeared in among the reeds and trees at the far side, and we came home. I at once went to take off my hat and coat and to write a note for the doctor, but, before I left my room, the bell rang and the doctor came in. I said I was glad to see him as I wanted him to go and see Robert Bowes; he said, ‘I have just been there’ (he went in a car by a different road to the one I had been on) ‘and the old chap is dead.’

That is all; but no living man crossed the lake, and there was no boat on it. Did Robert as he left this world cross to take a last look at his old haunts, where he had worked all his life? He was quite plainly seen by all three of us. He was a remarkable-looking, handsome old man, full of Irish wit and humour and I must have seen him just as he was leaving this world. He has never been seen again.

Two letters written in corroboration of Miss Godley’s narrative —

1. From Mr. Robert Gallagher, Miss Godley’s steward. He writes, 3rd January 1937:

Miss Anna Godley, Miss Goldsmith and I were visiting a sick man on the estate. We had no idea that he was so near passing out of this earthly life, but on parting from him on his sick bed, and on our way home we were amazed when passing Killegar lake, at the close of the same day, to see him walking on the surface of the water. His whiskers were floating in the breeze and when near the shore, in the shadow of the wood, he completely disappeared. We all three beheld the same sight. Within five minutes of our entering our home the doctor, who had been visiting the patient, came and

told us that the man had already gone to his rest before he got into the house to see him.

2. Miss A. G. (the masseuse) writes on the same date:

We had just left the cottage where the old man was lying in a terribly weak condition, and on walking back, we were impelled to glance towards the lake, and saw a shadowy, bent form step from the rushes, and into a boat, and after an interval just disappear. We learnt later on that the old man had passed away at that moment. Though not in the least given to seeing visions, but being of an extremely practical nature, I certainly saw the spectre as I describe it.

In response to some further queries I received the following reply from Miss Godley (11th March 1938):

1. There was no boat on the lake when we saw Robert Bowes crossing. My masseuse thought he was standing up in one, but he wasn't; there was nothing except what looked like a pole being used by him to help himself across.

2. Yes, Robert Bowes had a white beard; in this country the people always call a beard 'whiskers'. Robert had both, and his beard streamed in the wind. Both beard and whiskers were white. There was no boat found on the shore after we had seen the figure on the water.

In summary, three witnesses saw simultaneously the apparition of the old man who was apparently lying dead in his cottage at the time. There are some minor discrepancies in the statements of the three witnesses, but it is difficult to dissociate the figure crossing over the surface of the water (the masseuse alone speaks of a boat) from the old man, Robert Bowes. This is

perhaps a ‘borderland’ case, but on the whole it may, I think, be placed among the apparitions of the dead, rather than those of the living.

Case 8

From Mary G., nursemaid. (This account, written from notes of a conversation with Mary G., and subsequently corrected and signed by her, was investigated and reported upon by Mr. Frank Podmore.)

March 21st, 1888

I have been three and a half years in Mrs. Z.’s service as nursemaid. One night in November, 1885 (just before the baby came), I was going along the passage at about 8 p.m. The passage was very dimly lighted by the gas shining through from the housemaid’s cupboard. I saw a woman’s figure, dressed in something light, coming towards me. I noticed that the dress seemed a little way above the ground, and I thought it was the kitchenmaid. As she passed I put out my hand to touch her, but she moved on one side, and again to the other side when I followed her. At last she moved through and past me and disappeared, or my blocking the light hid her from view. I could distinguish no features at all. The dress was not quite so light as white — perhaps a light grey. I did not see what kind of a dress it was. I saw the same figure again the following night, in the same place. I told only the nurse what I had seen, but she only laughed at me and said it was my imagination, and I did not care to talk of it again.

I saw the same figure once afterwards in the following March, after L. had told me what he had seen; it was standing at the dressing-room door one evening. There was a gas-light just outside which shone full on the figure. The figure seemed very tall, taller than an average man, and dressed in some loose flowing stuff; it hid the chair at the dressing-room door. I don’t remember any details about the dress or the features. I was frightened and gave a scream, and the nurse came out, but the figure was gone.

I have also before this seen a man in the dressing-room — three times in one evening. This was before L. came. And once after this, I saw a woman in a brown dress. But I have never seen anything else of the kind before I came to this house. I have often heard noises of footsteps and the sound of a scuffle, and of something heavy being dragged downstairs and so on. I would wake up at night to hear the noises. I have not heard the noises for about six months.

From W. L., butler:

July 12th, 1886

I entered Mr. Z.'s service as butler on the 21st of October, 1885. I had not been in the house three days before I heard a strange noise in the cellar. It sounded to me as if it were a lot of barrels rolling, and planks of wood being stacked. I started up in bed and listened most attentively. I could hear the barrels roll one after the other quite distinctly. I spoke of it to my fellow-servants the next morning, and I saw a look and a quiet whisper pass between them. On the following night we retired to bed a few minutes past ten. I had just got into my bed when I heard a strange noise in the pantry, which is adjoining my bedroom. I got out of my bed very quiet and crept out, but I saw nothing. I returned to my bed, when I heard a heavy thump in the cellar. I arose and partly dressed myself, took a light with me to the cellar to see what was wrong. I crept down very quiet, but found everything quite still and everything in its place, but on returning to my bedroom it commenced again. I heard doors banging, and outside of my door the noise was as if two people were wrestling one with the other. The same kind of noise continued for some considerable time. At last I fell asleep. I might have slept twenty minutes when the noise became so great I could not stay in bed any longer, so crept out to see what it was, but I found I could not see anything, but still the

noise continued the same. I stood listening in the pantry about ten minutes, and all of a sudden the pantry door went bang, but still not a single thing could I see move. I returned to my bed, and in less than two minutes I heard footsteps passing to and fro on the stairs which are at the head of my bedstead with only a very thin partition between them. Well, noises continued the same for a considerable length of time. I was disturbed two or three times a week. A nurse who slept over me heard the same kind of noises as I have described. On March 9th, 1886, at 4:30 p.m., I went into the library and did up the fire; on coming out I put the scuttle down to fasten the door after me. On turning to pick the scuttle up I saw a figure standing before me; it was dressed in a brown garment with two tassels hanging at the left side; her figure was perfect with the exception of a *head* which I could not see, as it appeared to me like a black mist. I stood like one struck dumb for about ten seconds; I caught up the scuttle to fly when I felt something touch my left side. It was like a very cold hand, and a very cold chill passed over me at the time. I felt very sick, as the sudden shock was too much for my system. I felt ill all the evening after. I spoke to Mr. Z. on the following morning. He did not seem the least surprised to hear of it, as everybody was fully acquainted with the noises. At a later date I was decorating the dinner-table with flowers, and on looking up I saw the same figure again. I did not feel frightened, as I wanted to have a good look at it, but I could not see anything more than on the last occasion. Well, time passed by, and everybody as well as myself was got quite used to the ghost. Whether by accident or not I cannot say, some ladies and gentlemen tried table-turning, and found Mr. Z. to be a very strong medium. On the same evening, as they were at the table-turning, I was putting the grog-tray on a small table at the foot of the drawing-room stairs when it appeared exactly in the same place I saw it on March 9th; it was moving very slowly towards me. I felt rather timid, and I stepped into my

pantry rather quick, and on looking at the clock I found it to be exactly a quarter before eleven. I retired to rest shortly after, not seeing or hearing anything more.

On the following morning, Saturday June 26th, I told Mr. Z., so he communicated it to Colonel and Mrs. Y. and Mrs. M., they being bosom friends of one another, and Mrs. M. being a medium with the table. So they came down in the evening for table-turning.

[The narrative here goes on to recount a series of questions put to the ‘spirit’ who replied by tilting the table, indicating a spot in the cellar where a box of jewels had been buried, and proceeds as follows.]

Mr. Z. rang the bell and told me she said she would appear at 11, and he wished me to be present. At seven minutes to 11, I went into the drawing-room; then the medium asked if she was coming, and she said ‘Now’. We turned the gas down very low and put open the door; a gas-light was burning outside the door, which threw a light into the drawing-room. I placed my hands upon the table and I felt every nerve in my body move, for it felt stronger to the nerves than a galvanic battery. I took my hands off and stood behind Colonel Y.’s chair, with Mr. and Mrs. Z. at my left, Mrs. M. and Mrs. Y. next, and a Mr. J. on the outside, and as the clock struck 11 in she walked very slowly, and stood opposite the gallery of the drawing-room. She appeared very indistinctly; the medium asked her to appear clear, and she immediately raised herself about three feet from the floor. Mrs. Z. and Mrs. M. could see everything as well as myself. She showed herself to us as clear as possible. Her dress was the same shape, with large bell sleeves and two tassels at the side. The colour of her dress was a light shiny kind of Japanese silk; it seemed to me as if it were figured with a flower similar to chrysanthemum. Her feet seemed to be standing on a dark cloud, and she

threw her arms up and down and continually wrung her hands and clutched her hair. Her face was of a long haggard-looking appearance, with a long thin nose. She looked very miserable. Her hair was very fair, but seemed to be torn to pieces, for it hung in one thick-looking mass over her shoulders nearly to her waist. Her ears were very small and her eyes were cast up and appeared like balls of fire. She moved about the room and came close to me; her hand was held up to touch me, but I stepped in at the side of Colonel Y.'s chair. I felt quite ill; I never felt so sick before; then every drop of blood in my body seemed to be frozen. I felt sinking through the floor. Mr. Z. turned up the gas; she disappeared for a few minutes. I sat down to rest for a while. Still I felt I had not seen enough; so we prepared for her again. I sat on a chair in front of the table, and was holding Mr. J.'s hand, when she appeared in front of us again. As soon as I said, 'There it is!' I felt Mr. J. snuggle up close to me, and he held my hand so tight that if I had wanted to get up to run back I should have found it difficult, as I was held down so tight. At last I got up to go near her, as she wished me to follow her. As soon as I stepped nearer to her she turned towards the door very slowly, and as she passed out of the door a flash of light struck over the room. It was as if someone had turned on and off an electric light. I followed to the cellar but could not find anything. We brought the table to the cellar, and she wished us to commence to dig up the treasures she had buried. She said her maid assisted her to bury them, and gave her name as E. H.; but being Saturday night we determined to wait until Monday to see if they were in the place as indicated. We wished her good night.

On the following Monday, 28th June, B. and myself began to dig at the place; we removed the flat stone, but found the soil had never been disturbed. At last we came across a hole that had been filled in, but there was nothing there. I got the table and asked her to appear over the spot. After some time she stood in the centre of the cellar and said it was there, but on digging we

found nothing. She seemed to be dreadfully excited; she flung her arms in all directions on disappearing. B., the gardener, saw the flash of light. After digging all day and finding nothing we were determined to ask her why we had not found them, when she declared that they are there somewhere. She says she has lost the exact spot but begged of us to help her.

Well, time passed by and I saw her again outside of the library door. Dinner being over I just left the dining-room, when she stood opposite the library door. It was about 8:30; and at a later date when some gentlemen dined here I saw her in the same spot. She has been dressed always in the same shaped dress; and I believe what she has answered in the way of questions to be perfectly true, and that the jewels or valuables, or whatever they may be, are still hidden in the cellar, and she will haunt this house till they are found. She may have lost the spot where they are hidden but still I believe that some day the secret will be revealed, and she will receive the rest she says she shall get afterwards.

I had a long talk on 20th March, 1888, with W.L., a rather delicate, refined looking man about thirty years old, as I should judge. He told me he had had no other *visual* hallucination, but he appears to have had previous experiences, seemingly of an hallucinatory nature, for which he was unable to account. He seemed, as indeed is evident from his account, to be of a nervous and excitable disposition, with a full appreciation of the dramatic situations in his story.

Mr. Z., in sending us the account in July 1886, writes:

The above narrative written by my butler I believe to be true. Personally I have never seen her (the apparition) but I certainly have never had any reason to doubt the truth of the foregoing statement.

My wife has seen the apparition on four separate occasions. The chief interest in this affair seems to me to be in the utility of table-turning. I had never seen any table manifestations before, and we only began it one evening to pass away the time, and when we sat down we had no more idea that this particular spirit would make itself manifest than that any useful results might possibly accrue from our amusement. I had often heard peculiar noises in the house, and the servants called the place ‘haunted’, but nothing had ever occurred to establish the fact until last winter, when the butler saw the shadow when putting coals on the fire. One fact seems to be satisfactorily established, and that is two or three people out of a room full can see a spirit, and the others remain in ignorance of its presence. I have tried on four occasions to see it when it has appeared. My wife, a lady friend, and the butler could see it, but four other people present failed to do so. In one place in the narrative the butler says that the spirit’ raised itself’ off the ground. I had better explain that there is a gallery at one end of the drawing-room, and it was on to this the shadow raised itself; of course I could not see it do so, for I have mentioned before my inability to see it, but that it did really raise itself on to the gallery there can be very little doubt, as all the people who saw it said so at the moment the action took place.

Mrs. Z. has unfortunately so far declined to furnish a written narrative of her experiences. At a personal interview, however, in March 1888 she gave me a very full account of her own share in the matter which entirely corresponded with that given by Mr. Z. and the butler. The seances referred to lasted for about six weeks in June or July 1886. The woman’s figure described by W.L. was, Mrs. Z. told me, also seen by her and by Mrs. M. during these seances, but at no other time. As far as she knew, all three saw the same figure. Mrs. Z. saw the face distinctly, and subsequently recognized it in a photograph of a lady who had lived in the house a few years

previously. Mrs. Z. did not come to the neighbourhood until some years after this lady's death, and had never previously seen her, or any picture of her. She has had no other hallucinations.

As regards the recognition of the photograph, Mr. Z. writes in May 1888:

You ask me to tell you my account of the recognition of the photograph. I think that the butler's recognition does not amount to much.

It (i.e. the photograph) was lying on my table one morning and on his coming into the room I asked him if he had ever seen anyone like it. He said eyes, forehead, and nose he knew, but that he somehow could not put a name to it though he had seen the person several times. I told him who it was supposed to be and then he said, 'The eyes I should have known anywhere, but I have never seen the whole face so distinctly as this photo gives it,' or words to that effect.

The second case is certainly more remarkable.

A gentleman in C. hearing of the supposed appearances and of my wife's having seen the apparition, brought over half a dozen photos, amongst others one of what is supposed to be the spirit, to test my wife. She was not present in the room when he arrived, but came in about a quarter of an hour later. We purposely refrained from mentioning the subject at all.

Taking up the photos I asked her if any of them reminded her of a friend, all the pictures being about twenty years old. She looked them through, and thought one an early one of a friend who was present.

I took up one and tossed it across the tea-table, and only uttered the words, 'Who's that?' and she, after looking at it for a moment said, 'Oh, that's the ghost — where on earth did it come from?'

We were all rather staggered at her recognition, especially the gentleman who brought the pictures, as he had laughed the whole thing to scorn.

Personally I am no believer in apparitions, and I offered a thousand pounds to anyone who would show me the ghost who so unceremoniously haunts my house. There the matter rests. Some people declare they have seen it, but others, including myself, cannot see the thing even when it is supposed to be close to one.

Under the conditions described it must be admitted to be possible that Mrs. Z. received unconscious indications, from the manner or look of those around, of the answer that was expected of her. But even so, her recognition of the photograph was certainly a remarkable incident.

The evidential value of this case is to some extent diminished by the introduction of seances into the investigation, with all the possibilities of suggestion inherent in such methods. Nevertheless, we have the collective testimony of three persons, and the recognition of the photograph by Mrs. Z. was, as Mr. Podmore admits, ‘certainly a remarkable incident’.

One feature in this narrative is frequently met with in the course of psychical research viz. the sound of apparently clear and unmistakable footsteps produced by some abnormal agency. In some cases there seems good ground for thinking that sounds of this nature were correctly localized though unexplained.

‘Almost every night’, writes a reliable witness, ‘I used to hear these footsteps, and used sometimes to sit on the stairs holding the banisters on each side with my hands. Nothing corporeal could have passed me; but the footsteps distinctly passed me. Two stairs in the bottom flight were in the habit of creaking when trodden upon; and when I heard the steps coming I used to count, and the creak came always regularly on these two stairs. It was

like a heavy, unshod foot. The footsteps have sometimes been followed about the house.’

Case 9

Strange stories appear from time to time in magazines and newspapers of supernormal happenings — apparitions, poltergeists, etc. — among primitive peoples, but in most instances the evidential value of these reports does not reach a high level. The following narrative, supplied by Mr. Romilly, formerly Deputy-Commissioner of the Western Pacific (see *Dictionary of National Biography*), is one of the few recorded cases of really close scrutiny by a cool and capable observer into the grounds of a savage belief:

On Christmas Eve, 1879, a native called Kimueli, in the island of Rotumah, was murdered by an Australian half-caste, who was afterwards convicted of the crime. Mr. Romilly had seen the wounded man before his death. ‘A piece of coarse cloth or calico was over the top of the head, and round it, to keep it in its place, were strips of banana leaves. The whole was secured with cotton and strips of fibre.’ Next year at the same season Mr. Romilly, with a friend named Allardyce, was inhabiting a house in Rotumah, about two hundred yards from the house of a friendly influential native called Alipati, or Albert, who used usually to come with other friends and smoke with Mr. Romilly in the evening.

For two days before Christmas Day this man Albert did not appear; and Mr. Romilly learnt that he was afraid to walk from one house to the other becaue Kimueli’s ghost had been repeatedly seen.

Of course I laughed at him. It was an everyday occurrence for natives who had been out late at night in the bush to come home saying they had seen ghosts. If I wished to send a message after sunset, it was always necessary to engage three or four men to take it. Nothing would have induced any man to

go by himself. The only man who was free from these fears was my interpreter, Friday. He was a native, but had lived all his life among white people. When Friday came down from his own village to my house that morning, he was evidently a good deal troubled in his mind. He said:

‘You remember that man Kimueli, sir, that Tom killed.’

I said, ‘Yes, Albert says he is walking about.’ I expected Friday to laugh, but he looked very serious and said:

‘Every one in Motusa has seen him, sir; the women are so frightened that they all sleep together in the big house.’

‘What does he do?’ said I. ‘Where has he been to? What men have seen him?’

Friday mentioned a number of houses into which Kimueli had gone. It appeared that his head was tied up with banana leaves and his face covered with blood. No one had heard him speak. This was unusual, as the ghosts I had heard the natives talk about on other occasions invariably made remarks on some commonplace subject. The village was very much upset. For two nights this had happened, and several men and women had been terribly frightened. It was evident that all this was not imagination on the part of one man. I thought it possible that some madman was personating Kimueli, though it seemed almost impossible that any one could do so without being found out. I announced my determination to sit outside Albert’s house that night and watch for him. I also told Albert that I should bring a rifle and have a shot, if I saw the ghost. This I said for the benefit of any one who might be playing its part.

Poor Albert had to undergo a good deal of chaff for being afraid to walk two hundred yards through the bush to my house. He only said:

‘By and by you see him too, then me laugh at you.’

The rest of the day was spent in the usual manner. Allardyce and I were to have dinner in Albert's house; after that we were going to sit outside and watch for Kimueli. All the natives had come in very early that day from the bush. They were evidently unwilling to run the risk of being out after dark. Evening was now closing in, and they were all sitting in clusters outside their houses. It was, however, a bright moonlight night, and I could plainly recognize people at a considerable distance. Albert was getting very nervous, and only answered my questions in monosyllables.

For about two hours we sat there smoking, and I was beginning to lose faith in Albert's ghost, when all of a sudden he clutched my elbow and pointed with his finger. I looked in the direction pointed out by him, and he whispered, 'Kimueli.'

I certainly saw about a hundred yards off what appeared to be the ordinary figure of a native advancing. He had something tied round his head, as yet I could not see what. He was advancing straight towards us. We sat still and waited. The natives sitting in front of their doors got closer together and pointed at the advancing figure. All this time I was watching it most intently. A recollection of having seen that figure was forcing itself upon my mind more strongly every moment, and suddenly the exact scene, when I had gone with Gordon to visit the murdered man, came back to my mind with great vividness. There was the same man in front of me, his face covered with blood, and a dirty cloth over his head, kept in its place by banana leaves which were secured with fibre and cotton thread. There was the same man, and there was the bandage round his head, leaf for leaf, tie for tie, identical with the picture already present in my mind.

'By Jove, it *is* Kimueli,' I said to Allardyce in a whisper. By this time he had passed us, walking straight in the direction of the clump of bush in which my house was situated. We jumped up and gave chase, but he got to the edge

of the bush before we reached him. Though only a few yards ahead of us, and a bright moonlight night, we here lost all trace of him. He had disappeared, and all that was left was a feeling of consternation and annoyance in my mind. We had to accept what we had seen; no explanation was possible. It was impossible to account for his appearance or disappearance. I went back to Albert's house in a most perplexed frame of mind. The fact of its being Christmas Day, the anniversary of Tom's attack on Kimueli, made it still more remarkable.

I had myself only seen Kimueli two or three times in my life, but still I remembered him perfectly, and the man or ghost, whichever it was who had just passed, exactly recalled his features. I had remembered, too, in a general way, how Kimueli's head had been bandaged with rag and banana-leaves, but on the appearance of this figure it came back to me exactly, even to the position of the knots. I could not then, and do not now, believe it was in the power of any native to play the part so exactly. A native could and often does work himself up into a state of temporary madness, under the influence of which he might believe himself to be any one he chose; but the calm, quiet manner in which this figure had passed was, I believe, entirely impossible for a native acting such a part, and before such an audience, to assume. Moreover, Albert and every one else scouted the idea. They all knew Kimueli intimately, had seen him every day and could not be mistaken. Allardyce had never seen him before, but can bear witness to what he saw that night.

I went back to my house and tried to dismiss the matter from my mind, but with indifferent success. I could not get over his disappearance. We were so close behind him that if it had been a man forcing his way through the thick undergrowth we must have heard and seen him. There was no path where he had disappeared.

The figure was never seen again.

This remarkable narrative appeared in a book by Mr. H. H. Romilly called *True Story of the Western Pacific* (Longmans, 1882), on which Mr. Gurney has the following note: ‘This book gives one the highest opinion of its writer’s strength of character, as well as of his modesty. Mr. Romilly’s mother, Lady Elizabeth Romilly, assures me that the story is rather under-coloured than exaggerated, and that it is a most literal transcript of events which Mr. Romilly wrote out, very unwillingly, at his father’s “urgent request”.’ It is regrettable that no attempt was apparently made to secure corroborative evidence from Mr. (later Sir William) Allardyce, *ob.* 1930. Lady Allardyce has, however, kindly promised to search through a large collection of her husband’s papers in the hope of finding some record of his share in this amazing experience.

Case 10

The first of the following accounts was received from the minister of S., a small hamlet in the south of Scotland:

July 23rd, 1889.

It affords me much pleasure, in answer to your letter of the 20th, which I only received to-day, to give you an account of my experience in connection with the music in D. woods, which does not seem due to any ordinary source.

I have heard it, I think, four times, and always at the same place, viz. on the public road, which runs along the south bank of the Tweed, and which passes at the distance of three-quarters of a mile the old churchyard of D. The churchyard, from which the music always seems to come, is south of the road, and at a much higher elevation, and the intervening ground is densely covered with wood. The first two or three times I heard the sound it was very faint, but sufficiently distinct to enable me to follow the swellings and cadences. I do not know why, but on those occasions I never for a moment

thought it was real music. Neither did I think it anything very unusual, though the tones seemed more ethereal than any I had heard before. I am exceedingly fond of music, and in my walks, frequently sing without sound (if I may use such an expression) tunes, pieces, and ‘songs without words’. As there was on every occasion a breeze swaying the branches, I thought that, in my imagination, produced the result, though it did seem strange that I never heard anything similar in other woods.

Years passed, and I had forgotten all about the matter, when I heard it again, and I will not soon forget the last performance.

Last year I was walking up to X. to drive with Mr. and Mrs. M. to a tennis match. When I reached the usual spot, there burst upon my ear, from the direction of the churchyard, what seemed to be the splendid roll of a full brass and reed band.

It did not recall the former occasions, and I never for a moment doubted its reality. My first thought was that Sir Y. Z. had lent his park for a Sunday-school treat, and my second was that the band was far too good, and the music of far too high a class for such a purpose. I walked on, enjoying it thoroughly, never dreaming that I was not listening to good ordinary music, till it suddenly struck me that the sound, though now faint, ought to have been inaudible, as there was now between me and the churchyard the big, broad shoulder of S. (a hill). I began to remember the other — infinitely less distinct — performances I had heard, and though not superstitious enough to believe that there was anything which could not be explained on natural grounds, I felt that the explanation was beyond my power of discovery or conjecture. Of course, I intended immediately telling my friends at X. but my attention must have been called to something else, as I did not do so. We drove away, and after some time, we all, except Mrs. M., got out to walk up a very steep hill. Walking at the side of the carriage I told the most minute

circumstances of my strange experience. Mrs. M. seemed to take it very seriously, but Mr. M. ridiculed the whole affair as a freak of the imagination.

I tell you these little incidental circumstances to show you how indelibly the events of the day are engraven upon my memory.

I had not, at that time, heard that the sounds had been listened to by any other person, but it is now well known that they have often been heard by Sir Y. Z. and once by Lady Z.

In the last case the music resembled that of a choir, unaccompanied by instruments. In my case there was nothing resembling vocal music.

(Signed) J. L. B.

In answer to questions, Mr. B. writes on the 30th of July 1889:

1. I have never had any other hallucinations so far as I know.

2. I consider it absolutely impossible that there could have been a real band at the place. It could not have been there without the permission of Sir Y. Z. or of his manager. They were both at home at the time. They both knew what I supposed I had heard, yet neither told me (and I see them often) that what I supposed to be music was real music. Again, Mr. M. the parish minister would have told me. I have been here eighteen years, and have only once heard a brass band in the parish of D.; even then it was only the absurd Volunteer band from P. I don’t think X. is more musical than S. (Mr. B.’s parish).

3. The ‘cemetery’ is the churchyard of the suppressed parish of D., which was divided equally between S. and X. The churchyard is in the X. half. The graves were neglected and have all, except three or four, disappeared. The church became ruinous, and was converted into a burial vault for the Z. family. I have been there very frequently, but never heard anything when I was there. I have always, when I seemed to hear music, been

on the public road, at the point nearest to the churchyard. I only guess the distance to be three-quarters of a mile, as there is no direct communication between the two points. It is necessary to go round by D. House. I shall tell Sir Y. and Lady Z. about this correspondence if I have an opportunity before I go away for my holiday. Their experience might be interesting.

From Lady Z.:

On the hot, still afternoon of July 12th, 1888, I was sitting resting with some old ladies at our pretty little cemetery chapel, within the grounds of our house in Scotland, far away from all thoroughfare or roads. Whilst I was talking I stopped suddenly exclaiming, ‘Listen! what is that singing?’ It was the most beautiful singing I had ever heard, just a *wave of cathedral chanting*, a great many voices, which only lasted a few seconds. The lady said she heard nothing, and thinking she might be deaf I said nothing. I quite thought it *might* be haymakers at work, and yet I turned my head round, for the singing was so close by. It dawned upon me, ‘The Scotch need not say they cannot sing.’ There were several others sitting with us, but they heard nothing (which astonished me). I said nothing more till the evening, when I casually said to my husband, ‘What was that *singing* where we were sitting this p.m.?’ thinking he would reply, ‘Oh, it was the men at work’; but, to my astonishment, he replied, ‘I have often heard that before, and it is *chanting* I hear.’ (Mark, I had not said I had heard several voices, only singing, which was very remarkable.) And then, and not till then, I saw that the voices could not have been human, and certainly I had not imagined it. I had never heard such heavenly (that is the only adjective I can use) music before, and would not have missed it for anything. I was in no wise in a sentimental or fanciful state of mind when I heard the music, but only talking of the common subjects of the day. This is my written statement, and accurately true.

(Signed) A. Z.

From Sir Y. Z.:

When alone at the cemetery I have occasionally heard, from within the chapel, sounds as of chanting.

(Signed) Y. Z.

The clergyman who procured for us this story, the brother of Lady Z., explains in a letter dated 13th July 1889, that the cemetery is ‘in a secluded part of the grounds, at a good distance from the house’. He adds: ‘My sister has forgotten to state if she ever had any other similar experience; but I am pretty sure she never had.’

It is but rarely that accounts of ‘ghostly’ sounds possess much evidential value, from the extreme difficulty of eliminating all possible physical causes for auditory phenomena. But in this case (which is rather difficult to classify) the hallucinatory nature of the sounds heard seems conclusively proved, both in the case of Mr. B. and of Lady Z.

The case has of course many parallels amongst the traditional ghost stories current in smoking-rooms and round dinner tables, and in such volumes of ghostly lore as Mrs. Crowe’s *The Nightside of Nature*, but I do not think that the records of the S.P.R. contain another equally well-authenticated instance of this type. The narrative, at first hearing, suggests that this ethereal music may have been an echo from something which had survived the grave.

Case 11

A well-attested collective case of a recognized apparition and a variety of abnormal noises and sounds.

From Miss R. N.

The initials of all the persons concerned are assumed. Miss R. N.'s account was written towards the end of 1891:

In July of 1885, I was staying in the country, and was reading in the garden *Helen's Babies* one day, when, suddenly looking up, I saw my aunt standing in front of me, she having died in the previous October. In a moment or two she passed on out of my sight. This was my first experience, though she had been seen by several members of the family at home.

On my return home I saw her many times in the following nine months, and was often conscious of feeling some one in the room, which was empty except for myself. Also during that time I continually heard the most real and awful groans and various sorts of noises, which could not be accounted for in any way. Doors opened and shut in the most mysterious way, and once, when we were all working in the room my uncle occupied when with us, we distinctly heard knocking at the door, and on calling out 'Come in', there was no response, and a cat in the room with us was full of terror, though we saw nothing.

The other principal witnesses in this case were interviewed by Sir Oliver Lodge in October 1891. He informed us that the family consists of Dr. and Mrs. S.; their son, who had come to live in the house after the death of his wife (whom the apparition was supposed to represent) in October 1884; and their daughter, Mrs. N., with her son and four daughters, R. aged (in 1891) twenty-three, E. aged twenty, C. aged nineteen, and A. a year or two younger. The apparition was first seen in 1884 — soon after the aunt's death — collectively by C., A., and a friend, Miss G., as stated in their accounts, and soon afterwards on the stairs by Miss G. and A. N. together. It was seen later by a cousin, Miss S.; by a servant who had formerly been the deceased lady's housemaid, and afterwards by Miss R. N., as she relates. The apparition was

generally seen in or near Mr. S.’s bedroom and dressing-room, where also mysterious noises — whirrings, voices, and taps — were often heard by several members of the household, and doors were said to open and shut unaccountably, much to the alarm of the children; the cat also showed signs of terror. The manifestations went on for about a year and a half, and ceased about February 1886, when Mr. S. married again and left the house. In July 1886 he was visiting in the house, when the children again fancied they saw their aunt. The incidents were not mentioned to him, but Dr. and Mrs. S. and Mrs. N. confirmed the percipients’ accounts. Professor Lodge gathered that the figure seen was at first unrecognized and the subsequent appearances often vague and shadowy, the recognition being perhaps subsequently inferred, and the children’s alarm tending to make them at the time emphasize everything that occurred; though they were inclined afterwards, he thought, in giving him their testimony, to minimize the incidents.

The following accounts are given by the percipients. From Miss E. N.:

November, 1891

In the winter following my aunt’s death, 1884 to 1885, my uncle, who was living with us, was away for a short time, and wrote begging my mother to get something for him out of his wardrobe. I went with my mother into his room at about three o’clock in the afternoon, and as we opened the wardrobe door, we heard the most appalling noise. The only thing I can at all compare it to, is the letting loose of a quantity of clock machinery, and yet that doesn’t really describe it, and it was more violent. While it lasted, which was about half a minute, we clung together in terror, and then we looked everywhere for an explanation, but could find none, and never have. No one else in the house heard it, though it was so loud, and we never heard it again.

During that winter my sisters and others continually saw my aunt, but it was not till the following winter that I saw anything, when, one evening, as I was going upstairs alone, I half saw a figure turn the corner of the staircase in front of me. I should scarcely say that I saw a figure, for what I did see was so shadowy and vague, and was more like the sweep of a dress round the corner, but it was gone almost before I had seen it. I distinctly remember stopping and feeling afraid to go on, but hearing my mother and sisters talking in one of the bedrooms, ran up and joined them. Often during the two years my aunt was seen, I have noticed doors unaccountably opened and shut; also the cat used sometimes to show signs of great terror, and would race about in a frantic way. When alone in a room I have often felt as if some one else were present.

I was thirteen when my aunt died, and we were very fearless, and until my aunt was seen had no belief in anything supernatural. I have often wondered why I, who was more frightened than my sisters, never properly saw my aunt, while they often did.

From Miss C. N.:

[November, 1891]

When I first thought that I saw my aunt, I was twelve years old; it was in 1884, about two months after her death. I was playing in the drawing-room when suddenly I noticed a tall figure in black leave the room. The others had also seen it; we were not frightened, only very much surprised, because we had not seen any one enter, and it was certainly no member of the family. When we ran out of the room to see where the person had disappeared to, there was no sign of her anywhere. Later on the same day, I was going upstairs, when I was again surprised by seeing the same person walking across the landing from one bedroom to another. Just at the same moment my sister and friend came up; they had also seen the figure.

One evening at about seven o'clock, when every one of the family were at dinner, I passed my mother's open door; there I saw the same figure standing in the doorway; her face was turned from me towards the room; I looked hard at her for one minute, then ran on. When I reached the top of the stairs I looked again, but she had quite vanished.

Another evening I went up to my grandmother's room to speak to her; there was a long screen in front of the door, so that I could not see into the room when I first entered. I stopped at the door for a second, for I heard what I thought was my grandmother walking about the room. Just as I was going to run past the screen, the same figure, dressed in black with a white shawl, passed me very quickly and went into the dressing-room, which was out of the bedroom. My first impulse was to follow her, but I heard such a strange noise in the dressing-room that I feared to enter. I do not remember being really frightened at the time, for I never saw the face distinctly.

From Miss A. N.:

[November, 1891]

… We were then very young children, and fond of playing hide-and-seek. Our uncle had come to live with us after our aunt's death, and constantly, when hiding in his room, we thought we heard sighs and groans, that were quite unaccountable. We were naturally frightened at this, and soon learned to avoid playing in his room.

Before very long we also began to see strange things. One afternoon, when hiding in the drawing-room behind the sofa, some one walked out of the room quite suddenly. No grownup person had been in the room, and this appeared to be a tall lady in a black dress and a white shawl, who might very well have been our aunt. At any rate, it was nobody in the house, because we ascertained that by inquiring of every one if they had been in the drawing-

room at all, and were answered in the negative. Besides, I certainly remember being impressed with the fact that I had seen no one *enter* the room….

Miss A. N. describes further two subsequent appearances of the figure to her.

From Miss G. (sent to Sir Oliver Lodge):

In the winter of 1884 I was spending the day at a friend's house. I was then 11 years old. The little girls of the house and myself were playing at hide-and-seek, and two or three of us ran into the drawing-room and hid behind the sofa. Suddenly I saw a figure pass across the end of the room, and disappear through the door. I could see no face, and the figure glided, rather than walked; it was dark and shadowy, but I could see plainly it was no shadow; neither was it any one of the household. We were all rather startled, but I did not feel really afraid until I saw the same figure again.

I was chasing one of the little girls upstairs, and when I came in sight of the landing the figure I had seen before passed from one of the rooms to the other. At first I thought it might be my friend, but she too had stopped on the stairs, and we both exclaimed. We searched all the rooms on that landing, but did not find any one at all. I only saw the figure twice, as I went away from England very soon after.

From Mrs. N.'s niece, Miss S. (apparently written in December, 1891.):

The only time I ever heard or saw anything at — House was one day when, standing by myself on the landing of the first floor, some noise attracted my attention, and, looking round, I saw a tall figure in a grey gown come out of one of the bedrooms, and go into the adjoining dressing-room, but without turning its face in my direction. Being quite ignorant of what had been occurring there, I only concluded that it was some visitor, and did not

hear until later in the day that there was no one answering to that description in the house. I saw the figure quite distinctly: it made no sound in walking, which did not strike me as at all strange, as it had only a wrapper on, and probably, as I thought, bedroom slippers.

It is doubtful whether the recognition of the figure in the above case was clearly made out until the percipients had formed a theory — a very natural one — on the subject. In this instance, too, the phenomena began with unaccountable noises, a very common factor in ‘unrecognized’ cases, and those may of course have produced among the frightened children a certain amount of expectancy. Nevertheless, we have first-hand evidence from seven different percipients — six of whom were children at the time, though old enough to give fairly trustworthy accounts. It is important also to note that the first appearance was a collective one, of which we have three first-hand concordant accounts.

Case 12

The following account of an alleged haunting at Ramsbury in Wiltshire was investigated by, *inter alios*, Lord Balfour and Mr. Piddington of the S.P.R. and signed by them both (1932):

In June 1931 a man named Samuel Bull, by occupation a chimney-sweep, died in his cottage in Oxford Street, Ramsbury. His widow continued to live in the same cottage with a grandson, James Bull, and soon after her husband’s death became bed-ridden.

In August 1931 a married daughter of the widow came to live with her mother at the cottage in Oxford Street, as well as her husband and five children.

In February 1932 the hauntings described below began, the apparition of Samuel Bull being seen by the members of the family.

On 3rd April 1932 Lord Selborne was given a verbal account of the hauntings by Admiral Hyde Parker, who lives at Ramsbury, and on 6th April he wrote to Lord Balfour to say that Admiral Hyde Parker would be willing to answer any communication from the S.P.R. On 7th April Lord Balfour wrote to Admiral Hyde Parker, and on 11th April received from him a letter from which the extract that follows is taken:

I at once got into touch with our Vicar (Rev. G. H. Hackett) and showed him your letter and Lord Selborne's, and he undertook to obtain answers to your questions and to write out all he knows. I now enclose his dossier to which I do not think I can usefully add anything….

The old widow of the defunct Bull is bed-ridden and too ill to mind much about things, but Mrs. Edwards, his daughter, is quite willing to receive an investigator from your Society, or to give it any help in her power.

The Vicar's report, enclosed in Admiral Hyde Parker's letter, follows:

Samuel Bull, chimney-sweep, a man of very pleasant and high character, died of cancer, leaving an aged widow and a grandson aged twenty-one.

A daughter, Mrs. Edwards, gave up her own home and came with her husband and five children to live with the widow for the purpose of looking after her.

Soon after, certain rooms of the cottage became unfit and unsafe for habitation, and as no alternative accommodation could be found, they had to live in a dreadfully crowded and unhappy condition. This state of things had continued for several months, although continued effort has been made to find better housing.

Added to this, the aged widow has been very ill most of the time, and confined to her bed all the time since very shortly after her husband's decease.

Some time in February (1932), when some of the children had gone to bed, the mother (Mrs. Edwards) was made anxious by their sleeplessness and restlessness. They complained that there was someone outside the door, and were very nervous.

No one was there, however, i.e. no visible presence, but the conditions continued, and a little later the deceased man was seen to ascend the stairs and pass through a door, which was shut, into the room in which he died, and in which Mrs. Bull, the widow, had been lying for some time until it was condemned as unsafe, and which at the time of the apparition's first appearance was shut up and unused.

The apparition was seen by Mrs. Edwards and the grandson (aged twenty-one) and then by all the others, widow and grandchildren.

At first everyone was terrified and the children screamed, but later, and on subsequent occasions, were calmer, but in a state of quiet awe.

The 'appearances' have been very frequent since, but no diary has been kept of dates and happenings.

All the questions submitted by Lord Balfour I had already put to Mrs. Edwards and the family, and had received consistent, satisfactory, and in most cases quite clear and definite answers, but in one or two cases they had found it difficult to express in words their own experiences.

I once again, on receipt of the series of questions asked by Lord Balfour, asked Mrs. Edwards to answer all these questions in the order in which they were set down, and again I received answers which were perfectly consistent with her earlier statements and were exactly the same except in one case,

question No. 6, where an interesting development is noted. The following are the answers received:

1. Particulars of real names and address (not necessarily for publication) and dates:

Deceased man: Samuel Bull — who appears

Widow: Mary Jane Bull (aged invalid confined to her bed)

Daughter: Mrs. Edwards

Son-in-law: Mr. Edwards

Grandson: James Bull

Grandchildren: Five girls and boys — the eldest a girl nearly fourteen years

All living in Oxford Street, Ramsbury. No particulars of actual dates have been kept.

2. Have several members of the family seen the apparition at the same time when they were together?

Yes. All members together. Even the smallest girl (five years?), who recognized the apparition as ‘Grandpa Bull’.

3. Have any members seen it when others did not?

Yes. When some members have been absent, such as children at school, husband at work, etc., but when the apparition comes all who are present can see, and apparently can see equally well.

4. Details concerning the apparition. Is its appearance more or less as in life, and solid? Can they see the features clearly?

Yes, as in life, dressed as he usually was in the evenings when he had finished work.

Yes, solid, though only one member has felt him, that is the widow. The apparition invariably goes to a position by the bed and lays his hand upon the forehead of the widow. Mrs. Bull says the hand is firm but cold.

Yes, the features are clearly recognized (as instanced by the child in answer 2). Mrs. Edwards has said that the thing which seemed to fascinate her most was the appearance of his ‘poor hands’, because the knuckles seemed to be protruding through the skin.

5. Is any colour visible? Is it heard as well as seen? Have any of the family felt as if touched?

The family find it difficult to say anything as to colour. (I think this is due to the dim light in the house and the more or less drab colour of his clothes whilst alive — see answer to question 4 — but Mrs. Edwards spoke of the ‘muffler’ he was wearing as being different in colour from the rest of the clothes.)

Only the widow has felt the touch. (See answer to question 4.)

6. Is the apparition seen, heard, or felt (*a*) in daylight, (*b*) in artificial light, (c) in twilight, (*d*) in darkness?

The apparition has been seen at all times of the day and of the night, but only *seen* at times of darkness because there were candles burning. See Note A below.

7. Was there any sense of alarm felt at first? Was it seen by one person only or by more than one on the first occasion?

Yes, there was alarm at first. See prefatory note.

It was seen first by Mrs. Edwards and almost immediately after by Jimmy — the grandson of twenty-one years.

8. Had the man ever said in life that he would try to reappear after death?

No. The ‘appearance’ has come as a great shock to the family.

Note A. All the statements bore testimony to the sadness of the apparition’s appearance. They ‘understood’ that the deceased was grieved at their forlorn condition, but the last two appearances have changed

considerably and he seems much happier. This is believed to be due to the possibility that the family might soon go into a council house, and so be in happier circumstances.

With reference to answer to question 6, I had asked Mrs. Edwards some time ago whether the apparition were luminous — but she said ‘No.’ When he appeared at night, though they felt his presence, they could not see him without artificial light.

But now Mrs. Edwards says, since this change in him he is lighter. I asked, ‘Do you mean that he shines with a light of his own?’

She answered, ‘I can hardly tell, but I think so.’ I asked, ‘If he were to come in the middle of the night do you think you would see him without the help of your candle?’ She answered,’ Yes, I believe I should.’

There was genuine grief at the sadness of his appearance before, and now there is as genuine gladness at the change that has taken place.

Note B. The family always knows the ‘presence’ is there for half an hour or more before anybody sees him. They are conscious of a peculiar restlessness or stirring or expectancy. Mrs. Edwards says, ‘I feel as though I am expecting my brother from America, or something like that.’

Note C. There is some hope that the family might be moving into a council house in a few days’ time, and in that case the apparition might cease to appear, especially as the owner intends to put the house into condition, which will involve very considerable disturbance of present conditions. So if the S.P.R. propose to make any investigation there is no time to be lost.

Mrs. Edwards will be very pleased to do all in her power to facilitate an investigation.

(Signed) GEO. H. HACKETT,
Vicar of Ramsbury.

9 April 1932.

Extra Notes — The appearances are not fleeting, but quite lengthy, and [on] one occasion at least lasted for several hours.

Mrs. Bull had faithfully nursed the deceased for four years before he ‘passed’ from sooty cancer.

On 14th April Lord Balfour and Mr. Piddington went to Ramsbury, and had a long interview at Admiral Hyde Parker’s house with the Admiral and Mr. Hackett, the Vicar. During this interview the Vicar gave them the following information:

1. With regard to the statement contained in the Note attached to his report to the effect that on one occasion the apparition ‘lasted for several hours’, the Vicar explained that he had meant by this that the figure appeared *off and on* during several hours.

2. The widow once heard the ghost say ‘Jane’ — that being her name.

5. The first to see the apparition were Mrs. Edwards and her nephew of twenty-one years old, and they saw it on the same occasion. (See, however, below for Mrs. Edwards’s own statement, which differs from the above.)

4. In reply to the question, ‘What grounds have the family for thinking that the apparition has any connection with the unsatisfactory state of the cottage?’ the Vicar said he thought that they had no grounds beyond ‘sheer inference’.

5. When the children complained of there being ‘Some one outside the door’, they did not, the Vicar understands, hear any noise; nor has any noise been heard by other members of the family, with the exception of the widow, who, as mentioned above, once heard her name spoken.

6. When asked whether any members of the family have been interested in spiritualism, the Vicar said ‘No’; and he returned the same answer when

asked whether any members of the family have had previously any experiences similar to the present ones.

7. Mrs. Edwards, with whom the Vicar had had a talk earlier in the morning of 14 April, had spontaneously told him that the appearances take a great deal out of the members of the family, and especially out of old Mrs. Bull. She also told him spontaneously that Mrs. Bull often sees the figure; and that the last appearance had been on Saturday, 9 April.

8. In reply to the suggestion that the whole story might have been concocted for the purpose of arousing sympathy with the family on account of the wretched conditions in which they were living, and so increase their chances of obtaining better accommodation, the Vicar said that, in the first place, he believed in the good faith of the witnesses, and, in the second place, that any such plot might well have had just the opposite result to that desired. He added, however, that the family might, of course, have miscalculated the outcome of a manoeuvre of the kind.

9. Lord Selborne in his letter to Lord Balfour had written as follows: ‘The Admiral seemed to regard the family as telling the truth, but he emphasised the fact that no strangers have ever seen the apparition, though they have been in the room when all the family said they saw him.’ Admiral Hyde Parker said that Lord Selborne must have misunderstood him; and that so far as he knew no strangers had ever been present during the appearances. The Vicar agreed.

At 2:55 p.m. Admiral Hyde Parker, Mr. Hackett, Lord Balfour, and Mr. Piddington called at the cottage, and had a minute or two’s conversation with Mrs. Edwards, downstairs. They then all went upstairs into a bedroom where Mrs. Bull was lying in bed, Mrs. Edward taking with her her youngest child — the only one of her children who was at home at the time.

They found the cottage completely dismantled, the only furniture left being the bed in which Mrs. Bull was lying and a single chair. The dilapidated state of the cottage was apparent. The family were actually engaged that day in moving into one of the local district council houses.

In Mrs. Bull's bedroom an interview then took place which lasted about forty minutes. In the course of it a number of questions were put to Mrs. Edwards and answered by her. Mrs. Bull answered one or two questions.

Appended is a summary of what Mrs. Edwards and Mrs. Bull said.

Summary of Interview

On 21 June 1931 Samuel Bull died. His daughter, Mrs. Edwards, came to live with her widowed mother in August 1931, as did also her husband and five children.

The first experience occurred after three of the children, who had previously been sleeping in the grandmother's bedroom, had been moved to a room downstairs because one, or perhaps two, of the children had got influenza. The children had been at least a fortnight downstairs before they experienced anything unusual. It was when Mary, a girl who will be fourteen next June, was down with influenza — and she was the last of the children to catch it — that the ghost was first seen by Mrs. Edwards and Mary. It was shortly afterwards that Mrs. Edwards and the grandson, James Bull, aged twenty-one, saw the apparition together. Mrs. Bull, when she heard that Mrs. Edwards and Mary had seen the apparition, said to Mrs. Edwards that she had seen it before.

Mrs. Edwards said that the date when Mary was ill could be ascertained by the Vicar, as he could find out when Mary was absent from school.

When Mrs. Edwards and James Bull saw the figure on the same occasion, Mrs. Edwards, as soon as she saw it, told him that she was seeing

it.

Mrs. Edwards said that all the members of the family, including her husband, had seen the figure.

The figure appears to be quite life-like to Mrs. Edwards. It does not glide, but walks, and seems solid. She spontaneously described the appearance of the hands and knuckles, her statement agreeing with the one reported by the Vicar under question 4 above.

Mrs. Edwards said that when the appearances began she was more frightened than the children.

After describing the feeling of restlessness and expectancy that precedes her visions of the figure, Mrs. Edwards added that after the ghost has disappeared she feels more composed.

Mrs. Bull said that she had twice felt the hand of the ghost on her brow. It felt cold. She also said that she had heard the ghost call her ‘Jane’ once.

Questioned as to whether any members of the family had ever had any experience of a psychical kind, Mrs. Edwards said that her father, Samuel Bull, had had a premonition of the death of one of his sons, who died as a prisoner of war at Mons. She gave details of her father’s premonition, which, however, it is not necessary to reproduce here.

When asked about the duration of the appearances, Mrs. Edwards said that on one occasion the figure must have been visible for half an hour continuously.

Mrs. Edwards was a good witness. She answered the questions put to her simply, naturally, readily, and briefly.

The interview ended at about 3:40 p.m.

The account of the interview with Admiral Hyde Parker and Mr. Hackett, and the account of the interview with Mrs. Edwards and Mrs. Bull,

were written out by Mr. Piddington on 15 April 1932, and are based on memoranda that he made at the time.

The Vicar undertook to seek an opportunity of interrogating the husband, Mr. Edwards, later, when any excitement that the interview with Mrs. Edwards might have caused had died down.

On 31 May 1932 the Vicar wrote to Mr. Piddington as follows:

'Thank you for your letter. I did not hurry to obtain the signatures to this statement, first because you advised me not to hurry, and secondly because I thought it would be a further test of some value if I allowed a considerable time to elapse before returning to the subject with the family, as it seemed to me that memory was likely to be less stable in regard to a mere statement, especially a false statement, than it would be in regard to an actual experience. Moreover, the aged widow has been extremely ill lately — her 'passing' is imminent — and it was hardly seemly to press the family at such a time.

However, since receiving your letter I have watched for an opportunity, and it came to-day, when the husband happened to be at home.

I had the statement with me, and was able, quite naturally, to open the subject.

Every question was answered as naturally as before and with as much conviction and appearance of truthfulness. Both Mrs. Edwards and her husband were perfectly ready and willing to sign the statement, which I read over to them before the signing.

I regret that the signatures are not in ink. My own pen stubbornly refused to serve and the only medium they could provide was a stumpy pencil.

Nothing has happened in the new home….

(Signed) GEO. H. HACKETT.'

The following is endorsed on the back of the Vicar's report:

The following is the signature of Mrs. Edwards (referred to in the foregoing) and also of Mr. Edwards her husband, testifying to the correctness of the statement. The whole statement was read to them immediately before signing.

(Signed) MARY JANE EDWARDS
HENRY JOHN EDWARDS

These signatures were obtained in the house of Mrs. Edwards, and are in pencil because they had no ink in the house at the time.

The signatures were made in my presence, to-day, May 31st, 1932.

(Signed) GEO. H. HACKETT,
Vicar of Ramsbury.

Both the character and evidence of this bewildering case are quite unique. The figure which showed itself with such frequency seemed apparently solid and lifelike, and I do not know of any other narrative of the kind where the witnesses of a 'collective' apparition were so numerous — on some occasions no less than nine.

The unsatisfactory and extremely disappointing feature in this case is the inefficient and dilatory character of the investigation. The appearances of the apparition began in February 1932 and became 'very frequent'; nevertheless it was not until 7th April that information of this reached Lord Balfour. On 9th April the Vicar of Ramsbury wrote: 'If the S.P.R. proposes to make any investigation, there is no time to be lost,' as the Bull family were expecting to leave the house 'in a few days' time'. As a matter of fact the last appearance of the apparition was on 9th April, and it was actually not until 14th April that the two representatives of the S.P.R. visited Bull's cottage, by that time

practically empty, and dismantled. In the course of this unique ‘haunting’ — from February to 14th April 1932 — no attempt apparently had ever been made to secure the possible evidence of persons outside the Bull family circle or to discover whether or no the ‘solid’ figure of the apparition could be photographed or would react to other tests. This Ramsbury case, which might perhaps have provided us with evidence of quite exceptional value, has suffered badly from the *vis inertiae* of those who had knowledge of the facts over so long a period and failed to report or examine them, and those too who, at the most critical period in the history of this case, delayed their visit for a whole week until any practical research was almost useless.

Case 13

The following account of a collective apparition was contributed by the Rev. C. H. Cope, an Associate of the S.P.R., who received it from Mr. G. A. Young, of The Oaks, Faversham, Kent. It was written by a friend of the latter’s, Captain Emmett:

The following is an accurate statement of a supernatural occurrence that took place at Gibraltar in the year 1839, and which was carefully investigated by myself on the day after it took place, accompanied by the Rev. William Brown, now residing at Gravesend, and never afterwards discovered to have been anything but that which it professed to be:

In the month of September 1839 the Rev. W. Brown called upon me for the purpose of making known that a story was current about the barracks of the 46th Regiment, to the effect that a ghost or spirit had been seen in one of the hospital wards occupied by that regiment, then quartered at the barracks on the Rock, called ‘The South’, adding that he thought the case worth investigating, as two persons were said to have seen it at the same time.

I went with him to the hospital, and after hearing a version of the story from the hospital sergeant, desired that one of the two men (not the principal) who had seen the vision might be sent for.

A private of the 46th named Watson (and a patient in the ward) forthwith attended, and was cautioned by me to be truthful in his statement as I was about to take it down on paper for severe investigation. I then wrote down from his mouth the following:

'Last night I was lying awake in bed some time after eleven o'clock, not being able to sleep as there was a rushlight at the far end of the ward where one of the patients was dying; also the ward had been disturbed for the previous two nights by the sound of footsteps slowly walking up and down the ward. Whilst turning round in my bed I saw someone sitting upon the foot of the bed of Corporal McQueen. At first I thought it was McQueen himself, but distinguished his head on the pillow. The person sitting remained so still that I thought it sufficiently singular to call out to McQueen, and I called to him, telling him "there was someone sitting upon the foot of his bed". He waked up and drew up his knees, and at the same time the person rose off the foot of the bed, and slowly went up to the head of it, rested one hand against the wall and stooped down as if to speak to Corporal McQueen. He drew back his head as if alarmed, and becoming alarmed myself, I don't know why, I buried my head under the sheets, and felt so faint that I did not look up again for perhaps half an hour, when I no longer saw anyone by McQueen, who was still sitting up and silent in his bed. I spoke to him, and he made answer for me to go to sleep and not talk.'

I and Mr. Brown cross-examined Private Watson, and came to the conclusion that he was speaking truly according to his belief. He was not suffering at the time from any disorder affecting the brain. We dismissed him and called in Corporal McQueen. His disorder was simply an injury to the

foot or ankle, and likewise not affecting the brain. I warned him as I had done Private Watson, and I then took down his statement in writing, as follows:

‘Last night about twelve o’clock I was awaked by Private Watson, who sleeps opposite to me. He told me that there was someone sitting upon the foot of my bed, and at the same time I saw a person just rising off it and coming towards me. There was enough light by means of a rushlight at the other end of the room to let me see it was not one of the patients, and I gradually distinguished the dress to be grave clothes — a long gown of flannel edged with black tape, and tied up about the wrists and neck with bows of the same; a kind of hood was swathed round the head and face. The figure leant down over me, and at first I felt much alarmed and shrank back. The figure said something, my name, I think, and added: “I am the spirit of Mary Madden, and bespeak your attention.”

‘Mary Madden had been the wife of a comrade of that name, now at the Depot of the 46th in Ireland and she had died just about this time last year. I was a great friend of hers, and was beside her when she died, and put her into her coffin. She was dressed precisely the same as the figure then before me.’

Question: ‘Were the face and voice like Mrs. Madden’s?’

Answer: ‘I could distinguish no face at all. The voice was not like Mrs. Madden’s, or any voice I had ever heard; *it seemed to sing through my head.’*

The witness continued:

‘I then felt rather reassured, and asked her what she wanted. She replied “that I must communicate with her husband, Madden, and severely warn him as to a certain evil course he was pursuing; that he was to desist, and that, if he did not desist, his soul would be in immediate peril”. She then told me to warn him of some other matter, and finished by telling me, *by way of proof that she was Mrs. Madden’s spirit*, a circumstance and conversation unknown to anyone in the world, that took place between us before her death, and this I

must decline repeating. It *was* proof to me that Mary Madden's spirit was then beside me, *and nothing on earth will convince me to the contrary.* After exacting a promise from me that I would fulfil her wish, she said she would not again trouble the ward, and bid me farewell. She then went to the fireplace, and groped over it with her hands about the wall, then turned round and again came towards me, but gradually looked more and more indistinct until at last I lost sight of her altogether. I then became very faint and awe-struck, and remained awake until daylight.

'I have this morning written to her husband in Ireland, in compliance with her wish. There were about eighteen men in the ward, but with the exception of the dying man in the corner and Private Watson, I think they were all asleep. This is all I can say of the matter.'

Corporal McQueen about three months afterwards came to England with other invalids, and was with them placed under my command on board the *Bassett*, Junior Transport. I reminded him of the above matter, and he steadily adhered to his story without the slightest variation. Mr. Brown and myself are fully of opinion that he was speaking the plain and unexaggerated truth.

M. EMMETT,
Captain, Royal Bucks Militia.
Weedon Barracks, September, 1854.

Mr. Young informed us that this account, which was printed for private circulation, was a copy of an original manuscript in his possession, written in 1854, and he kindly allowed us to see the manuscript for comparison with the printed copy. The accompanying letter from Miss Young explains further the circumstances under which it was written.

The Oaks, Faversham
October 27th [1893]

Dear Sir,

My father does not know whether Captain Emmett is still living; it is now many years since he last saw him. My father and Captain Emmett had both been in the Army, Captain Emmett in the 46th, my father in the 8th. On leaving the army they both joined the Royal Bucks Militia, and were quartered together at Weedon. It was then that they first made acquaintance and that Captain Emmett told my father this curious narrative. He was so much interested in it that Captain Emmett wrote it all down for him *from the notes* which he had himself taken at the time. This was in the year 1854, the event having taken place in 1839. [Thus] the essential part of the narration is practically dated the day after the event, as it is copied by Captain Emmett from the notes he himself took when investigating the affair.

AGNES A. YOUNG.

Case 14

Of the various witnesses in the following account the first to observe any unusual appearance was Miss A. (a cousin of the deceased lady, Mrs. X.), who writes as follows, under date 4th March 1889:

I have always put down what I saw to shaken nerves and debility [induced partly by the shock of being present at her cousin's sudden death]. It was about six weeks after her death that I woke up with a feeling of some one being in the room with me, and looking across the room I saw Mrs. X. sitting upon the rocking-chair in the window, in a white dressing-gown, with ruffles round the neck. She had her face turned towards me and I saw her distinctly; the fright made me close my eyes, and when I opened them again she was gone. About a fortnight after that I again woke at 4 a.m. with the same feeling, and there was Mrs. X. sitting in the same chair. I looked hard at her this time, and she rose, crossed the room to the side of the bed, and with one

hand (the left) drew back the curtain. I sat up in bed in terror, and cried out, ‘Oh! what *do* you want?’ She bent down and said quite distinctly, ‘Three days, only three days.’ And then she vanished. I rose in terror and lighted the gas and searched all round, but found nothing. It made me quite ill and hysterical, and, at last, I got the doctor, but I have never seen her since. Of course, I have heard all the talk in the family about her being constantly seen lately, but I never said a word.

These apparitions — the only ones where the figure has been recognized — occurred in a house at a little distance from that where Mrs. X. died. The other manifestations have all been in Mr. X.’s house.

The next percipient was Mr. X. himself, who writes under date 5th March 1889:

About twelve months ago [March 1888] I retired to rest as customary about 11 to 11:30. I sleep next to the door, and with my son, four years old, I locked my door, which is my custom to do, and extinguished the light. I was awakened by an unusual knocking, which appeared not very far distant from me. I opened my eyes, which were turned towards the door, and to my surprise saw distinctly a figure which appeared to be a woman in night attire (I could not distinguish anything like features); it was standing erect close to the bedside, when I saw it. I appeared to be quite paralysed, and quite cold. I closed my eyes and opened them several times, seeing the same apparition in the same position, without any alteration, again closing my eyes and when opening saw the apparition had vanished. I remained still very cold (which appeared to me a few minutes) before I felt a glow of warmth, which gave me strength and confidence to move myself on my back to think over what I had seen, when my clock struck three. I then got out of bed and lit my gas, keeping it low (which ever since I always make a practice of doing), and have

not seen any such apparition since myself, and it was about three months after this that Miss X. was surprised.

In November 1888 Mr. X.'s elder son, aged ten, who sleeps in a room alone, said that he 'had been visited by a figure all in black, which disappeared'.

This, however, may have been a purely subjective hallucination, as the appearances had probably by this time been much discussed.

Mr. X. has had no other hallucination of the senses.

The next percipient after Mr. X. was Miss X., sister of the widower, who gives her account as follows:

February 1889

My sister-in-law died in September 1886, and a week after I went to keep house for my brother. I occupied the room she died in, and continued to do so for thirteen months, when I returned to my home in Clifton for four months.

During my absence my place was filled by a young lady friend. She left and I returned to my brother's house, and had been there three months. One evening we had been sitting talking downstairs for a long time when I wished good night, and went to bed; sleeping in the room alone. I had just gone to bed, 12:15 o'clock, when a few minutes after I heard a sudden noise which made me open my eyes, and I saw standing by my bed a figure enveloped in white; the hand was put forward, as if attempting to move back the bed-clothes.

In my fright I screamed and threw out my arm towards it, and said, 'Who is it? what is it?' It moved back about half a yard; it was then advancing again, when my loud screams brought my brother (who was in the

next room) to me. Upon his opening the door and entering the room it disappeared, and I never saw it any more.

My brother then told me he had (during my absence at home) been awakened one night with a cold feeling, and there was a white figure standing by his side which remained some time, then disappeared, and he was very much frightened.

Miss X. has never experienced any other hallucination.

The next person to see the figure was Miss B., who succeeded Miss X. in keeping house for Mr. X. in the spring of 1888. Miss B.'s experiences were in the summer of 1888, but she has not preserved accurate dates.

March 4th, 1889

I shall feel happy in giving a full account of the apparition I have seen three times in my bedroom, but am afraid it will not be very well explained. The first time the figure, dressed in white, came to the bottom of my bed and stood for a short time; it seemed to me like a woman, rather tall, but was so covered in this white dress that I could not see the head, and during the time it stayed I never took my eyes off, but at last could not tell where it had gone; it went quite quickly. The three times it has appeared to me it has always looked the same, only the last time it came and stood by my side, and although I looked at this figure, and never moved, I could not explain to anyone what it was like. It is now many weeks since I saw it. I am not in the least nervous about these things, and should much like to know what it wants.

In summary, a figure has appeared seven times, to four different people, excluding the boy of ten: and most of these appearances were so long after the death that it would scarcely be possible to attribute them to the preoccupation of recent grief.

It will be seen that the strongly evidential value of this case depends on the fact that there were at least four independent percipients, as well as certain phenomena observed by more than one person simultaneously. The experience of each percipient severally might have been explained as a merely subjective hallucination — the view very naturally taken by Miss A., whose account is placed first above. But such a collection of independent subjective hallucinations, all suggesting the same deceased person (partly by aspect and partly by locality), would be, so far as I know, an unparalleled group of coincidences. The first appearance was a few weeks after the death; the others followed at more than a year's interval. Mrs. X. died in the town of Z., at 4 p.m., 18th September 1886.

Case 15

This well-authenticated account was brought to the notice of the S.P.R. by Mrs. H. H. in March 1892:

I saw in 1872, in the month of December, an old gentleman, apparently an invalid, crossing a room in a house in —, where I was then lodging. As near as I can remember, the hours were 12 p.m., 1 p.m., and 8 p.m. The only thing I observed at the time was that he looked very ill, and wore a long brown Turkish dressing-gown with big tassels. On three occasions I had this experience. Twice on entering the room I saw it, and on one occasion it appeared while I was at lunch. I was in very good health, and not suffering from grief or anxiety. I was 51 years of age. Many years before I was in the habit of seeing the gentleman daily. My little son and his nurse were present, and all saw him distinctly, as did my daughter, on the second time of his appearing.'

From the following statement, received from Miss L. H., the daughter referred to in Mrs. H.'s account, it does not seem clear that the apparition was ever seen collectively, as Mrs. H. appears to imply, but the evidence goes to show that a similar apparition was seen independently by several different persons, without any communication with one another on the subject.

June 17th, 1892

L. H. was the daughter who saw the old gentleman in the dressing-gown, spoken of by her mother, Mrs. H., but the son spoken of was only a little child at the time and was laughed out of the idea that he had seen any one, at the time; and when the lodgings were given up, no reference to the apparition was ever made before him, as he was both delicate and nervous. The old nurse spoken of died in November 1875, but she never doubted having seen it. Till Mrs. H.'s little son spoke of having seen 'an old man', neither Mrs. H., L. H., nor the nurse spoke to each other about it, as naturally each one thought it could only be imagination. The person seen was known in life to all but H. H. (the little boy); he was indistinctly remembered by L. H. as an old man who was always ill; but both the nurse and Mrs. H. knew him well.

In reply to further inquiries, Miss H. writes:

August 31st, 1893

I will endeavour to give you all the details I can remember of the apparition seen by me in 1872. I was not sleeping in the house in which my mother was lodging, but I used to go in and out several times during the day. The sitting-room was an upstairs room; one window looked into the street, and the other exactly opposite it into the garden. The figure used to glide quite suddenly between the fireplace towards the garden window. Whilst I was watching it, it apparently melted. I never really saw the disappearing; one

moment it was there, the next, I used to think it was all rubbish, and I must have let my eyes deceive me.

I am not quite sure how long my mother was in the house, for I was at a boarding-school in the town; but I know the first time I saw the apparition was December 13th. I can fix the date, as I was home for two days for my sister's wedding, which took place the day before. It must have been some time between 10 a.m. and 1 p.m., as I was lunching with friends that day and should not have been in the house after 1 o'clock. After that one occasion I did not see any more of it till my holidays began, say about December 20th, and I left on January 14th; but between these two dates I constantly saw it, nearly always by daylight; though once I remember seeing it exceedingly distinctly by firelight. I remember I was alone on that occasion, and it stayed long enough for me to notice [that] the girdle of the dressing-gown it appeared to be wearing had a big upright loop to it.

I had no idea that any one else saw it till some time afterwards, except my brother, who was very little then, and he had declared several times he saw an old man in the corner; but he was very delicate and nervous, and they used to tell him it was the shadow of a tree waving about — he was so easily frightened. I used not to say anything, for we are a very matter-of-fact family, and I knew I should be unmercifully chaffed if I had said anything to my brothers and sisters (of whom I had several). Our old nurse did not tell my mother or me anything about it till she was out of the house, and my mother was equally silent. I think they were both afraid of alarming us; though there was nothing to alarm any one in the apparition. It was a very gentle, mild-faced old man, and not one bit like a story-book ghost.

I should think it was about September 1873 that I first heard it had been seen by my mother, and a little later that my nurse told me she too had seen it.

They have been with me in the room when I have seen it, but whether they saw it at the same time, of course I cannot tell. You see, we never thought any one else would be interested in it.

There was a distinct feeling of some strange personality, so to speak, in the room, that involuntarily used to turn my head to that part of the room each time I saw the apparition. I never used to *look* for it, but when it was there, I *knew* it; and sometimes I used not then to turn round, if I was very much interested in what I was doing. I got accustomed to it; and I don't think I was ever too pleased at having to force myself into a belief in such things. I hardly ever speak of my own experiences, for it is, I find, only about one person in a hundred who gives one credit for telling nothing but the honest truth.

Miss H. has had another somewhat similar series of experiences, which she thus describes:

March 8th, 1892

I have seen on several occasions the figure of an old man, always in the house, though not in the same place in the house. The hours of appearance have varied, but it has oftenest been broad daylight. The dates have been from 1874 to the present year. I was occupied in no particular way. I was in perfect health on most of the occasions, and had neither grief nor anxiety. When I first saw it I was eighteen. I never saw the person in life. Sometimes the figure has been resting in an armchair, sometimes it appears to have come in from a ride. No one has been with me at the time, though I have heard others speak of the same figure appearing to them. I have never tried to count how often I have seen it, but it may be about three or four times in a year. The old man has very bright blue eyes and a good deal of colour; he is always dressed in white riding breeches and black coat.

In answer to questions, Miss H. writes:

To the best of L. H.'s knowledge the figure was seen quite independently, no one person having told another it was to be seen, or that he or she had seen it. There was no special reason for connecting it with any deceased person at the time it was first seen by L. H., although from photographs and a picture *afterwards* seen, she had no doubt as to its identity. L. H. is sorry not to be able to give any particulars as to any fixed dates or occasions of its appearances, for they are most erratic — coming sometimes frequently close together, and then not again for months; but they are much more usual in daylight than at any other time.

Miss H. adds later:

August 31st, 1893

I have seen [the apparition] once or twice within the last four months, but I have not heard of any one else having seen it within that time.

In this well-attested record of a long-continued 'haunting' we should note the rather naive remark of Miss L. H., one of the percipients — 'You see, we never thought any one else would be interested in it.' Psychical research is heavily handicapped not only by the fear of ridicule on the part of those who have abnormal experiences, but still more by the absence of interest, amongst the vast majority of people, in anything outside the 'trivial round and common tasks' of material existence.

Case 16

A collective case, clearly stated and well-authenticated, comes from Mr. Alfred Axtell of 17 Woodstock Road, Oxford (9th March 1934):

I reside in a house dating back to about the Jacobean period, and have occupied it continuously during the past thirty years. Previously to this, the house was inhabited by a gentleman of the name of Walklett, who died there. Within the first few weeks of my residence, I had occasion, about seven o'clock in the evening, to go up one of the staircases, there being two staircases from the ground floor to the first floor, and also two from the first to the second floor, the premises having been converted from two houses into one. On the staircase mentioned, I saw distinctly an apparition in the form of Mr. Walklett. The light being dim, I struck a light, whereupon the apparition vanished. I might say that I was well acquainted with the deceased Mr. Walklett. I ascribed this happening as being probably due to some form of imagination caused by brain weariness, and the possibility of a sudden remembrance of the deceased. I dismissed the matter from my mind, however, and did not mention it to anyone.

A few weeks afterwards, at about nine o'clock in the evening, an old nurse who lived with us suddenly returned from the same staircase, and fell into a chair in a semi-swoon. When she had recovered she explained that her fright had been caused by seeing a man standing on the staircase, and the description corresponded to that of Mr. Walklett. I requested her not to talk about the matter and to endeavour to forget it.

Several months after the above incidents, my son, then about six years of age, came running back from the staircase before described clapping his hands and jumping with glee, saying that he had seen 'Father Christmas'.

The next appearance of the apparition was one evening when I was on the first floor landing. My wife remarked, 'Someone has just walked behind you into the bathroom,' I said 'Well, you know what it is, so don't be alarmed.'

The above events all happened within the first eighteen months, or thereabouts, of my tenancy.

Now comes a strange part of the whole story. Twenty-eight years had gone by. One night, my stepson was in the drawing-room on the first floor with me. He knew that smoking in this room was not allowed, and if he wished to smoke he would go out on the landing for that purpose. On this particular occasion he went out to the landing and a few minutes afterwards opened the drawing-room door and called me out. My stepson was ashen grey and very much upset. I took him downstairs, and when he had regained his composure, I said to him, 'You saw something — tell me exactly what it was.' His description tallied with that of Mr. Walklett, as being a stoutish man five feet seven in height with a long flowing beard of a lightish colour. On this last occurrence, the apparition appeared on the landing, and a curtain which divides the landing and the bathroom door was pushed right out by it, the curtain falling from its shoulders before it disappeared through a door that shuts off a disused upper part of the staircase.

I may mention that I have many times taken up a position on the landing on dark evenings, having the doors at the foot of the staircase open in order to see if by any chance a reflection from passing vehicles might afford a solution. This once provided a fleeting shadow on the wall and ceiling, but this had no sort of resemblance to the appearance of the apparition as described.

Mr. Maasy of 57 Plantation Road, Oxford, writes (15th February 1937):

During my mother's lifetime it was my custom to go to 17 Woodstock Road almost every Saturday evening in winter time. My stepfather and I always had a smoke on the landing, as mother disliked it in the drawing-room. On the night when I had my strange experience my stepfather had just

left me to finish my smoke, and had returned to the drawing-room. I suddenly heard a shuffling sound, but did not look up for a moment, thinking that he had returned for something. When I did, to my surprise, I saw what appeared to be an ordinary old man in a dressing-gown, walking across the floor. It was all so natural, that I was on the point of asking him what he wanted — I was not alarmed at all — when to my horror he continued his walk until he passed right through a closed door which had not been opened for years, and had a coat-rack screwed right across it. By this time I thought I was going out of my mind, and I went straight to the drawing-room and told my stepfather what I had seen, without alarming my mother by mentioning it to her. My stepfather told me that he had seen the same figure himself, and also that my late stepbrother had had the same experience. This was the first time that I had been told about the apparition.

In answer to some further queries, Mr. Axtell has kindly sent me the following reply:

I was pleased to have your further letter with reference to the apparition of the late Mr. Walklett.

The old nurse, as you surmise, is no longer living. I take it that my wife actually *did* see the apparition which caused her to make the remark, ‘Someone has just passed behind you into the bathroom.’ The time when this occurred was between seven and eight o’clock in the evening.

Since the death of my wife, her grand-daughter (aged 21) has lived in the house with me. Her sister also sleeps here. They are quite aware of the history of the occurrences, but have never seen or heard anything unusual, and though I am very frequently alone in the house I have had no further experiences.

There were apparently five witnesses of the apparition of Mr. Walklett, though three of them are now dead. The story of the figure's appearances is an unusual one, for after it had been seen by four different persons within a period of eighteen months there was apparently no recurrence of the apparition for twenty-eight years.

Case 17

Mr. C. Aindow writes from Formby Street, Liverpool:

March 1934

In reply to your request I mention here a strange incident which happened to my brother and me (we are twins) some eighteen months ago. We both sleep in the same bedroom and it was one morning about two o'clock when we were both awakened, a very unusual thing to happen to us, as we are both heavy sleepers. There walking through the door was our father, who had died fourteen years ago. Walking round the beds, he stood at the foot of each bed and beckoned to us in turn. I was not asleep, and also up to then was not a believer in things connected with the spiritual world. Now I am convinced that there is something in this form of research and should like to know more about it. If you wish I could get my brother to verify this statement.

Mr. G. H. Aindow, of 17 Formby Street, Liverpool, sends the following corroboration of his brother's narrative:

There was not the usual bright moonlight, but a watery moon, sickly-looking and very cloudy. The two of us had been asleep when, without any apparent reason, we awoke together. My eyes turned towards the bedroom door, and slowly a figure dressed in dark clothes seemed to pass through the door from outside. I was rather frightened. The figure — that of a man —

passed round each bed, and then stood at the bottom and beckoned to us both. ‘Charles,’ said I, ‘it is Daddy.’ ‘Yes,’ answered Charles, ‘I wonder what he wants.’ My father still stood there, looking at us both with an expression of complete calm, but earnest pleading in his eyes. The face and head were completely clear, as though in life, but through the form of his body I could see the strut of the window frame where the curtains had not been properly drawn across. Round the figure was a faint frame, so to speak, of pale light; my fear left me and I sat up and spoke to him, my heart pounding with joy; my brother also exclaimed, ‘Daddy, speak to us,’ but with one appealing look, the figure beckoned to us and seemed to walk through the wall and vanish. I looked at my watch and it was three o’clock. After a further doze I awakened again, found paper and pencil, and put down the events of the previous hour or so, at 3:45 a.m.

It seems clear that both the brothers in this case, who saw simultaneously the figure of their father fourteen years after his death, were fully awake at the time. But the details given by Mr. G. H. Aindow are fuller and more varied than those in the much more condensed narrative of his brother: both witnesses, however, speak of the father’s beckoning gesture. The two letters were written independently and on different dates.

Case 18

This letter reached me from the Vicar of a Cornwall parish (March 1934):

In March 1920 I was appointed Vicar here, my vicarage being a very old building from pre-Reformation times. One evening in June 1920 at 5:30 I was crossing the bridge opposite my dining-room window and happened to look over to this window and was surprised to see an old gentleman sitting at my table in the room as if writing. He looked up and, catching sight of me,

seemed to glide away towards the door, and was seen no more. My housekeeper was out; I hurried to the front door and took out my key and as I was inserting it suddenly felt that my first impression of an intruder in the flesh was wrong and that what I had seen was supernatural. However, I searched the house but found no one. A fortnight or so after this I was making my first call as the new Vicar on a lady in the parish, and while waiting for her to appear in the drawing-room, saw a photo on her wall of my ghost, and, on inquiring whose photo it was, was informed that it was that of the old Vicar, who had been here forty-four years. He had at this time been dead for twenty-six years. I told her of my vision and I was not at all disturbed, though it was my first vision of anything of the kind. He has never been seen by me again.

Miss L. D., J. P., an Associate of the S. P. R., writes, 27th March 1937, as follows:

I well remember the day when Mr. X. came to tea with me, and in the course of a conversation about local ghosts, told me about the old man he had seen looking out of the Vicarage window. Mr. X. was at the time in the road outside the house, and knew that it was unoccupied at the moment. His description of the old man strongly reminded me of a former Vicar, Mr. K., who had been here forty-three years, and was deeply attached to his house and the church. He was a great friend of mine, and when I saw him for the last time, gave me a photograph of himself. I showed the photograph to the Vicar, who said at once, that was the old man he had seen looking out of the dining-room window. Mr. K. was, I think, eighty-three when he died.

The possibility in the above narrative that a real man was seated at the writing-desk is diminished by the good light at the time, the fact that the

house was locked up, and, above all, the immediate recognition of the photograph without any suggestion *ab extra.* The details of the apparition were made known to Miss L. D. within a fortnight of the incident. The clergyman who sends this case wishes it to be recorded anonymously.

Case 19

I am indebted to Mrs. Edith Caslon of The Thatched Cottage, Rustington, Sussex, for an extremely interesting narrative:

I submit the following incident, the truth of which I can vouch for — as it happened to myself. My father, mother and elder sister had been sent for to the sick-bed of my youngest brother (a young man of twenty-four), who had been to Great Yarmouth for a holiday and who had suddenly been taken ill with typhoid fever. Three days later my father telegraphed for my remaining two brothers (men of twenty-five and twenty-six), my younger sister aged thirteen and myself, then a girl of fifteen, to join them as my sick brother had expressed the desire to see us all. We arrived at Great Yarmouth in the early morning but in daylight (it was summer time). We were walking the four of us abreast in the middle of the road from the station to the house when suddenly we saw my brother, who passed along the line of us, looking into each face. We exclaimed simultaneously, 'There's Harry,' and the vision disappeared. When we arrived at the house we were met by my mother, who said, 'Harry is dead.' She told us that he had passed away about ten minutes before, which was the exact moment we had seen him.

This happened over forty years ago but in my mind's eye I can see my brother's face now as I saw it then.

Miss Thorpe writes from Station Road, Bognor Regis, 10th June 1936:

In response to your request, forwarded to me by my sister Mrs. Caslon, I send you a short account of the strange incident which occurred in October 1886.

My sister, Mrs. Caslon, then Edith Elizabeth Thorpe, my two brothers, A. C. Thorpe, and E. J. Thorpe, and I myself were summoned to the sick bed of our brother Harry Thomas Thorpe at Great Yarmouth. We were walking together in a line, rather silently, with a feeling of awe upon us, natural at such a time … suddenly, as we neared a small bridge, the figure of my brother Harry was standing before us, just as we had always known him. In a very short space of time after this we reached the house where my brother was staying, and heard that he was then breathing his last.

Another sister, Mrs. Glazier of The Towers, Beeding, Sussex, writes:

With regard to the death of our brother in 1886. I was at the house where he died, with my father and mother. My brother sat up in bed a few moments before he passed away, seemed unconscious, and then fell back and died. This corresponded exactly with the time when my two brothers and two sisters saw him appear to them on the way from the station to the house where he died.

I cannot remember exactly what they said on their arrival, when they heard of his passing, but I think it was, ‘We have seen Harry, he met us on the way.’

I don’t know if it would interest you to know that my brother came to see us the evening he started on his holiday. He was very cheery, and in the best of health. After he had gone, my mother went up to her bedroom, and as she was a long time away my father sent me up to find her. She was on her knees praying, and in tears, and said in answer to my inquiry as to what was

the matter, ‘I know my boy will never enter this house again alive.’ He was brought back to his home in his coffin.

This may be classed perhaps among ‘borderland’ cases, for the evidence of one of the sisters, Mrs. Glazier, seems to make it clear that the brother’s figure was seen either at the moment of his death or within a few minutes of this. The apparition was seen in daylight and by four witnesses simultaneously, and so presents a remarkably well-attested experience, as we have also the corroborative testimony of a fifth person.

Case 20

The following case of an apparition seen at or about the moment of death has reached the S.P.R. through Sir Oliver Lodge, to whom a report was sent in the first instance. The apparition was that of Lieutenant David E. M’Connel, R.A.F., who was killed in a flying accident on 7th December 1918, and the percipient was one of his fellow officers, Lieutenant J. J. Larkin, R.A.F. The earliest report of the occurrence was contained in a letter to Sir Oliver Lodge from Lieutenant M’Connel’s father, Mr. D. R. M’Connel, who wrote thus:

January 16, 1919

Knowing your interest in psychical affairs, I take the liberty of giving you the particulars of the reported appearance of my son at the time of his death through an accident while flying. I enclose the copy of the written statement of Lieut. Jas. J. Larkin of Scampton Aerodrome, to whom the appearance was made. I heard of the occurrence at my son’s funeral on the 11th December (he was killed on the 7th December) and wrote as soon as I could to Lieut. Larkin, who replied on the 22nd December. The statement made to me on the 11th by Lieut. Hillman, who has attested the correctness of the account given, corresponds accurately with the account itself. Lieut.

Hillman had not been back to Scampton, or seen Lieut. Larkin, between the time of the funeral and the writing of the account. Lieut. Hillman wrote his attestation on reading the account in my house. The event seems to have made a very vivid impression on the two or three of my son's friends who heard of it…. One other matter of fact I may mention. My son was fully dressed for flying, with helmet, when he started. We happen to have a snapshot of him taken by a fellow officer just before he climbed into the 'Camel' which he flew. The account states that he 'appeared' with his naval cap on. My son began his flying career in March last, entering through the R.N.A.S. before the amalgamation of the R.N.A.S. with the R.F.C. His elder brother had entered the R.N.A.S. and my son David was proud of his connection with the earlier service. Having a complete kit of the naval flying service, he always wore the naval flying uniform about the aerodrome, and was one of only three at the drome who had followed the same course in entering. His naval uniform was therefore well known. It would not be at all an unusual thing that he should have taken off his uncomfortable helmet on arriving back at the hangar, and exchanged it for his naval cap. Under the circumstances, however, it is to be remarked that he wore his helmet at the time of the accident; and in the appearance to Lieut. Larkin wore the naval cap. His mother informs me that he was dressed, as usual, in his naval uniform below his flying things, and that he had his naval cap with him in the fuselage to wear on reaching Tadcaster — the usual action. The O.C. states that my son left Scampton for Tadcaster at 11:35 a.m. December 7, '18.

The circumstances of the flight were as follows. My son, with other officers, had been to a dance at Lincoln on the night of the 6th December. He got up rather late on the morning of the 7th, missed parade, and also had no breakfast. The formal completion of all his tests for 'getting his wings' were to take place on the 7th. As the account states, he was on his way to start for

the Aerial Range to shoot off those final tests when he was asked by the O.C. to take one of two ‘Camels’ to Tadcaster. He went therefore unexpectedly, rather fatigued, and without food. I may say here that his O.C. considered him a ‘born flyer’ and that he was a very cautious and careful flyer, though not shirking necessary risks. By most unusual favour, he had been accepted for permanent service *before* he had won his ‘wings’ — had been nominated for an instructorship in flying, and was to have left for the Camp of Instructors on the Monday following Saturday, 7th December. The weather was fair when he left Scampton to fly to Tadcaster, a distance of 60 miles. He was accompanied by another ‘Avro’ plane — a 2-seater — which was to have brought him back to Scampton after delivery of the ‘Camel’. You are probably aware that a ‘Camel’ scout plane is a notoriously difficult and sensitive one, and requires continued strain and effort to keep it down. At Doncaster the two planes ran into fog. My son and his Avro companion descended, and my son described the situation to his flight commander and asked for instructions by telephone. The reply was, ‘Use your own discretion.’ We suppose that my son’s anxiety to finish his tests prompted him to continue. His companion states that neither of them lunched at Doncaster. Between Doncaster and Tadcaster the fog became very thick. The Avro man had to come down, and made a forced landing, successfully. My son circled round him to see that he was all right and continued his flight to Tadcaster. Sixty miles is not a long flight. But the fog was very dense. In order to keep touch with the solid a flyer has to keep his plane under such circumstances about 150 ft. above the surface of the ground — a feat in a ‘Camel’ of considerable difficulty. My son must have encountered difficulty, as he did not approach Tadcaster till nearly 3:30. Allowing for half or three-quarters of an hour for the descent at Doncaster, he must have been flying for about three and a quarter to three and a half hours on this occasion. I am told

that it is as much as an ordinary flyer can do to fly a ‘Camel’ for two hours. The strain on the arms is intense. In fact, his mother, who saw his body on Monday the 9th at midday, observed that his hands were tightly clenched and his forearms swollen. As he at last approached the Tadcaster Aerodrome, the machine was seen approaching by a man on the road about a quarter of a mile distant from the camp, who reported the fog to be extremely dense. During the evidence at the inquest a girl, or young woman, said she was watching the plane, and saw it apparently ‘side-slip’, then right itself. It flew steadily for a minute or two, then mounted suddenly and immediately ‘nose-dived’ and crashed. The engine was full on when the crash occurred. My son was thrown violently forward — his head striking the gun before him, which was not hooded. One arm was broken, one leg was torn. The girl ran to the spot and ‘found the officer dead’. The violence of contact seems to have stopped his watch, which registered 3:25 p.m. His cigarette case was almost doubled up. These are the circumstances of the accident, so far as I am aware of them. I am informed by flying men that the reaction on reaching safety after a difficult flight is so ‘terrible’ that fainting is not unknown. My son, it is thought, may have fainted; hence the crash, and his inability to save himself: or there was possibly engine trouble. I am also told that when shot, or in danger, the immediate thought of the flyer is usually a quite trivial one, such as the sudden desire for a cup of cocoa, or to get undressed at camp, etc. I mention this because the ‘appearance’ was not made at my son’s home, or to his mother, who was there at the time, but in his own camp-room, and to a person who was a comparative stranger. However, his mother did have a strange impression at the hour of his death, of which she is writing an account herewith enclosed.[1]

DAVID R. M’CONNEL.

Enclosed with Mr. M'Connel's letter was an account by Lieutenant Larkin of his experience, together with two corroborative statements from fellow officers, thus:

34 T.D.S. Royal Air Force,
Scampton, Lincoln, December 22, 1918

David [M'Connel], in his flying clothes, about 11 a.m. went to the hangars intending to take a machine to the 'aerial range' for machine-gun practice. He came into the room again at 11:30 and told me that he did not go to the range, but that he was taking a 'Camel' to Tadcaster drome. He said, 'I expect to get back in time for tea. Cheerio.' He walked out and half a minute later, knocked at the window and asked me to hand him out his map, which he had forgotten. After I had lunch, I spent the afternoon writing letters and reading, sitting in front of the stove fire. What I am about to say now is extraordinary to say the least, but it happened so naturally that at the time I did not give it a second thought. I have heard and read of similar happenings and I must say that I always disbelieved them absolutely. My opinion had always been that the persons to whom these appearances were given were people of a nervous, highly-strung, imaginative temperament, but I had always been among the incredulous ones and had been only too ready to pooh-pooh the idea. I was certainly awake at the time, reading and smoking. I was sitting as I have said, in front of the fire, the door of the room being about eight feet away at my back. I heard someone walking up the passage; the door opened with the usual noise and clatter that David always made; I heard his 'Hello, boy!' and I turned half round in my chair and saw him standing in the doorway, half in and half out of the room, holding the door knob in his hand. He was dressed in his full flying clothes, but wearing his naval cap, there being nothing unusual in his appearance. His cap was pushed back on his head and he was smiling, as he always was when he came into

the rooms and greeted us. In reply to his ‘Hello, boy!’ I remarked,’ Hello, back already?’ He replied: ‘Yes, got there all right, had a good trip.’ I am not positively sure of the exact words he used, but he said: ‘Had a good trip’, or ‘Had a fine trip’, or words to that effect. I was looking at him the whole time he was speaking. He said, ‘Well, cheerio!’ closed the door noisily and went out. I went on with my reading and thought he had gone to visit some friends in one of the other rooms, or perhaps had gone back to the hangars for some of his flying gear, helmet, goggles, etc., which he may have forgotten. I did not have a watch, so could not be sure of the time, but was certain it was between a quarter and half-past three, because shortly afterwards Lieut. Garner-Smith came into the room and it was a quarter to four. He said, ‘I hope Mac (David) gets back early, we are going to Lincoln this evening.’ I replied, ‘He *is* back, he was in the room a few minutes ago.’ He said, ‘Is he having tea?’ and I replied that I did not think so, as he (Mac) had not changed his clothes, but that he was probably in some other room. Garner-Smith said, ‘I’ll try and find him.’ I then went into the mess, had tea, and afterwards dressed and went to Lincoln. In the smoking-room of the Albion Hotel I heard a group of officers talking, and overheard their conversation and the words ‘crashed’ and ‘M’Connel’. I joined them and they told me that just before they had left Scampton, word had come through that M’Connel had ‘crashed’ and had been killed taking the ‘Camel’ to Tadcaster. At that moment I did not believe it, that he had been killed on the Tadcaster journey. My impression was that he had gone up again after I had seen him, as I felt positive that I had at 3:30. Naturally I was eager to hear something more definite, and later in the evening I heard that he *had* been killed on the Tadcaster journey. Next morning, Garner-Smith and I had a long discussion about my experience. He tried to persuade me that I must have been mistaken, that I had not actually seen Mac on the previous afternoon about

3:30, but I insisted that I *had* seen him. As you can understand, Mr. M'Connel, I was at a loss to solve the problem. There was no disputing the fact that he *had* been killed whilst flying to Tadcaster, presumably at 3:25, as we ascertained afterwards that his watch had stopped at that time. I tried to persuade myself that I had not seen him or spoken to him in this room, but I could not make myself believe otherwise, as I was undeniably awake and his appearance, voice and manner had all been so natural.

JAS. J. LARKIN, 2ND. LT., R.A.F.

Corroborative Statements

Mr. Larkin has related almost word for word what he told me on the afternoon of the 7th [December] 1918 at about a quarter to four. Knowing the type of man he is, I most certainly believe this strange occurrence, but am at a loss to explain it.

GERARD GARNER-SMITH, LT., R.A.F.

On Sunday morning, December 8th [1918] Mr. Larkin told me the story exactly as he has written it down here. I have known Larkin rather intimately for some time, and although at any other time I would have been inclined to disbelieve a story of this nature, knowing Larkin as I do and as he is, I am convinced of his story as he has told it.

R. MOWAT HILLMAN, LT., R.A.F.

In reply to a further inquiry, the following letter was received from Lieutenant Larkin, giving additional details concerning the circumstances in which his experience took place:

Repatriation Depot, R.A.F.
Blandford, Dorset, June 27, 1919

The Society already has my detailed description of the occurrence — regarding the time, it was about 3:25, or rather between 3:20 and 3:30 p.m. The room was quite small, about twelve feet square, and at the time the electric light was on and also a good fire burning in an open stove. I may mention that the light was particularly good and bright, and there were no shadows or half shadows in the room. Outside it was still quite light, but being a foggy, cold day, I had my door closed and the light on and the fire going. I think that is all the additional information you require.

JAS. J. LARKIN, 2ND LT., R.A.F.

Lieutenant Garner-Smith's corroborative statement supplies evidence that Lieutenant Larkin had identified the man who entered his room on 7th December 1918 as Lieutenant M'Connel *before* he could have had any normal knowledge of the accident, which had only just occurred. The identification cannot therefore be due to any trick of memory consequent on the news of the accident. That being so, the only normal explanation which could be made to cover the facts would be one of mistaken identity. It was with this possibility in mind that we questioned Lieutenant Larkin concerning the lighting of the room. Obviously such a mistake would be far more likely to occur in a dim light. Lieutenant Larkin's reply on this point is satisfactory. The light, he tells us, was good, and under these circumstances it is very difficult to suppose that Lieutenant Larkin could mistake a man, with whom he actually had conversation at a distance of only a few feet, for another man with whose voice and appearance he was perfectly familiar. A further argument against the theory of mistaken identity is that Lieutenant Larkin observed that the man who entered his room was wearing a naval cap. This was worn by only two other men at the aerodrome besides Lieutenant M'Connel, neither of whom, as we are assured by Mr. M'Connel, who is

personally acquainted with them, ‘could either in height, or build, or manner, or voice, have been mistaken for my son’.

Case 21

The next case is so strange that it will need the high authority on which it rests to satisfy the reader that he has not passed unawares into the region of romance. It was received from Sir Edmund Hornby, late Chief Judge of the Supreme Consular Court of China and Japan, who describes himself as ‘a lawyer by education, family, and tradition, wanting in imagination, and no believer in miracles’. He first narrates how it was his habit at Shanghai to allow reporters to come to his house in the evening to get his written judgments for the next day’s paper:

They generally availed themselves of the opportunity, especially one reporter, who was also the editor of an evening paper. He was a peculiar man, reticent about himself, and I imagine had a history. In appearance he was also peculiar. I only knew him as a reporter, and had no other relations with him. On the day when the event occurred, in 1875 or 1876, I went to my study an hour or two after dinner, and wrote out my judgment. It was then about half-past eleven. I rang for the butler, gave him an envelope, and told him to give it to the reporter who should call for it. I was in bed before twelve. I am a very light sleeper, and my wife a very heavy one. Indeed, it is difficult to rouse her out of her first sleep. The bed, a French one, faced the fireplace; on the mantelpiece was a clock, and the gas in the chandelier was turned down, but only so low as to admit of my seeing the time at any time of the night, for — waking easily and frequently — I often smoked a cigarette before I went to sleep again, and always desired to know the hour.

I had gone to sleep, when I was awakened by hearing a tap at the study door, but thinking it might be the butler — looking to see if the fire were safe

and the gas turned off — I turned over with the view of getting to sleep again. Before I did so, I heard a tap at my bedroom door. Still thinking it might be the butler, who might have something to say, I said, ‘Come in.’ The door opened, and, to my surprise, in walked Mr. — . I sat up and said, ‘You have mistaken the door; but the butler has the judgment, so go and get it.’ Instead of leaving the room he came to the foot edge of the bed. I said, ‘Mr. —, you forget yourself! Have the goodness to walk out directly. This is rather an abuse of my favour.’ He looked deadly pale, but was dressed in his usual dress, and was certainly quite sober, and said, ‘I know I am guilty of an unwarrantable intrusion, but finding that you were not in your study I have ventured to come here.’ I was losing my temper, but something in the man’s manner disinclined me to jump out of bed to eject him by force. So I said simply, ‘This is too bad, really; pray leave the room at once.’ Instead of doing so he put one hand on the foot-rail and gently, and as if in pain, sat down on the foot of the bed. I glanced at the clock and saw that it was about twenty minutes past one. I said, ‘The butler has had the judgment since half-past eleven; go and get it.’ He said, ‘Pray forgive me; if you knew all the circumstances you would. Time presses. Pray give me a *précis* of your judgment, and I will take a note in my book of it,’ drawing his reporter’s book out of his breast pocket. I said: ‘I will do nothing of the kind. Go downstairs, find the butler, and don’t disturb me — you will wake my wife; otherwise I shall have to put you out.’ He slightly moved his hand. I said,’ Who let you in?’ He answered, ‘No one.’ ‘Confound it,’ I said, ‘what the devil do you mean?

Are you drunk?’ He replied, quietly, ‘No, and never shall be again; but I pray your Lordship give me your decision, for my time is short.’ I said, ‘You don’t seem to care about *my* time, and this is the last time I will ever allow a

reporter in my house.' He stopped me short, saying, 'This is the *last* time I shall ever see you anywhere.'

Well, fearful that this commotion might arouse and frighten my wife, I shortly gave him the gist of my judgment in as few words as I could. He seemed to be taking it down in shorthand; it might have taken two or three minutes. When I finished, he rose, thanked me for excusing his intrusion and for the consideration I had always shown him and his colleagues, opened the door, and went away. I looked at the clock; it was on the stroke of half-past one.

Lady Hornby now awoke, thinking she had heard talking; and her husband told her what had happened and repeated the account when dressing next morning.

I went to the court a little before ten. The usher came into my room to robe me, when he said, 'A sad thing happened last night, sir. Poor — was found dead in his room.' I said, 'Bless my soul! dear me! What did he die of, and when?' 'Well, sir, it appears he went up to his room as usual at ten to work at his papers. His wife went up about twelve to ask him when he would be ready for bed. He said, 'I have only the judge's judgment to get ready, and then I have finished.' As he did not come, she went up again, about a quarter to one, to his room and peeped in, and thought she saw him writing, but she did not disturb him. At half-past one she again went to him, and spoke to him at the door. As he did not answer she thought he had fallen asleep, so she went up to rouse him. To her horror he was dead. On the floor was his notebook, which I have brought away. She sent for the doctor, who arrived a little after two, and said he had been dead, he concluded, about an hour.' I looked at the notebook. There was the usual heading:

In the Supreme Court, before the Chief Judge

X. *v.* Y.

‘The Chief Judge gave judgment this morning in this case to the following effect’ — and then followed a few lines of indecipherable shorthand.

I sent for the magistrate who would act as coroner, and desired him to examine Mr. —’s wife and servants as to whether Mr. — had left his home, or could possibly have left it without their knowledge, between eleven and one on the previous night. The result of the inquest showed he died of some form of heart disease, and had not, and could not have, left the house without the knowledge of at least his wife, if not of his servants. Not wishing to air my ‘spiritual experience’ for the benefit of the Press, or the public, I kept the matter at the time to myself, only mentioning it to my Puisne Judge and to one or two friends; but when I got home to tiffin I asked my wife to tell me as nearly as she could remember what I had said to her during the night, and I made a brief note of her replies and of the facts.

Lady Hornby confirmed the above facts, as far as she was cognizant of them.

As I said then, so I say now — I was not asleep, but wide awake. After a lapse of nine years my memory is quite clear on the subject. I have not the least doubt I saw the man — have not the least doubt that the conversation took place between us.

I may add that I had examined the butler in the morning — who had given me back the manuscript in the envelope when I went to the court after breakfast — as to whether he had locked the door as usual, and if anyone could have got in. He said that he had done everything as usual, adding that no one could have got in if even he had not *locked* the door, as there was no handle outside — which there was not. I examined the coolies and other servants, who all said they opened the door as usual that morning — turned the key and undid the chains, and I have no doubt they spoke the truth. The

servants' apartments were separated from the house, but communicated with it by a gallery at the back, some distance from the entrance-hall.

The reporter's residence was about a mile and a quarter from where I lived, and his infirmities prevented him from walking any distance except slowly; in fact, he almost invariably drove.

EDMUND HORNBY.

Even if this amazing experience was, in spite of Sir Edmund's quite definite conviction, a dream, there would still be involved in the case a very striking coincidence between such a dream and the death of the reporter, were the details accurately recorded. In view, however, of the fact that a considerable interval elapsed between the alleged occurrence and Sir Edmund Hornby's account, and that certain discrepancies have since been revealed, the evidential value of this case is considerably weakened.

Case 22

The following single case of an apparition seen some hours after death, is based on a letter addressed to the late Professor Adams, at Cambridge, by the Rev. W. W. Davis.

St. Luke's Church,
Van Ness-Avenue,
San Francisco
September 11th, 1890

Dear Sir,

I received today from some officer of your Society a few circulars *re* your work. These circulars remind me of an interesting and curious occurrence in my parish a few weeks ago, which may be useful as a contribution to your investigations.

I will detail it briefly and without names; but if you find it valuable will try to obtain affidavits, etc. Let me premise by saying that I am in the position of ‘reserving my judgment’ about such phenomena as you investigate. I do not deny that such things occur, nor have I of my own experience any knowledge on the subject.

My choir-trainer, a man in robust health and with a predisposition against anything ‘Spiritualistic’, saw plainly the apparition of one of his choir, a man of fifty years old. It happened thus:

Mr. Russell, the bass-singer of the choir, fell in an apoplectic fit upon the street at ten o’clock on a certain Friday; he died at eleven o’clock at his house. My wife, learning of his death, sent my brother-in-law down to the house of the choirmaster (Mr. Reeves) to ask him about music for the funeral. The messenger reached the house of the choirmaster about 1:50 p.m. He was told that the choirmaster was upstairs, busy looking over some music. He accordingly sat down in the drawing-room, and, while waiting, began to tell the ladies (sister and niece of the choirmaster) about Mr. Russell’s death. While they were talking they heard an exclamation in the hall-way. Some one said, ‘My God!’ They rushed out, and half-way down, sitting on the stairs, saw the choirmaster in his shirt-sleeves, showing signs of great fright and confusion. As soon as he saw them he exclaimed,’ I have just seen Russell.’

The niece at once said, ‘Why, Russell is dead!’ At this the choirmaster without a word turned back upstairs and went to his room. My brother-in-law followed him and found him deadly pale and completely prostrated. He then told my brother-in-law what he had experienced.

He had been looking over some music; had just selected a ‘Te Deum’ for the morning service. This ‘Te Deum’ closed with a quartette setting for two bass and two tenor voices. He was wondering where he could get a second tenor. Finally, he went to the door on his way downstairs to look up

another ‘Te Deum’. At the door he saw Mr. Russell, who stood with one hand on his brow, and one hand extended, holding a sheet of music. The choirmaster advanced, extended his hand, and was going to speak, when the figure vanished. Then it was that he gave the exclamation mentioned above.

You must remember that he knew nothing of Russell’s death until he heard his niece speak of it as detailed above.

This is the best authenticated ghost story I ever heard. I know all the parties well, and can vouch for their truthfulness. I have no doubt that the choirmaster saw something, either subjectively or objectively. Whatever it was, the experience was so vivid that it made him sick for days, though he is a man of exceptional physique.

At first I tried to explain this on natural grounds. I thought possibly he had been in the room overhead, and had overheard, unconsciously, the story of Russell’s death, and by a process of unconscious cerebration summoned up the image of the dead man. But this is impossible, because the house is very large, and the rooms widely apart, etc.

My present conviction is this: Mr. Russell was a man of the utmost regularity and faithfulness in fulfilling his duties. He has sung for us without pay for many years. His first thought (or one of the first), after his stroke of apoplexy, must have been: ‘How shall I get word to the choirmaster that I cannot go to rehearsal tomorrow night?’ In an hour he died, without ever having recovered consciousness. My notion is that in some way he was enabled to make himself appear to the choirmaster. If you refer to the attitude in which he appeared, you will see that it answers to my supposition. It indicates his illness (a pain in the head) and his desire to give up, so to speak, his duty as singer.

You probably have many other incidents of this nature on record. If you have any theory about them I wish you would send me a copy of whatever

you have bearing on this.

It is interesting to me because it is so perfectly authenticated.

Yours faithfully,
WM. W. DAVIS, Rector.

Mr. Reeves' own account is reported in the San Francisco *Chronicle* (quoted in *Light*, 27th September 1890) as 'a tale told to a *Chronicle* reporter by a gentleman who would be at once pronounced the last person in the world to become the prey of superstition or the victim of delusion.

'Early on Friday morning Edwin Russell, an Englishman, well known as a real-estate agent, was walking near the corner of Sutter and Mason streets when he sustained an apoplectic stroke, from the effects of which he died shortly before noon. He had resided in the city ten years, and was well and favourably known in the commercial world here.

'Mr. Russell was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and also the possessor of a rich bass voice. This made him a welcome addition to the choir of St. Luke's Church, and brought him in immediate contact with the Rev. W. W. Davis, vicar of the church, and with Harry E. Reeves, the recently appointed choir leader. Mr. Reeves is a nephew of the distinguished English tenor of the name, and conducted the musical services at the funeral of President Chester A. Arthur.

'It was to Mr. Reeves that the very sensational and startling revelation now to be recorded was vouchsafed. Mr. Reeves was found at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Cavanagh, 2121 California Street, by a *Chronicle* reporter. He became evidently agitated when asked if it were true that he had seen the apparition of Russell before hearing of the latter's death.

' "I will tell you all about it," said Mr. Reeves, "and, if you allow me, I will illustrate the matter by showing you the positions I occupied during this

strange affair. I want to say at once that I am not a Spiritualist and have always been very sceptical about all stories of *post-mortem* appearances and ghosts generally.

‘ “I last saw Russell alive on the Saturday night previous to his death. Russell came to the choir rehearsal. I said to him: ‘Do you know where I can get a good cigar?’ and he recommended a place. I went there with him, and then took such a fancy to him that I invited him to come to my house, or rather my sister’s house. We agreed to postpone his visit till the following Saturday, and he said: ‘Well, I’ll call on you next week anyhow.’ The matter passed from my mind until Friday afternoon, about three o’clock. I always make it a point to look over my music for Sunday a day or two before, and on this occasion I was sitting in the parlour and took up two ‘Te Deums’ to make a choice. One was Starkweather’s in G, the other a composition of Kroell’s. Just as I had taken one in my hand and was going upstairs to my room to look over it I heard the front door bell ring, and recognised that some visitor whom I did not know then had called. I afterwards learned that it was young Mr. Sprague, who can tell you this story when you ask him.

‘ “I went into my room [illustrating the action as he ascended the stairs and opened the door into a well-lighted and comfortably furnished sleeping apartment, with a lounge and parlour organ]. I lay down on the lounge for a moment, then by an impulse I cannot account for, I walked to the door. The head of the stairway was somewhat dimly lighted, as you see it now, but not so dimly but what I could at once see what appeared to be the figure of Russell. It was so real, so life-like, that I at once stepped forward and stretched out my hand, and was about to speak some words of welcome.

‘ “The figure seemed to have a roll of music in one hand and the other over its face, but it was Russell’s image. I am quite sure of that. As I

advanced to the head of the stairway the figure seemed to turn, as if about to descend, and faded into the air."

'Mr. Reeves' manner during the recital was precisely that of a person with well-balanced mind who had seen something horrible and startling, but was willing and ready to accept a rational explanation if any were forthcoming. He went on to say:

' "I remember trying to speak to the figure, but the tongue clung to the roof of my mouth. Then I fell against the wall and gasped out, 'Ah, my God!' just like that. My sister and niece, with the other folks, came up. My niece said, 'Uncle Harry, what's the matter?' I went on to explain what it was, but was so scared I could hardly speak. My niece said, 'Don't you know Russell is dead?' Well, that flabbergasted me; it only made matters worse, and I nearly fainted. They then told me that the Rev. Mr. Davis had sent Mr. Sprague to tell me of the sad news. I was terribly startled by the affair, and feel shaky even now, but I am not given to superstitious fears, and I suppose it can be explained. Mr. Sprague had been waiting nearly half an hour before I saw him and obtained corroboration of the news of Russell's death. It is very strange; very strange, indeed. I saw that man Russell after he must have been dead three hours at least, as plainly as I see you in that chair." '

In an interview with Mr. Sprague the essential features of this strange story were confirmed. It is a significant departure from the routine ghost story that all the persons connected with this case are unconnected with any Spiritualistic organization, are of well-balanced mind, thoughtful and sceptical on all sensational matters. Mr. Reeves is not only a man in the prime of life, of temperate habits, and in good health, but he is also a person of strong nerve, a man of the world, a Master Mason, and the last person in the world to be scared by a ghost or a mediumistic imposition.

Mr. Reeves confirmed this account in a letter to Dr. Hodgson.

The value of this American case depends almost entirely on the evidence of a single witness, Mr. Reeves, but I have, with some reluctance, included it because of the obvious sincerity of the percipient and the testimony borne to his character and ability by persons whose opinion carries weight.

Case 23

From Mrs. Renée Sadd, of Thorpe, Haywards Heath, Sussex (4th February 1934):

In answer to your appeal on the radio on Friday night I had a few experiences with ‘ghosts’ which might interest you as they are first hand experience and not hearsay.

My first encounter with a ghost was twenty-three years ago — I was carrying my baby girl upstairs in my people-in-law’s house when on looking up I saw a little girl watching us from the top landing — she was holding the banister with her hands and peeping through as she was too small to look over — I ran up to find her as I thought she was a little friend of the family though I had never seen her before. Arrived on the landing I searched all the rooms but could not find anyone. When I asked people in the house about the child I was told no little girl had been near the house this day — I was so sure of what I had seen that I described her and one of my sisters-in-law told me it was the exact description of a sister who had died fifteen years before when three years old — I was shown a photograph of the child and recognised the little girl.

This was in broad daylight and I had never seen the photograph before or heard much about the dead girl — they were nine children in the family and they were not given to talk about past sorrows.

As the sister-in-law referred to by Mrs. Sadd is dead the case now depends on the evidence of the surviving percipient, which was corroborated by the photograph. A rather special interest attaching to this case — that of a little child's apparition after so long an interval from its early death — may provide a justification for its inclusion in our series.

Case 24

Another case of an apparition of a dead person whose death was unknown to the percipient is the following. The writer is Colonel —, a well-known Irish gentleman, but we are not allowed to publish his name. Colonel — writes from Arthur's on 1st March 1885:

Some sixteen years since Mrs. — said to me, 'We have some people staying here all next week. Do you know any person I could get to sing with the girls?' I suggested that my gunmaker, Mr. X., had a daughter with a fine voice, who was training as a public singer, and that if she, Mrs. —, liked I would write to X. and ask if he would allow her to come down and spend a week with us. On my wife's approval I wrote, and Miss X. came down for a week, and then left. As far as I know, Mrs. — never saw her again. Shortly after I called on X., thanked him for allowing his daughter to come to us, and said we were all much pleased with her. X. replied: 'I fear you have spoilt her, for she says she never passed so happy a week in her life.' Miss X. did not come out as a singer, but shortly after married Mr. Z., and none of us ever saw her again.

Six or seven years passed away, and Mrs. —, who had been long ill, was dying, in fact she did die the following day. I was sitting at the foot of her bed talking over some business matters that she was anxious to arrange, being perfectly composed and in thorough possession of her senses; in fact she was right, and my solicitor, who advised that the step she wanted to be taken was

not necessary, was wrong. She changed the subject, and said: ‘Do you hear those voices singing?’ I replied that I did not; and she said: ‘I have heard them several times to-day, and I am sure they are the angels welcoming me to Heaven; but’, she added, ‘it is strange, there is one voice amongst them I am sure I know, and cannot remember whose voice it is.’ Suddenly she stopped and said, pointing straight over my head, ‘Why, there she is in the corner of the room; it is Julia X.; she is coming on; she is leaning over you; she has her hands up; she is praying; do look; she is going.’ I turned but could see nothing. Mrs. — then said, ‘She is gone.’ All these things I imagined to be the phantasies of a dying person.

Two days afterwards, taking up *The Times* newspaper, I saw recorded the death of Julia Z., wife of Mr. Z. I was so astounded that in a day or so after the funeral, I went up to — and asked Mr. X. if Mrs. Z., his daughter, was dead. He said, ‘Yes, poor thing, she died of puerperal fever. On the day she died she began singing in the morning and sang and sang until she died.’

Last year I saw mentioned that some person or persons were collecting remarkable ghost stories, and I wrote to Mr. Z. telling him shortly what I have now written at length. Mr. Z.’s answer was, that I had described so accurately the scene of his wife’s death that he should like to see me, was coming up to London the week after, and would call. Unfortunately, I was obliged to leave London, and have never seen Mr. Z.

The following letter was subsequently received from Mr. Webley (Mr. Z.):

84, Wenman Street,
Birmingham.
May 18, 1885

Dear Sir,

In reply to your letter, I shall be happy to give you the information asked for. My wife died on 2nd Feb. 1884 about 5:50 a.m. The last hours of her life were spent in singing. Notes came from her lips within ten minutes of her decease; and beautiful as her voice was, it never appeared so exquisitely beautiful as on this occasion.

Yours sincerely,
HENRY WEBLEY.

In a later communication Colonel — adds:

Mrs. Z. died on 2nd February, at six or thereabouts in the morning, 1874.

Mrs. — died February 15th, 1874, at about four in the evening.

I saw the notice of Mrs. Z.'s death on February 14th.

Mrs. — was never subject to hallucinations of any sort.

In this case, as in Mr. Tandy's (No. 28), no definite impression of the supposed agent's death is given, so that the coincidence is reduced to the simple seeing of a person who is dead, but not at the time known to be so. And it is here further weakened by the fact that dying persons do sometimes hear music and see visions, and that the idea of singing might naturally have called up Mrs. Z.'s image to Mrs. —'s mind. Still, there remains a remarkable coincidence, and the narrative has, moreover, great interest in connection with these visions of the dead seen by dying persons, whose objective origin is firmly believed in by many, but difficult to prove. Cases like this one, in sufficient numbers, would of course go a long way towards proving it, at any rate if it could be shown that dying persons do not, under similar circumstances, see apparitions of persons alive and well at the time.

Case 25

On 12th October 1888 Mr. J. gave Mr. Myers verbally the following account of his experience in the X. Library in 1884. This was taken down from memory next day, and then revised and corrected by Mr. J.:

In 1880 I succeeded a Mr. Q. as librarian of the X. Library. I had never seen Mr. Q., nor any photograph or likeness of him, when the following incidents occurred. I may, of course, have heard the library assistants describe his appearance, though I have no recollection of this. I was sitting alone in the library one evening late in March 1884, finishing some work after hours, when it suddenly occurred to me that I should miss the last train to H. where I was then living, if I did not make haste. It was then 10:55, and the last train left X. at 11:05. I gathered up some books in one hand, took the lamp in the other, and prepared to leave the librarian's room, which communicated by a passage with the main room of the library. As my lamp illumined this passage, I saw apparently at the further end of it a man's face. I instantly thought a thief had got into the library. This was by no means impossible, and the probability of it had occurred to me before. I turned back into my room, put down the books, and took a revolver from the safe, and holding the lamp cautiously behind me, I made my way along the passage — which has a corner, behind which I thought my thief might be lying in wait — into the main room. Here I saw no one, but the room was large and encumbered with bookcases. I called out loudly to the intruder to show himself several times, more with the hope of attracting a passing policeman then of drawing the intruder. Then I saw a face looking round one of the bookcases. I say looking round, but it had an odd appearance as if the body were in the bookcase, as the face came so closely to the edge and I could see no body. The face was pallid and hairless, and the orbits of the eyes were very deep. I advanced towards it, and as I did so I saw an old man with high shoulders seem to rotate out of the end of the bookcase, and with his back

towards me and with a shuffling gait walk rather quickly from the bookcase to the door of a small lavatory, which opened from the library and had no other access. I heard no noises. I followed the man at once to the lavatory; and to my extreme surprise found no one there. I examined the window (about 14 in. by 12 in.) and found it closed and fastened. I opened it and looked out. It opened into a well, the bottom of which, ten feet below, was a sky-light, and the top open to the sky some twenty feet above. It was in the middle of the building and no one could have dropped into it without smashing the glass nor climbed out of it without a ladder — but no one was there. Nor had there been anything like time for a man to get out of the window, as I followed the intruder instantly. Completely mystified, I even looked into the little cupboard under the fixed basin. There was nowhere hiding for a child, and I confess I began to experience for the first time what novelists describe as an ‘eerie’ feeling.

I left the library and found I had missed my train.

Next morning I mentioned what I had seen to a local clergyman, who on hearing my description, said, ‘Why, that’s old Q.!’ Soon after I saw a photograph (from a drawing) of Q., and the resemblance was certainly striking. Q. had lost all his hair, eyebrows and all, from (I believe) a gunpowder accident. His walk was a peculiar, rapid, high-shouldered shuffle.

Later inquiry proved he had died at about the time of year at which I saw the figure.

I have no theory as to this occurrence, and have never given special attention to such matters.

Although this clearly written narrative falls within the category of ‘single cases’, it seems to possess an evidential value which deserves consideration. The percipient, an educated and level-headed witness, saw three phases of an apparition successively and in different positions — a very

unusual experience in such cases. He noted the peculiarities of the phantom’s features, and the subsequent corroboration supplied by the photograph and the remark of the local clergyman lent strong support to the identification of the apparition with the late librarian.

Case 26

Dr. Leslie Trotter of Ledbury was kind enough to send me this very interesting letter:

Rossway, Ledbury,
Herefordshire.
2nd March, 1934

Dear Sir,

The following observations are as accurate as possible. I have no written notes, but as the occurrence is fairly recent and I have repeated it to several people, it has impressed itself pretty firmly on my memory.

I have been in general practice in this neighbourhood since May 1913. For the greater part of that time I have known and attended a household at Colwall, a village four and a half miles from here. The members consisted of an elderly couple and two or three sons, now grown up.

Last June during the very hot sunny weather I received an urgent message to go over to see one of the sons who had received injuries in a bicycle accident. I drove over at once in my car; so far as I can remember this was between two and three in the afternoon.

In order to get to the living-rooms of the house one had to pass through the little grocer's shop, a sort of glass affair in front of the main building; so the light in the sitting-room was 'borrowed'. I should say in parenthesis that the old man used to go by the name of 'The Boss'.

Well, on the occasion in question I got out of my car in the blinding sunshine, passed through the shop and entered the sitting-room. There, on a couch by the window, lay my patient with his head in a mess of tar mixed with dried blood (he had had a side-slip on wet tar on the road, and come down on his head). In the middle of the room was a round mahogany table.

On the right-hand side stood Mrs. W. (the mother) and there on the far side of the room I saw ‘The Boss’. I said ‘Good day’ to Mrs. W., nodded to ‘The Boss’, and without more ado got some hot water and proceeded to tidy up my patient. This took me about a quarter of an hour, as it turned out not so serious as it had appeared at first sight. Then I came away. A few days later my patient reported practically well, and so ends the first part of the story.

Before proceeding to the sequel I should explain that the room was in semi-darkness compared with the bright sunlight outside, but light enough for me to do what I had to. Mrs. W. was standing up, and ‘The Boss’ (a thick-set man with a beard) seated in his arm-chair on the far side of the table. He made no remark; he was always a man of few words; he just stared at me.

Last autumn (about Oct. or Nov.) one day I saw Mrs. W. sitting in my waiting-room, and I remarked to my dispenser, ‘I wonder if the old lady wants to see me about herself, or about “The Boss”.’ He replied, ‘It can’t be about “The Boss” because “The Boss” died over a year ago.’ I said, ‘You are wrong there, for I saw him last summer when I went over to dress his son’s head.’ He insisted; so I said, ‘Well, as I am certain I am right I will ask the old lady.’ I took her into my consulting-room and said, ‘Excuse me, but is your husband still alive?’ She replied, ‘No, Sir, he died over a year ago.’ Then I told her how I had seen him in her sitting-room in June.

I think in this case the explanation is perfectly simple. I had been in the habit for years of seeing the old man sitting in his arm-chair in much the same place whenever I had been over there. In June curiously enough I believed for a brief moment that my *memory* was playing me false, because I thought, ‘I thought you died of a stroke a year ago.’ It never struck me that my *eyes* were playing me false.

The above personal occurrence is the only one in my personal experience. I am a pretty matter-of-fact sort of person, not easily perturbed.

I remain,
Yours faithfully
LESLIE B. C. TROTTER, M.D. (Cantab.).

P.S. My partner attended ‘The Boss’ at the time of his death.

In a subsequent letter (11th January 1937) Dr. Trotter writes:

I certainly am not the sort of person one would credit with a propensity to see ghosts! I flatter myself that I am the very reverse. There was nothing at all ‘ghostly’ about the appearance of the funny old man in the armchair. He looked just as usual, and stared at me just as he was in the habit of doing. He was always a man of very few words, and I was not in the least surprised at his silence. It never for one moment struck me that it was my eyes that were at fault, and not my memory! He looked just as real as the other two people in the room, viz. my patient (with the injured head) and the lad’s mother (the widow).

In response to your request I have got my Dispenser to write out in his own words, without any prompting on my part, an account of his share in the curious affair. I well remember my utter incredulity when he told me ‘The Boss’ had been long dead, and that my (then) partner had signed the death certificate. I was so incredulous that I asked the old woman; she corroborated my Dispenser’s statement.

I may say in conclusion that this is the one and only experience of the sort I have ever had. I am glad it has interested you.

Mr. Edward Gibbons, dispenser to Drs. Trotter and Steadman, writes from The Steppes, Ledbury, 11th January 1937:

I remember the facts very well; the old gentleman (the Boss) died in 1932, while Dr. Trotter was away. Some two years later, during the hot summer of 1934, Dr. Trotter was called to see the son, who had had a bicycle accident. On that evening, he turned to me in the surgery, and remarked, 'The Boss does not change much.' I looked at him in great surprise, and said, 'What do you mean?' He replied, 'You know the way the Boss looks at you, don't you.' I said, 'Are you trying to be funny, sir?' He asked why. I said, 'The Boss has been in Heaven about two years.' Dr. Trotter replied, 'You are wrong; what you say cannot be true, for I can believe my own eyes.'

The matter dropped for a few days, when one morning the widow came to see the doctor about her son, I said to the Dr., 'Now ask her.' He did so, and received what to him was the startling reply that the Boss had died about two years ago.

Dr. Trotter's extremely clear and interesting account resembles the case of Father C —, quoted on page 145. In both instances the apparition of a dead person is seen in, so to speak, its ordinary place in the house, while the percipient takes for granted *prima facie* that the figure is that of a living person.

The apparition of 'the Boss' seems to have been visible for at least a quarter of an hour; otherwise Dr. Trotter would probably have noticed its disappearance, and it was so lifelike that he felt that he must be mistaken in believing that the old man's death had, as reported, taken place a year ago.

Case 27

Prebendary Carlile has been good enough to send me the following account:

On Sunday morning, February 14th, 1932, I went to St. Paul's Church, Woking, and after Matins stayed for the Holy Communion. It had been my

habit when there, if there were over thirty Communicants, to offer to follow with the cup, if desired.

As there seemed a need on this occasion, I looked round and was just going to offer to help, when I saw a second clergyman standing in the chancel, robed ready to assist. Three times I saw him. On his left in the choir was also a choirman in surplice. After the Celebrant came in to take the Celebration, I looked again and saw the clergyman kneeling in the centre at the Communion Rail, apparently waiting till needed. I then looked again and he had left. I supposed he was unwell and had retired to the vestry. After the service I asked the verger why they had sung a burial hymn that morning. He said it was because the Rev. Outram Marshall, late secretary of the E.C.U., had just passed away.

I then went into the vestry to inquire how the other clergyman was. The Curate and the Churchwardens and the robed choirmen said there was no other clergyman, nor had any of them seen one. I asked them and my sisters afterwards whether I appeared to be quite normal, and they said I was quite as usual.

The priest who had passed away was in the habit of coming, when well enough, to the weekly Celebration in this church. He was an old personal and affectionate friend of mine, hence possibly this Visibility was granted to me. I am perfectly certain about what I saw.

The Rev. Clifford Banham of Christchurch Vicarage, Woking, writes (29th January 1937):

I remember Prebendary Carlile telling me of his experience at St. Paul’s Church at the time of its occurrence, although I cannot remember who was the friend with whom he associated his ‘vision’. I suggested to the Prebendary that the explanation of the second figure he had seen might be

that our lay reader, the late Mr. W. H. Gower, was sitting alone in the choir stalls. But the Prebendary would not accept this as an explanation at all. He had received a clear impression of a second clergyman in the sanctuary.

The Rector of Huntley, Gloucester, writes (8th February 1937):

I well remember the incident about which you write for information. When I was curate of Christchurch and St. Paul's Woking, there was a retired clergyman (Rev. T. Outram Marshall) living in the parish. He used to receive his Communion at St. Paul's every Sunday morning at 8 a.m., and I often visited him. At length his health got worse, and he was unable to come to church. One day when I went to see him, and found him dying, he requested that on the Sunday after his death I should make some reference to him from the pulpit at St. Paul's and that the hymn 'Now the labourer's task is o'er' should be sung after the sermon.

On the morning of Sunday, February 14th, 1932, I received a message immediately after the eight o'clock celebration, to the effect that Mr. Marshall had just passed away. Accordingly I carried out his request at the eleven o'clock service, and referred to him from the pulpit, and we had the hymn as requested. This was probably the first intimation that the majority of the members of the congregation received of Mr. Marshall's death. Now it happened that on that particular Sunday there was a second celebration of Holy Communion after Matins, and it also happened that Prebendary Carlile was present. It was the custom for Prebendary Carlile to go into the vestry just before the administration of the Sacrament, robe, and then come out and assist me. That Sunday to my surprise he did not do so, and I wondered why he remained in the congregation. After the service he came to the vestry to explain that he had not come to assist me because he had seen another priest in a white surplice, with me at the altar, and therefore thought that I required

no further assistance. I assured him that he had been mistaken, that there was only one other person there in a surplice, besides myself — a member of the choir who had remained from Matins. The Prebendary then strongly asserted that he had seen another figure in a surplice, in addition to myself and the choirman, and wondered who he could have been. Prebendary Carlile spent a few moments wondering who this priest could be, and then suddenly exclaimed, 'It must have been Outram Marshall, God allowed him to help once again,' and with that he left the church.

The above narrative, though only a 'single case', possesses a special value from the character and standing of the percipient.

Prebendary Carlile is certain that he saw, in addition to the choir man, the figure of a clergyman, whom (in a note to myself) he identified with his friend Mr. Outram Marshall from the height of the apparition, and a partial view of the face, including the beard ('the height was correct and the point of the beard').

Case 28

This case reached the S.P.R. through the help of the late Bishop of Carlisle, a Vice-President of the S.P.R., and relates an experience of the Rev. G. M. Tandy, Vicar of Westward, Wigton, Cumberland:

When at Loweswater, I one day called upon a friend, who said, 'You do not see many newspapers; take one of those lying there.' I accordingly took up a newspaper, bound with a wrapper, put it into my pocket and walked home.

In the evening I was writing, and, wanting to refer to a book, went into another room where my books were. I placed the candle on a ledge of the bookcase, took down a book and found the passage I wanted, when,

happening to look towards the window, which was opposite to the bookcase, I saw through the window the face of an old friend whom I had known well at Cambridge, but had not seen for ten years or more, Canon Robinson (of the Charity and School Commission). I was so sure I saw him that I went out to look for him, but could find no trace of him.

I went back into the house and thought I would take a look at my newspaper. I tore off the wrapper, unfolded the paper, and the first piece of news that I saw was the death of Canon Robinson!

Mr. Tandy further writes:

In reply to your note, October 6th, I may state, with regard to the narrative I detailed to the Bishop of Carlisle, that I saw the face looking through the window, by the light of a single Ozokerit candle, placed on a ledge of the bookcase, which stood opposite the window; that I was standing, with the candle by my side, reading from a book to which I had occasion to refer, and raising my eyes as I read, I saw the face clearly and distinctly, ghastly pale, but with the features so marked and so distinct that I recognized it at once as the face of my most dear and intimate friend, the late Canon Robinson, who was with me at school and college, and whom I had not seen for many years past (ten or eleven at the very least). Almost immediately after, fully persuaded that my old friend had come to pay me a surprise visit, I rushed to the door, but seeing nothing I called aloud, searched the premises most carefully, and made inquiry as to whether any stranger had been seen near my house, but no one had been heard of or seen. When last I saw Canon Robinson he was apparently in perfect health, much more likely to outlive me than I him, and before I opened the newspaper announcing his death (which I did about an hour or so after seeing the face) I had not heard or read of his

illness, or death, and there was nothing in the passage of the book I was reading to lead me to think of him.

The time at which I saw the face was between ten and eleven o'clock p.m., the night dark, and while I was reading in a room where no shutter was closed or blind drawn.

I may answer in reply to your question 'whether I have ever had any other vision or hallucination of any kind', that I had never seen an apparition, previously, though I have heard mysterious noises which neither my friends nor I were able satisfactorily to account for.

The above case, though only in the 'single' class, possesses the corroboration accruing from the newspaper. As it was between ten and eleven p.m. when the Vicar saw the apparition of his friend, the newspaper in question must have been printed at least twenty-four hours previously, and this involves a still longer interval between Canon Robinson's death and the appearance of his face to Mr. Tandy. The case is therefore one of a recognized apparition of a dead person whose decease was at the time unknown to the percipient.

Case 29

A number of cases have come under review in which normally healthy and sensible witnesses have suddenly, while lying awake in bed, become aware of figures of men or women sitting in the room. The three narratives which follow are examples of this type of experience, the figure in each instance being identified.

Mrs. Jona writes from Hastings (5th March 1934) as follows:

One night, after some hours of sleep, I awoke suddenly about 3:30 a.m. quite refreshed in mind. My husband also roused and we talked for some

time. He suggested further sleep and I turned over on my right side exactly facing our gas-stove.

To my intense horror, I saw, crouching in a chair in front of it, a very fat woman, bending down in an attitude of intense misery and suffering.

I called out to my husband, who instantly got out of bed and went towards the stove, but as he advanced the apparition slowly faded.

We neither knew anything about the previous tenants of the house, having only just moved in.

When I subsequently met my doctor, who had attended the previous tenants, I asked him about them, and he told me that the lady was exceedingly stout and had recently lost her little son in the very room in which we were sleeping, and also that she was very unhappy in her married life. She had died in the room directly below our bedroom.

Mr. F. H. Jona writes (29th April 1937) in answer to some questions:

We were both awake. It was commencing to get light, and a tiny gas light was burning; we talked for a quarter of an hour, and then I remarked,' You had better get to sleep again', my wife then turned on her right side, facing the stove; she suddenly exclaimed in a terrified voice, 'Look, look!' In answer to my question what was the matter, she said, 'There is a fat woman crouching in front of the stove, and crying.' I could see nothing, but jumped out of bed, and went round the stove, and as I went, my wife exclaimed, 'It's gone.' For about half an hour my wife trembled with fright, to such an extent that she shook the bed.

At that time we knew nothing whatever about the former tenant, Mrs. B., as regards her appearance, age, family, or where she had died. A few days after, when our doctor came to see my wife, she asked him about Mrs. B., and he told her that she was abnormally fat, and very unhappy with her

husband; that her little child had died in the bedroom where we slept, and that she herself died in the room underneath. My wife did not tell the doctor of her vision, as she thought he would probably have ridiculed it, as he was very materialistic. Although we lived there another two years, there was no reappearance of it. My wife saw the figure very plainly, though she cannot say whether it was ‘self-luminous’.

Although this is only a single case some interest is attached to it from (1) the fact that the percipient was awake when the apparition came into view, and (2) the strong resemblance between the figure and a former tenant.

Mrs. Jona’s experience took place at a house in Beckenham (the street and number of which Mr. Jona has sent me).

Case 30

Mr. Taylor of Upwood, Western Avenue, Branksome Park, Bournemouth, sends the following:

In Calcutta in 1907 I occupied rooms in a boarding house in Theatre Road off Chowsinghee. One night I awoke and found a young fair man lying in my long chair parallel with my bed. He was perfectly motionless with his eyes open — a shaft of light from a street lamp made everything clear. I watched him for a time and very gently raised the mosquito curtain and had just got my feet on the ground with a view to tackling him — when he faded away (this is the only way I can describe how he disappeared).

I (with some diffidence) reported my experience to my landlady (Mrs. Lord), when she told me she would explain everything, provided I did not mention it to any of her guests. I gave her this assurance and she then told me that my description answered that of a young German who had committed suicide in my room some months before.

Case 31

From Mr. John E. Husbands, of Melbourne House, Town Hall-Square, Grimsby.

September 15th, 1886

Dear Sir,

The facts are simply these. I was sleeping in a hotel in Madeira in January 1885. It was a bright moonlight night. The windows were open and the blinds up. I felt some one was in my room. On opening my eyes, I saw a young fellow about twenty-five, dressed in flannels, standing at the side of my bed and pointing with the first finger of his right hand to the place where I was lying. I lay for some seconds to convince myself of some one being really there. I then sat up and looked at him. I saw his features so plainly that I recognized them in a photograph which was shown me some days after. I asked him what he wanted; he did not speak, but his eyes and hands seemed to tell me I was in his place. As he did not answer, I struck out at him with my fist as I sat up, but did not reach him, and as I was going to spring out of bed he slowly vanished through the door, which was shut, keeping his eyes upon me all the time.

Upon inquiry I found that the young fellow who appeared to me died in that room I was occupying.

If I can tell you anything more I shall be glad to, if it interests you.

JOHN E. HUSBANDS.

The following letters are from Miss Falkner, of Church Terrace, Wisbech, who was resident at the hotel when the above incident happened:

October 8th, 1886

The figure that Mr. Husbands saw while in Madeira was that of a young fellow who died unexpectedly months previously, in the room which Mr. Husbands was occupying. Curiously enough, Mr. H. had never heard of him or his death. He told me the story the morning after he had seen the figure, and I recognized the young fellow from the description. It impressed me very much, but I did not mention it to him or anyone. I loitered about until I heard Mr. Husbands tell the same tale to my brother; we left Mr. H. and said simultaneously, 'He has seen Mr. D.'

No more was said on the subject for days; then I abruptly showed the photograph.

Mr. Husbands said at once, 'That is the young fellow who appeared to me the other night, but he was dressed differently' — describing a dress he often wore — 'cricket suit (or tennis) fastened at the neck with a sailor knot.' I must say that that Mr. Husbands is a most practical man, and the very last one would expect' a spirit' to visit.

K. FALKNER.
October 20th, 1886

I enclose you a photograph and an extract from my sister-in-law's letter, which I received this morning, as it will verify my statement. Mr. Husbands saw the figure on either the 5rd or 4th of February, 1885.

The people who had occupied the rooms had never told us if they had seen anything, so we may conclude they had not.

K. FALKNER.

The following is Miss Falkner's copy of the passage in the letter:

You will see at back of Mr. du F —'s photo the date of his death [29th January 1884]; and, if you recollect, the Motta Marquess had his rooms from

the February till the May or June of 1884, then Major Money at the commencement of 1885 season. Mr. Husbands had to take the room on February 2nd, 1885, as his was wanted.

I am clear on all this, and remember his telling me the incident when he came to see my baby.

Mr. Edward Gurney wrote as follows:

I have received a full account of this case *viva voce*, from both Mr. Husbands and Miss Falkner. They are both thoroughly practical, and as far removed as possible from a superstitious love of marvels; nor had they any previous interest in this or any other class of abnormal experiences. So far as I could judge, Mr. Husbands' view of himself is entirely correct — that he is the last person to give a spurious importance to anything that might befall him, or to allow facts to be distorted by imagination. As will be seen, his account of his vision preceded any knowledge on his part of the death which had occurred in the room. He has never had any other hallucination of the senses.

In view of the evidence and Mr. Husbands' reliability as a witness, it is difficult to doubt the identity of the figure seen by him with that of the young man (unknown to him) who had previously occupied his room and whose photograph was recognized subsequently.

Case 32

We next find one or two cases where a figure has appeared shortly after death to somebody who did not know the deceased person when alive. In such cases there can seldom be anything approaching certainty as to the recognition; but when the hallucination is a unique event in the percipient's experience, and the figure is described by him without suggestion from

persons who knew the deceased, the coincidence seems strong. In the following case (though it is somewhat remote, and corroboration is not now attainable), there is a coincidence sufficiently marked to deserve record. The writer (who wished his name reserved) was a friend of Mr. Howe, a barrister of Devereux Court, Strand, from whom the following letter was received:

22nd February, 1882

My Dear Howe,

Here are the facts. They are quite at your service. I should, however, prefer that my name was not mentioned.

It is now fifteen years or more ago since I went to visit a friend living with his sisters near Kilburn. The weather being very hot, I went in a hansom, without top coat. The young ladies went early to bed, and I and my friend, a young barrister, since dead, sat up till about midnight. We then found it was raining terrifically. As no cab could be got I availed myself of the invitation to stay all night. A bed, I was told, was ready. This I took, and went to bed, and leaving alight a small bead of gas and, having locked my door, went to sleep. Shortly afterwards I awoke, and saw in the dim light a girl brushing her hair. I coughed — no result. I jumped out rather in a fright, and found nothing. Turning up the gas, I tossed about until daylight. In the morning I told F —, expecting to be laughed at. He, however, whistled low, and said, ‘For God’s sake don’t tell my sisters. Their governess and companion slept in that room, and her body was removed by her friends the day of your arrival. They, of course, will assume you have seen her.’ My description, of course, seemed to fit. An optical illusion probably. Still it is curious that my only optical delusion should occur on the only occasion when I slept under such conditions. I had drunk one or two glasses of sherry, nothing more, and I was absolutely ignorant of the existence of a governess or companion. I knew

nothing whatever concerning the young ladies, to whom I was that night introduced. Here is all the story. It impressed me a good deal.

Though we cannot, of course, attach undue importance to the details in an uncorroborated account like this, nevertheless the coincidence involved, and the apparent similarity between the figure and the deceased girl, are striking enough to be placed on record.

The case of the Rev. G. Lewis somewhat resembles this; but presents the new feature that, although the percipient was not acquainted with the deceased, the dead man on his part had died in a state of anxiety to see the percipient.

Case 33

Curiously similar is the case of the Rev. A. Bellamy, where again the percipient was not acquainted with the deceased, but the deceased on her part had made a ‘compact’ to appear if possible to the percipient’s *wife*, who was, in fact, in the same room with the percipient, but asleep.

Mr. Bellamy wrote from Publow Vicarage, Bristol, as follows:

When a girl at school my wife made an agreement with a fellow pupil, Miss W., that the one of them who died first should, if divinely permitted, appear after her decease to the survivor. In 1874 my wife, who had not seen or heard anything of her former school-friend for some years, casually heard of her death. The news reminded her of her former agreement, and then, becoming nervous, she told me of it. I knew of my wife’s compact, but I had never seen a photograph of her friend, or heard any description of her.

A night or two afterwards, as I was sleeping with my wife, a fire brightly burning in the room and a candle alight, I suddenly awoke, and saw a lady sitting by the side of the bed where my wife was sleeping soundly. At

once I sat up in the bed, and gazed so intently that even now I can recall her form and features. Had I the pencil and the brush of a Millais, I could transfer to canvas an exact likeness of the ghostly visitant. I remember that I was much struck, as I looked intently at her, with the careful arrangement of her coiffure, every single hair being most carefully brushed down. How long I sat and gazed I cannot say, but directly the apparition ceased to be, I got out of bed to see if any of my wife's garments had by any means optically deluded me. I found nothing in the line of vision but a bare wall. Hallucination on my part I rejected as out of the question, and I doubted not that I had really seen an apparition. Returning to bed, I lay till my wife some hours after awoke and then I gave her an account of her friend's appearance. I described her colour, form, etc., all of which exactly tallied with my wife's recollection of Miss W. Finally I asked, 'But was there any special point to strike one in her appearance?' 'Yes,' my wife promptly replied: 'We girls used to tease her at school for devoting so much time to the arrangement of her hair.' This was the very thing which I have said so much struck me. Such are the simple facts.

I will only add that till 1874 I had never seen an apparition, and that I have not seen one since.

We have also seen an account written by Mrs. Bellamy in May 1879, which entirely agrees with the above, except that she 'thinks it was a fortnight after the death' that the vision occurred, and that the light was 'the dim light of a night-lamp'. She says: 'The description accorded in all points with my deceased friend.'

Case 34

Mrs. L — of Hampstead, who wishes to remain anonymous has been kind enough to send me this account of a personal experience in Dublin:

In August 1905 my mother and I were over in Dublin for the Oireachtas. We stayed in Upper Rathmines at the house of a Miss D —, a typical old Dublin house with a flight of steps up to the hall door and a half-moon fanlight above it. Our lodgings were two rooms opening off the hall, the sitting-room in the front of the house and the bedroom at the back. One evening of torrential rain, about six o'clock, my mother had gone into the bedroom to change her dress and I was about to follow her, when, on stepping into the hall, I encountered a little old lady. The evening was overcast, but it was still broad daylight and I saw her very clearly. She had neat, white hair parted in the middle and a little woollen shawl upon her shoulders. She was coming towards me along the hall, whether from the stairs or the passage beside them I didn't know, but she came so quietly, that she gave me a shock of surprise, in fact I felt very much afraid for a moment, as I stepped back into the doorway to let her pass. She said in a remote, still voice (the sort of voice that used to wake one in one's childhood saying 'Time to get up') 'Don't be frightened.' And I could not tell where she went. There was nowhere for her to have gone except out of the front door into the pouring rain, and she was not dressed for out of doors.

I went into the bedroom and said to my mother jokingly that I wished Miss D.'s lodgers would not wear rubber-heeled shoes, as they gave one such a fright coming upon them suddenly in the passage. Later that evening when Miss D. brought in the lamp, my mother asked her who the little old lady was. Miss D. replied that there was no old lady in the house, only ourselves and her sister and Miss — on the drawing-room floor, all of whom we knew by sight. I said, 'But the little old lady, Miss D., which the white hair and the little shawl on her shoulders.' When I said that Miss D. sank upon a chair and said that it must be 'old Miss Graves', who had lodged with her for eighteen years and died of a fright when a spark from the fire set her newspaper on fire

one day while she was reading. She was, Miss D. told us, a cousin of Alfred Perceval Graves.

Here is a ‘single’ case, supported by the corroborative evidence of a lady who had known Miss D. for many years, and marked by the very unusual feature of an apparition which spoke. It may, perhaps, be rightly placed among the cases of recognized apparitions.

Case 35

For the following case I am indebted to Dr. Eustace of Crossbush, Arundel, Chairman of the Arundel Bench of Magistrates (4th March 1934):

For some months my wife’s health had caused anxiety and in December 1932 a serious operation became imperative. It was performed on December 21st in a Hove nursing home. As an operation it was a brilliant success, but three days later signs of heart failure developed. At 11:50 p.m. on December 24th she became unconscious, and at 3:15 a.m. on Xmas morning she died. In accordance with her previously expressed wish, I alone was with her. I brought her body home — to the home she loved. Then on the evening of the 27th to St. Philip’s Church, Arundel, where it lay until after the Requiem Mass on the 28th, when I buried her in the grave she herself had chosen beside that of our son.

For some six weeks after her death I remained quite certain that her spirit still lived and that we would meet again. Then doubts concerning survival after death began to assert themselves, as had often been the case with me in past years. Gradually I reached a state of disquieting uncertainty, when I could only ‘trust the larger hope’, and finally I lost even that slender stay. I strove to recapture my former certitude but failing to do so I resigned myself to the loss of that on which I had leaned so heavily and faced the

duties of the day as best I could, realizing that on a lee shore life had dragged its anchor. A week or two later the event which I now relate took place. The impression left by it is still so vivid that I have not the slightest difficulty in recalling its every detail.

Shortly before sundown I was walking in the wood at the rear of this house with my wife's sister, who has lived with us for many years. We had been looking at the seedling trees which my wife had planted before she was taken ill. I remarked on how gratified she would have been to see how well they were doing. Her sister replied: 'I'm quite sure that she does know, and that she often comes to see them.' I said nothing, for I did not wish to shake a faith which I had ceased to share. We returned to the garden which lies to the front of the house, my sister-in-law turning east to shut up the chickens, and I to the west, for the purpose of closing the shutters over the French windows of the drawing-room. As I made my way along the path in front of the house, I was not thinking of my wife but of a neighbour to whom I had sent some valuable books and, as I walked, I was picturing his pleasure on opening the parcel. As I reached the rose garden, on which the drawing-room windows open, I came instinctively to an immediate halt, for standing on the lawn beyond the rose garden and less than thirty yards from me was my wife. She stood looking straight at me as though she had been expecting me. Her face and figure were as distinct and as clear-cut as in life. She wore no hat and the slight evening breeze did not ruffle her hair or disturb the folds of her dress. She was clad in a perfectly fitting soft grey gown which reflected the shadows thrown on it by the pergola behind her, but I noticed that her dress did not conform to the prevailing fashion in that it reached almost to her feet and that, although covering her neck and shoulders, it had no collar or definite upper line of demarcation. Her arms hung naturally on either side but were not in contact with her hips and she wore no gloves. She looked in

perfect health but what struck me most was the expression with which she regarded me. Steadily, without change of aspect, she gazed intently at me without suggestion of either joy or sorrow, but with a puzzled look of remonstrance as though she were surprised and disappointed with me over something which I was doing and from which she wished me to desist. Translated into words her expression would well have been rendered by: 'How stupid of you!' 'Why so foolish?' The vision lasted a full minute at least. I was fully aware throughout that it was a vision, for, although I believe that I smiled and that my face reflected my joy at seeing her, I made no attempt to speak or to approach her. With her eyes still meeting mine, she faded from my sight — not suddenly but quite gradually.

The immediate conclusion I drew was that I had been the victim of an hallucination, that presently I should begin to hear voices, and would finally succumb to an attack of delusional insanity. Although I felt quite normal this thought perturbed me and so that evening after supper I confided to my sister-in-law what had happened. To this she at once replied: 'I quite forgot to tell you that yesterday as I came from church' (she belongs to the Church of England and attends St. Nicholas Parish Church, Arundel) 'Mrs. Welch, coming from Mass at St. Philip's, stopped me and said she wanted to say something to me.' (Mrs. Welch is an elderly lady and much crippled, but a very well-read and matter-of-fact person. My wife had made her acquaintance through attending St. Philip's, and had often assisted Mrs. Welch to her pew. My sister-in-law, however, knew her only very slightly.)

Mrs. Welch's narrative as told to Miss Orme:

I went to the midnight service at the Convent of Poor Clares, Crossbush, on Xmas Eve. I got to the church at five minutes to twelve. On entering it, I saw that the seat I usually occupy, as it is easy of access, was already taken. I

turned to find another as near at hand as possible. As I did so, your sister [Mrs. Eustace] came to me, took my arm as she had often done and helped me to a vacant seat. When I went up to the chancel steps, she came with me and helped me down and up from my knees and then assisted me back to my seat. I do not remember her leaving me, but when I got up to go she had already gone. I had not seen her for six months, but I had heard that she had not been well enough to attend St. Philip's. I had heard nothing of her being seriously ill, or of her having gone to Brighton for any operation. I returned home after the service quite convinced that I had seen her in church and that she had helped me as she had so often done, but I was surprised at not seeing her at the end of the service, for I wanted to thank her. I attended Mass at St. Philip's on Xmas morning. It was a great shock to me when the priest announced her death. Thus I knew that it was her spirit which was in the church at the service on Xmas Eve and that it had come to help me.

Please note that it was at 11:55 on Xmas Eve 1932 that my wife was seen by Mrs. Welch at Crossbush. At that moment I was standing by her bedside in the nursing home at Hove. It was then that she became unconscious and I noted the time by the clock which was on a small table near by.

My wife has not appeared to me again. I do not anticipate that she will do so. I am more than satisfied. I am well content to leave the interpretation to others, for I know now that I know.

Mrs. Welch's narrative as told to Mr. Eustace:

It was as I approached the step leading to the compartment where the priest was waiting to hear individual confessions that I first saw Mrs. Eustace. She was standing by the step awaiting her turn to go in. She bowed

to me and smiled as was her wont and she gave that slight movement sideways of her shoulders which was peculiar to her. I had not the slightest doubt of her identity. She put her hand under mine and helped me up the step as she had often done in the past. I had not seen her since the previous January. I was glad to see her there at that hour, for I knew that it meant that she must be feeling strong and well. After I came out from confession I went to the chancel rails. She again came to me, again took my hand and assisted me over the floor, which is very slippery. I believe that I managed with her assistance to kneel at the rails. She was holding my hand and helping me, but whether or not I did actually get down on my knees I cannot now be positive. I had heard nothing of her for many months. I did not know that she had been taken ill and had gone to Brighton. When my maid told me on Xmas morning that Mrs. Eustace was dead I replied, 'That cannot be true; there must be some mistake; she was at the midnight mass and helped me along both to the confessional and again to the chancel rails.' I have since tried to persuade myself that the whole thing was some trick of my imagination, but I have not been able to do so. I was not thinking of her when I went to the chapel. No thought of her came to me until I saw her standing by the step leading to the confessional and I remain convinced that it was she and no one else who was there, who bowed and smiled as we met and who took my hand and assisted me both then and later along the floor and at the rails. I am quite clear about the whole matter.

It is interesting to note that in this account the first apparition occurred at or near the moment of death, the second seven weeks afterwards. Mrs. Welch is a careful witness, and is absolutely convinced that her experience was not a case of mistaken identity.

Case 36

The collective visual case which follows was secured by Mr. F. W. H. Myers:

I, with a young friend, was invited to spend Sunday and Sunday evening at a farmhouse in Lincolnshire. We attended evening service at the Wesleyan Chapel, and after supper were shown to our room, which was the spare bedroom of the house. This was a long narrow room with one window looking into the garden. As you entered the room the bed was on the left-hand side, the window on the right, and the foot of the bed towards the window and about four feet from the door, and the bed itself close to the same side of the wall in which was the door. The bed was an old-fashioned four-poster, with heavy curtains, which were not drawn. There was a space between the bed and the opposite wall of about three feet. It was a clear, still July night between ten and eleven o'clock, nearer the latter hour than the former. We were both lying on our left side, facing the wall, which was three feet distant, and I, to speak for myself, nearly asleep. In an instant, without the interchange of a word, we both turned over on to our right side. My companion hurriedly asked if I had seen anything. Knowing she was nervous and rather inclined to be hysterical, I prevaricated. 'Seen anything? What nonsense! What is there to see?' This was as much to reassure myself as to allay my friend's fears. I knew well what I had seen. Standing back in the wall I had seen a little old woman, with a white muslin handkerchief neatly arranged on her shoulders; a white bordered cap fitting close to a sweet, calm face, her arms folded, and an apron of the same material as the kerchief. I kept persuading myself that my imagination had played me a trick. I knew well how nervous and hysterical my companion was and if I let her know of my fears I might have to rouse the good people of the house, and for certain reasons I was reluctant to do this.

Waking next morning, I asked my companion, 'Did you see anything last night?' 'Yes. Did you?' she replied. 'I did.' 'What did you see?' she

asked. ‘What did *you* see?’ was my reply. I would not give my impressions till I had hers. Strange to relate, my companion had seen exactly the same vision, spectre, ghost, or what else you like to name it.

(Signed) ELLEN QUILTY.

Radwinter, November 23rd, 1891.

In reply to further inquiries Miss Quilty writes that the date of the occurrence was the early part of July 1870, and that she had never had any other hallucinations. Her friend’s account follows. It will be seen that there is a little disagreement as to the date and other details, which is not surprising at this distance of time:

In October 1871, myself and Miss Quilty were staying with Mr. and Mrs. Slight, at an old-fashioned farmhouse in Hingsmills, a village close to the Lincolnshire coast. We had been there to tea previously, but had never slept there before or knew anything of the people who had lived or died there previously.

We retired to rest about the usual farmhouse hours. We slept in an old-fashioned four-post bedstead, at about four feet from the wall. In the centre of the wall, at the side of the bed, was a cupboard.

We had been in bed about half an hour when I looked towards the door of the cupboard. I saw a little, ruddy-faced old lady, with a frilled white cap on her head, a white handkerchief folded round her neck, and a white apron, as if she was sitting with her hands folded on her lap. It seemed almost as if it were a painting on the door; it looked exactly as if it were living. I gave a sudden start, and said to Miss Quilty, ‘Did you see anything?’ and her answer was the same, ‘Did you see anything?’ I related to her what I had seen, and Miss Quilty had seen exactly the same as myself; our rest was disturbed for the night. On relating our story, the next morning, it proved the exact likeness

of the farmer's mother, who had lived there before them, and died in that bedroom.

S. MOORE.

One of the two percipients, Miss Quilty, a schoolmistress, was well-known to Mr. Myers, who interviewed her with regard to the details of the above case. Despite the possibility of some element of suggestion from one percipient to the other, this collective experience is quite worth recording, and in view of the farmer's identification of the figure may find a place in the class of recognized apparitions.

Case 37

From Miss A. A. Parrott, 7 Clarendon Villas, Hove (7 March 1934):

I was sitting with my father, the late Major-General Parrott, in the verandah of a house at Saharunpur, India, and my cousin was in the garden below marking out a tennis court with the help of an Indian bearer, when a closed carriage came slowly along the road opposite and we all four saw inside a very old friend of my father's and we all exclaimed, 'There's Mr. C.' and at once I ordered the Khansamah to bring lunch. As the carriage drew near the entrance of our compound Mr. C. put his head out of the window and said to the driver, in his very Irish voice, the name of our house, and instead of coming up the short avenue it drove on and disappeared behind some stables. We made many enquiries, but no one had seen Mr. C.

A few days later a wire came telling us of his death and when I wrote to his daughter that we all felt quite sure we had seen him and my father was so disappointed he did not come, as usual, to lunch, she answered that as her father was dangerously ill at the time and she knew my father was not able to

travel, she did not let us know at the time; ‘but’, she added, ‘I am sure you *did* see him, for his great wish was to see General Parrott before he died.’

I interviewed Miss Parrott, one of the four percipients, at 7 Clarendon Villas, Hove, in 1956. The cousin mentioned in the narrative was living with Miss Parrott and corroborated the facts of the case quite clearly. In answer to a question, both ladies were quite definite in stating that the road ended at their house and stables, and did not continue further into the hills. The two other witnesses are dead. It seems uncertain whether in this instance the apparition of Mr. C. was seen before or after his death. In any case we have in this surprising account a phantasmal picture not only of Mr. C. himself, who spoke audibly to the driver, but of the driver, the horse and the closed carriage as well.

Case 38

The Rev. Father C., a well-known Catholic priest, is responsible for the two following cases of personal experience (10th February 1935):

On the 5rd December 1908 I was living with the R.C. Bishop of Southwark at his house in St. George’s Road, London, S.E.1.

One other priest lived in the house, but at this date was away from home, so that the bishop and I were alone except for the servants, whose quarters were in the semi-basement.

This being the bishop’s official residence a number of people came and went in the daytime, and occasional visitors came and stayed. On the evening of the 2nd the bishop and I dined together alone, and after dinner he went to his room and I to mine on the third floor.

At about 6:50 a.m. on the 5rd December I got up and proceeded downstairs to the bathroom. As I turned the corner of the stairs from my room

on the third floor and was proceeding down the flight of steps which led to the landing on the second floor, I saw an elderly man standing at the foot of the stairs. He was a stranger to me and wore a cassock and white cotta or short surplice. This man, who had grey hair and a very long straight upper lip, stood with his hands joined and his head on one side looking up at me in an enquiring sort of way. I thought that he was some priest who had come on after dinner overnight and that he was looking for the Bishop's oratory, and was just about to speak to him, when he vanished completely. I still thought he had gone into one or other of the passages and looked for him in both. Till I failed to find him I had no idea but that he was a living man. I then went upstairs again a couple of times and came down in the same way as I had done at first to satisfy myself that it was not some trick of light shining in from the street, but nothing more happened and I saw no more of the figure.

At breakfast later I asked the bishop if anybody had stayed in the house overnight and he said, No.

I then went about my usual work and at luncheon the bishop told me that he had had a telegram to say that a Father F. of Bromley, Kent, had died that morning at 6:50 a.m.

As I did not know Father F. even by sight this information did not affect me at all.

About five or six weeks later I was appointed to take the place of this Father F. at Bromley.

When I got settled in and began to visit my parishioners I went into a house and in the 'parlour' I saw a large framed photograph of an elderly priest, without a shadow of doubt the man I had seen on the stairs on December the 3rd.

When the owner of the house came in I asked, 'Whose portrait is that?' She replied, 'Why, don't you know, that was dear Father F.'

The above is as plain a narrative of what happened as I can write. There are one or two points to be noticed. 1. The apparition was straight in front of me. 2. The subject of the apparition was entirely unknown to me. 3. At the relevant date there was no thought of my being appointed to a parish. 4. Although the only light was through the windows from the street lamps, I saw every detail of this apparition quite clearly. 5. At this time I was in my thirty-eighth year and had not had any previous occult experience.

This good ‘single’ case can be regarded as one of those in which the apparition exhibits some knowledge of or interest in terrene affairs. The figure of Father F. is said by the percipient to have looked at him ‘in an inquiring sort of way’, which seems appropriate in this instance, as Father C. soon afterwards succeeded Father F. as parish priest, though he had no anticipation of this preferment at the time when he saw the figure. The corroboration afforded by the photograph seems quite definite.

Father C.’s second experience is this:

Early in the year 1909 I visited a house in the Bromley Common district (Kent) on an ordinary parochial visit. I had not been to the house before and the inhabitants were not known to me. It was a small house in a row of houses in a lesser residential district. The wife of the tenant opened the door and as I spoke to her on entering I saw behind her an elderly woman with grey hair who wore a cap and was a typical woman of the class of the inhabitants. I was shown into the ‘parlour’ by my hostess — who excused herself for a few minutes as she said she was doing some cooking for her husband’s meal when he returned from the City about 5:20. She then said, ‘You know he goes up to town by a very early train and generally gets back between five and six. It’s terribly lonely for me now all day by myself. Up till

three weeks ago I had an old lady living with me and she was company — but she died three weeks ago. Since my husband went this morning, I have not spoken to a living soul till you called.'

This story bears a striking resemblance to *Case 26*, where Dr. Trotter gives a clear account of the apparition of a former inhabitant of the cottage he was visiting. Father C. satisfied himself that his parishioner was quite alone in the house at the time of his visit.

Case 39

A very striking case is furnished by the American S.P.R., whose president, the late Mr. Hodgson, and Professor Royce vouch for the high character and good position of the informants:

I. From Mr. F. G., Boston.

January 11th, 1888

Sir,

Replying to the recently published request of your Society for actual occurrences of psychical phenomena, I respectfully submit the following remarkable occurrence to the consideration of your distinguished Society, with the assurance that the event made a more powerful impression on my mind than the combined incidents of my whole life. I have never mentioned it outside of my family and a few intimate friends, knowing well that few would believe it, or else ascribe it to some disordered state of my mind at the time, but I well know I never was in better health or possessed a clearer head and mind than at the time it occurred.

In 1867, my only sister, a young lady of eighteen years, died suddenly of cholera, in St. Louis, Mo. My attachment to her was very strong, and the blow a severe one to me. A year or so after her death, the writer became a

commercial traveller, and it was in 1876 while on one of my Western trips that the event occurred.

I had ‘drummed’ the city of St. Joseph, Mo., and had gone to my room at the Pacific House to send in my orders, which were unusually large ones, so that I was in a very happy frame of mind indeed. My thoughts, of course, were about these orders, knowing how pleased my house would be at my success. I had not been thinking of my late sister, or in any manner reflecting on the past. The hour was high noon, and the sun was shining cheerfully into my room. While busily smoking a cigar, and writing out my orders, I suddenly became conscious that someone was sitting on my left, with one arm resting on the table. Quick as a flash I turned and distinctly saw the form of my dead sister, and for a brief second or so looked her squarely in the face; and so sure was I that it was she, that I sprang forward in delight, calling her by name, and, as I did so, the apparition instantly vanished. Naturally, I was startled and dumbfounded, almost doubting my senses; but with the cigar in my mouth, and pen in hand, with the ink still moist on my letter, I satisfied myself I had not been dreaming and was wide awake. I was near enough to touch her, had it been a physical possibility, and noted her features, expression, and details of dress, etc. She appeared as if alive. Her eyes looked kindly and perfectly natural into mine. Her skin was so life-like that I could see the glow or moisture on its surface, and on the whole, there was no change in her appearance, otherwise than when alive.

Now comes the most remarkable confirmation of my statement, which cannot be doubted by those who know that what I state actually occurred. This visitation, or whatever you may call it, so impressed me that I took the next train home, and in the presence of my parents and others I related what had occurred. My father, a man of rare good sense and very practical, was inclined to ridicule me, as he saw how earnestly I believed what I stated; but

he, too, was amazed when later on I told them of a bright red line or scratch on the right-hand side of my sister's face, which I had seen distinctly. When I mentioned this, my mother rose trembling to her feet and nearly fainted away, and as soon as she sufficiently recovered her self-possession, with tears streaming down her face, she exclaimed that I had indeed seen my sister, as no living mortal but herself was aware of that scratch, which she had accidentally made while doing some little act of kindness after my sister's death. She said she well remembered how pained she was to think she should have, unintentionally, marred the features of her dead daughter, and that unknown to all, how she had carefully obliterated all traces of the slight scratch with the aid of powder, etc. and that she had never mentioned it to a human being from that day to this. In proof, neither my father nor any of our family had detected it, and positively were unaware of the incident, yet I saw the scratch as bright as if just made. So strangely impressed was my mother that even after she had retired to rest, she got up and dressed, came to me and told me she knew at least that I had seen my sister. A few weeks later my mother died, happy in her belief she would rejoin her favourite daughter in a better world.

In a further letter Mr. F. G. adds:

There was nothing of a spiritual or ghostly nature in either the form or dress of my sister, she appearing perfectly natural, and dressed in clothing that she usually wore in life, and which was familiar to me. From her position at the table, I could only see her from the waist up, and her appearance and everything she wore is indelibly photographed in my mind. I even had time to notice the collar and little breastpin she wore, as well as the comb in her hair, after the style then worn by young ladies. The dress had no particular association for me or my mother, no more so than others she was in the habit

of wearing; but to-day, while I have forgotten all her other dresses, pins and combs, I could go to her trunk (which we have just as she left it) and pick out the very dress and ornaments she wore when she appeared to me, so well do I remember them.

You are correct in understanding that I returned home earlier than I had intended, as it had such an effect on me that I could hardly think of any other matter; in fact, I abandoned the trip that I had barely commenced, and, ordinarily, would have remained on the road a month longer.

Mr. F. G. again writes to Mr. Hodgson, 23rd January 1888:

In accordance with your request, I enclose a letter from my father which is indorsed by my brother, confirming the statement I made to them of the apparition I had seen. I will add that my father is one of the oldest and most respected citizens of St. Louis, Mo., a retired merchant, whose winter residence is at —, Ills., a few miles out by rail. He is now seventy years of age, but a remarkably well-preserved gentleman in body and mind, and a very learned man as well. As I informed you, he is slow to believe things that reason cannot explain. My brother, who endorses the statement, has resided in Boston for twelve years, doing business on — Street, as per letterhead above, and the last man in the world to take stock in statements without good proof. The others who were present (including my mother) are now dead, or were then so young as to now have but a dim remembrance of the matter.

You will note that my father refers to the ‘scratch’ and it was this that puzzled all, even himself, and which we have never been able to account for, further than that in some mysterious way I had actually seen my sister nine years after death, and had particularly noticed and described to my parents and family this bright red scratch, which, beyond all doubt in our minds, was unknown to a soul save my mother, who had accidentally caused it.

When I made my statement, all, of course, listened and were interested; but the matter would probably have passed with comments that it was a freak of memory, had not I asked about the scratch, and the instant I mentioned it, my mother was aroused as if she had received an electric shock, as she had kept it secret from all, and *she alone* was able to explain it. My mother was a sincere Christian lady, who for twenty-five years was superintendent of a large infant class in her church, the Southern Methodist, and a directress in many charitable institutions, and was highly educated. No lady at the time stood higher in the city of St. Louis, and she was, besides a woman of rare good sense.

I mention these points to give you an insight into the character and standing of those whose testimony, in such a case, is necessary.

(Signed) F. G.

From Mr. H. G. —, Ills. 20th January 1888:

Dear F.,

Yours of 16th inst. is received. In reply to your questions relating to your having seen our Annie, while at St. Joseph, Mo., I will state that I well remember the statement you made to the family on your return home. I remember your stating how she looked in ordinary home dress, and particularly about the scratch (or red spot) on her face, which you could not account for, but which was fully explained by your mother. The spot was made while adjusting something about her head while in the casket, and covered with powder. All who heard you relate the phenomenal sight thought it was true. You well know how sceptical I am about things which reason cannot explain.

Affectionately,

(Signed) H. G. (father).

I was present at the time and indorse the above.

(Signed) K. G. (brother).

It will be seen that, beside the percipient himself, his father and brother are first-hand witnesses of the most important point — the effect produced by a certain item in the phantom's aspect.

The apparent *redness* of the scratch on the face of the apparition goes naturally enough with the look of life in the face. The phantom did not appear as a corpse but as a girl in her bloom, and the scratch showed as it would have shown if made during life.

This symbol, in its essential point — the manifestation in a phantom of a change in personal appearance which the percipient had no opportunity of observing during life — may be compared with the 'Newgate fringe' grown before death by Lieutenant B. (*Case 5*) and observed by General Barter in the appearance of Lieutenant B.'s phantom. But it can seldom happen that the aspect of a near relation can furnish an evidential indication so distinct as this. Even assuming an intelligent purpose in the phantom, one does not see what could in most cases be represented beyond a mere likeness of the deceased; and a mere likeness of a known face must always be liable to be taken for a purely subjective hallucination. The death of the mother in this case, a few weeks after the apparition, is noteworthy. If the apparition had been delayed there would have been no one left on earth who was capable of interpreting the symbolism. We may, therefore, class this as a case in which it is possible — though not, of course, provable — that the deceased daughter was aware of the approaching death of a survivor. If the incident is correctly recorded, or if it is not a mere extraordinary coincidence, it certainly seems probable that recognition was intelligently aimed at.

Case 40

This narrative resembles some printed in Mr. Myers' *Human Personality* (see especially vol. II, p. 333), which he regarded as 'cases where a spirit seems to be aware of the impending death of a survivor'. The first account of it came to us from the Reverend A. Holborn, and is as follows:

42 Dalebury Road,
Upper Tooting, S.W.
November 29th, 1903

A little boy in a Yorkshire town lay sick unto death. His mother had died some years ago. Beside him watched his eldest sister and a friend of his mother. The friend distinctly saw the mother come and stoop over the boy caressingly. Next day the boy died. When the sister and the friend were laying him out, the latter said to the former, 'I had a singular experience in this room last night.' 'Yes, I know,' replied the sister; 'you saw mother. I saw her too; she came and kissed Hughey.' Now the friend had said nothing to the sister previously, thinking it might frighten her.

Such was the story told me a week ago by the friend, a lady of unimpeachable veracity. I had no opportunity of conversing with the sister. But if it would serve your Society, I think I could get both ladies to write you an independent account of the incident. Probably, however, you have so many similar ones recorded in your books, that you would not particularly care for this addition;[1] and in that case I certainly would not trouble them, as they are both exceedingly busy women — usefully so.

I may just mention that the incident above referred to took place only a few weeks ago.

(Rev.) ALFRED HOLBORN (M.A.).

We wrote to Mr. Holborn asking for first-hand statements from the percipients, and received shortly the following account written by one of the

ladies and signed by both. Their names and the address of the narrator were given fully, but we were requested not to print them.

Dec. 9th, 1905

At Mr. Holborn's request I enclose an account of our experience last June. I may say that Mrs. G. (assumed initial) and I were as close friends as it is possible to be. She often remarked, 'We really think aloud when together.' Many times I went to her when she needed me without knowing why I did so, and she also came to me.

The full account runs as follows:

A little friend of ours, H. G., had been ill a long time. His mother, who was my greatest friend, had nursed her boy with infinite care, and during her short last illness was full of solicitude for him.

After her death he seemed to become stronger for a time but again grew very ill, and needed the most constant care, his eldest sister watching over him as the mother had done. As I was on the most intimate terms with the family, I saw a great deal of the invalid.

On Sunday evening, June 28th, 1905, about nine o'clock, I and the sister were standing at the foot of the bed, watching the sick one, who was unconscious, when suddenly I saw the mother distinctly. She was in her ordinary dress as when with us, nothing supernatural in her appearance. She was bending over her boy with a look of infinite love and longing and did not seem to notice us. After a minute or two she quietly and suddenly *was not there.* I was so struck that I turned to speak to the sister, but she seemed so engrossed that I did not think it wise to say anything.

The little patient grew gradually worse, until on Tuesday evening, June 50th, I was summoned to go at once. When I arrived at the house he had

passed away. After rendering the last offices of love to the dear little body, the sister and I again stood, as on the Sunday, when I said, ‘M., I had a strange experience on Sunday evening here.’ She quickly replied, ‘Yes, mother was here; I saw her.’ The young girl is not given to fancies at all, and must have been impressed as I was.

Si sensus est inferis, as Lentulus says in his famous letter to Cicero on Tullia’s death, and solicitude for the living continues beyond the grave, one would naturally expect that in even more well-attested cases of post-mortem intelligence, the loving care of dead parents for their living children would figure prominently. It is probable that experiences of this kind, because of their intimate and almost sacred character, are frequently withheld from any form of publicity.

For other well-authenticated cases of apparitions of dead parents to surviving sons and daughters, see *Case 1*, *Case 17*, *Case 41* and *Case 42*.

Case 41

From a lady who desired that names should not be published.

June 9th, 1885

Our mother died while we were all very young; and as I, the fourth child of seven, was the eldest living daughter, I became early acquainted (from my eighth year) with sorrow of various kinds and degrees, principally caused, however, by the harshness and frequent neglect shown by the housekeeper and servants towards my baby brother and sister. The two eldest boys — between whom and myself was a gap of some years — were almost always away from home, and ultimately went abroad, so that from the time I was quite a little child I was continually with my father, who made much of me, and at last I became his constant companion. He never married again, and our

love was probably, therefore, a closer union even than commonly exists between a father and daughter while the latter is of tender years. It was a great pain to me ever to be away from him, especially after my fourteenth year, at which time he began to make me his confidante as well as companion; and we had frequent earnest talks and discussions on many subjects. At length, when I was about eighteen years old, a terrible grief befell us, viz. the death of my two elder brothers within a few weeks of each other, while they were still abroad.

My father's sorrow was great; and at the same time he became seriously troubled with many doubts regarding various points of Christian faith, and so gradually lost nearly all his buoyancy of spirit, and became sadly depressed and worn-looking, though only 48 years old. For a year he thus suffered, when it was arranged that, so soon as he could plan to leave home, he should go to some seaside place, and try what new scenes would effect. He also persuaded — nay, insisted — that I should go away for awhile, without waiting for him, and accompany some friends to South Devonshire.

The writer then narrates how a sudden summons brought her back to find her father dead:

I went early to bed, to escape the presence and sympathetic ministrations of the many in that kind household who gathered around me; and by my own choice I shared the room of a motherly-looking personage, whom I supposed to be my cousin's nurse. She occupied the larger bed in the room, and I a smaller one placed at some distance from hers. She was soon asleep and breathing heavily; but I was lying in deepest anguish, beset not only with the grief of the sudden loss sustained, but with the wretched fear that my beloved father had died too suddenly to find peace with God, regarding those miserable doubts that had so troubled him. As the night wore on, the pain of

heart and thought grew worse and worse, and at length I knelt in prayer, earnestly pleading that my distressful thoughts might be taken away, and an assurance of my father's peace be given me by God's most Holy Spirit. No immediate relief came, however, and it was early dawn when I rose from my knees, and felt that I must be patient and wait for the answer to my prayer.

Now a longing suddenly seized me to creep into that kind-faced woman's bed, and to feel perhaps less lonely there. Her bed was opposite a window, over which a white blind was drawn, and as I softly lifted the bed-clothes and sat for a moment after drawing my feet up into the bed, I noticed the pale dawn feebly lighting up the window, and the movement of a little bird on the sill outside; but the room itself was as yet almost dark.

I was just about to slip quietly down into bed, when on the opposite side of it (that on which the nurse was sleeping) the room became suddenly full of beautiful light, in the midst of which stood my father absolutely transfigured, clothed with brightness. He slowly moved towards the bed, raising his hands, as I thought, to clasp me in his arms; and I ejaculated: 'Father!' He replied, 'Blessed for ever, my child! For ever blessed!' I moved to climb over the nurse and kiss him, reaching out my arms to him; but with a look of mingled sadness and love he appeared to float back with the light towards the wall and was gone. The vision occupied so short a time that, glancing involuntarily at the window again, I saw the morning dawn and the little bird just as they had looked a few minutes before. I felt sure that God had vouchsafed to me a wonderful vision, and was not in the least afraid, but, on the contrary, full of a joy that brought floods of grateful tears, and completely removed all anguish except that of having lost my father from earth. I offer no explanation, and can only say most simply and truthfully that it all happened just as I have related.

You may find a solution to the occurrence in the sympathy which had existed between my dear father and myself; or, as friends have often insisted, in the condition of excitement and exhaustion which I was suffering at the time; but after all these years of life and experience, the memory of that wonderful morning is ever vividly fresh, and real, and true.

The writer's husband adds, under date 17th June 1885:

The narrative, as related above, is substantially the same as that given to me by Mrs. P. as early as 1865, and at subsequent periods.

W. B. P.

And Dr. and Mrs. C., the friends referred to above, write, 16th June 1885:

The preceding narrative was related to us by Mrs. P., substantially as here recorded, some four or five years ago.

JAMES C. ELLEN, H. C.

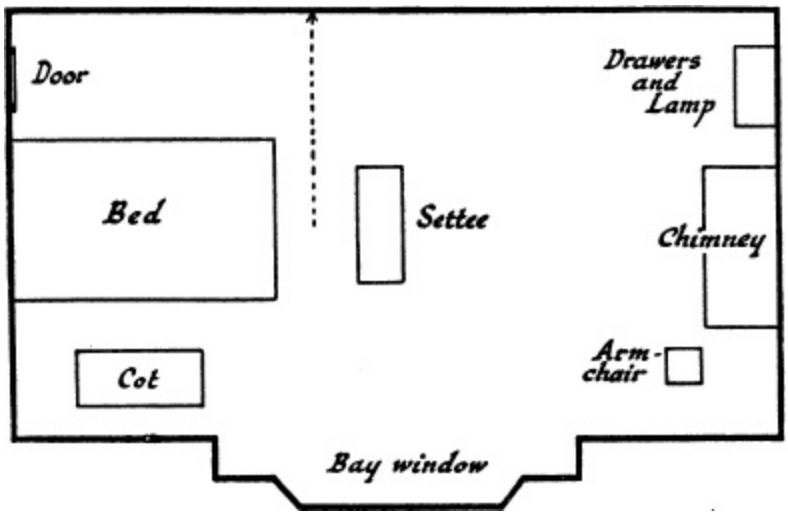
Now comes the case which has evidential importance:

In the year 1867 I was married, and my husband took a house at S., quite a new one, just built in what was, and still is probably, called 'Cliff Town', as being at a greater elevation than the older part of the town. Our life was exceedingly bright and happy there until towards the end of 1869, when my husband's health appeared to be failing, and he grew dejected and moody. Trying in vain to ascertain the cause for this, and being repeatedly assured by him that I was 'too fanciful' and that there was 'nothing the matter with him', I ceased to vex him with questions, and the time passed quietly away till Christmas Eve of that year (1869).

An uncle and aunt lived in the neighbourhood, and they invited us to spend Christmas Day with them — to go quite early in the morning to breakfast, accompanied by the whole of our small household.

We arranged therefore to go to bed at an early hour on the night of the 24th, so as to be up betimes for our morning walk. Consequently, at nine o'clock, we went upstairs, having as usual carefully attended to bars and bolts of doors, and at about 9:30 were ready to extinguish the lamp; but our little girl — a baby of fifteen months — generally woke up at that time, and after drinking some warm milk would sleep again for the rest of the night; and, as she had not yet awakened, I begged my husband to leave the lamp burning and get into bed, while I, wrapped in a dressing-gown, lay on the outside of the bed with the cot on my right hand. The bedstead faced the fireplace, and nothing stood between but a settee at the foot of the bed. On either side of the chimney was a large recess — the one to the left (as we faced in that direction) having a chest of drawers, on which the lamp was standing. The entrance door was on the same side of the room as the head of the bed and to the left of it — facing, therefore, the recess of which I speak. The door was locked; and on that same side (to my left) my husband was lying, with the curtain drawn, towards which his face was turned.

Roughly, the position was thus:



As the bed had curtains only at the head, all before us was open and dimly lighted, the lamp being turned down.

This takes some time to describe, but it was still just about 9:30, Gertrude not yet awake, and I just pulling myself into a half-sitting posture against the pillows, thinking of nothing but the arrangements for the following day, when to my great astonishment I saw a gentleman standing at the foot of the bed, dressed as a naval officer, and with a cap on his head having a projecting peak. The light being in the position which I have indicated, the face was in shadow *to me*, and the more so that the visitor was leaning upon his arms which rested on the foot-rail of the bedstead. I was too astonished to be afraid, but simply wondered who it could be; and, instantly touching my husband's shoulder (whose face was turned from me), I said, 'Willie, who is this?' My husband turned, and for a second or two lay looking in intense astonishment at the intruder; then lifting himself a little, he shouted, 'What on earth are you doing here, sir?' Meanwhile the form, slowly drawing himself into an upright position, now said in a commanding, yet reproachful voice, 'Willie! Willie!'

I looked at my husband and saw that his face was white and agitated. As I turned towards him he sprang out of bed as though to attack the man, but

stood by the bedside as if afraid, or in great perplexity, while the figure calmly and slowly moved towards the wall. As it passed the lamp, a deep shadow fell upon the room as of a material person shutting out the light from us by his intervening body, and he disappeared, as it were, into the wall. My husband now, in a very agitated manner, caught up the lamp, and turning to me said, ‘I mean to look all over the house, and see where he is gone.’

I was by this time exceedingly agitated too, but remembering that the door was locked, and that the mysterious visitor had not gone towards it at all, remarked, ‘He has not gone out by the door!’ But without pausing, my husband *unlocked the door*, hastened out of the room, and was soon searching the whole house. Sitting there in the dark, I thought to myself, ‘We have surely seen an apparition! Whatever can it indicate — perhaps my brother Arthur (he was in the Navy, and at that time on a voyage to India) is in trouble: such things have been told of as occurring.’ In some such way I pondered with an anxious heart, holding the child, who just then awakened, in my arms, until my husband came back looking very white and miserable.

Sitting upon the bedside, he put his arm about me and said, ‘Do you know what we have seen?’ And I said, ‘Yes, it was a spirit. I am afraid it was Arthur, but could not see his face’ — and he exclaimed, ‘Oh! no, it was my father!’

My husband’s father had been dead fourteen years: he had been a naval officer in his young life; but, through ill-health, had left the service before my husband was born, and the latter had only once or twice seen him in uniform. I had never seen him at all. My husband and I related the occurrence to my uncle and aunt, and we all noticed that my husband’s agitation and anxiety were very great: whereas his usual manner was calm and reserved in the extreme, and he was a thorough and avowed sceptic in all so-called supernatural events.

As the weeks passed on my husband became very ill, and then gradually disclosed to me that he had been in great financial difficulties; and that, at the time his father was thus sent to us, he was inclining to take the advice of a man who would certainly — had my husband yielded to him (as he had intended before hearing the warning voice) — have led him to ruin, perhaps worse. It is this fact which makes us most reticent in speaking of the event; in addition to which, my husband had already been led to speculate upon certain chances which resulted in failure, and infinite sorrow to us both as well as to others, and was indeed the cause of our coming to S. after a year of much trouble, in the January of 1871.

None of us were particularly ready to believe in psychic evidence; so that no condition of ‘over-wrought nerves’, or ‘superstitious fears’, could have been the cause of the manifestation, but only, so far as we have been able to judge by subsequent events, a direct warning to my husband in the voice and appearance of the one that he had most reverenced in all his life, and was the most likely to obey.

Apart from knowledge as to the *death* of survivors, is any knowledge of other earthly matters ever displayed by a ghost? There are many stories of dangers averted by ghostly intervention; are we to assume that the departed watch over us, and guard our earthly days? The above case is a striking specimen of this class, the phantom having been seen by two persons. The brevity of the rebuke, conveyed merely by a name twice repeated, is a point in favour of the narrative; for long speeches put into the mouths of ghosts are pretty sure to be apocryphal. It is noteworthy that one of the percipients in this case had already experienced a ‘vision of consolation’ under circumstances of strong emotion. Taken by itself, that consolatary vision might certainly have been classed as purely subjective. But the fact that the only other hallucination which this percipient experienced was apparently a

veridical one may suggest that the earlier vision also may have had some veridical basis.

There is another very interesting and perplexing feature in this narrative which is found in some other cases, viz. the obscuration of light by the apparition as it passes a lamp.

Case 42

The narrator throughout is the Reverend C. Jupp, Warden of the Orphanage and Home, Aberlour, Craigellachie:

In 1875, a man died leaving a widow and six orphan children. The three eldest were admitted into the Orphanage. Three years afterwards the widow died, and friends succeeded in getting funds to send the rest here, the youngest being about four years of age.

Late one evening, about six months after the admission of the younger children, some visitors arrived unexpectedly, and the Warden agreed to take a bed in the little ones' dormitory, which contained ten beds, nine occupied. In the morning, at breakfast, the Warden made the following statement: As near as I can tell, I fell asleep about eleven o'clock, and slept very soundly for some time. I suddenly woke without any apparent reason, and felt an impulse to turn round, my face being towards the wall, away from the children. Before turning, I looked up and saw a soft light in the room. The gas was burning low in the hall, and the dormitory door being open, I thought it probable that the light came from that source. It was soon evident, however, that such was not the case. I turned round, and then a wonderful vision met my gaze. Over the second bed from mine, and on the same side of the room, there was floating a small cloud of light, forming a halo of the brightness of the moon on an ordinary moonlight night.

I sat upright in bed, looking at this strange appearance, took up my watch and found the hands pointing to five minutes to one. Everything was quiet, and all the children sleeping soundly. In the bed, over which the light seemed to float, slept the youngest of the six children mentioned above.

I asked myself, ‘Am I dreaming?’ No! I was wide awake. I was seized with a strong impulse to rise and touch the substance, or whatever it might be (for it was about five feet high), and was getting up when something seemed to hold me back. I am certain I heard nothing, yet I felt and perfectly understood the words: ‘No, lie down, it won’t hurt you.’ I at once did what I felt I was told to do. I fell asleep shortly afterwards and rose at half-past five, that being my usual time.

At six o’clock I began dressing the children, beginning at the bed furthest from the one in which I slept. Presently I came to the bed over which I had seen the light hovering. I took the little boy out, placed him on my knee, and put some of his clothes on. The child had been talking with the others;

suddenly he was silent. And then, looking me hard in the face with an extraordinary expression, he said, ‘Oh, Mr. Jupp, my mother came to me last night. Did you see her?’ For a moment I could not answer the child. I then thought it better to pass it off, and said, ‘Come, we must make haste, or we shall be late for breakfast.’

The child never afterwards referred to the matter, we are told, nor has it since ever been mentioned to him. The Warden says it is a mystery to him; he simply states the fact and there leaves the matter, being perfectly satisfied that he was mistaken in no one particular.

In answer to inquiries, the Reverend C. Jupp wrote (13th November 1883):

I fear anything the little boy might now say would be unreliable, or I would at once question him. Although the matter was fully discussed at the time, it was never mentioned in the hearing of the child; and yet, when at the request of friends, the account was published in our little magazine, and the child read it, his countenance changed, and looking up, he said, ‘Mr. Jupp, that is me.’ I said, ‘Yes, that is what we saw.’ He said, ‘Yes,’ and then seemed to fall into deep thought, evidently with pleasant remembrances, for he smiled sweetly to himself, and seemed to forget I was present.

I much regret now that I did not learn something from the child at the time.

CHAS. JUPP.

In answer to inquiries, Mr. Jupp says that he has never had any other hallucination of the senses; and adds:

My wife was the only person of adult age to whom I mentioned the circumstance at the time. Shortly after, I mentioned it to our Bishop and Primus.

Mrs. Jupp writes, from the Orphanage, on 23rd June 1886:

This is to certify that the account of the light seen by the Warden of this establishment is correct, as it was mentioned to me at the time, i.e. next morning,

Mr. Jupp’s evidence is corroborated by the independent and spontaneous remark of the child, and the testimony of his wife: and in view of the details given by the Warden it is difficult to suppose that his experience was merely a vivid dream.

Case 43

From Miss Pearson, 15 Fitzroy Square, W.C:

April, 1888

The house, 19 St. James's Place, Green Park, had been taken on a very long lease by my grandfather, a solicitor in large county practice, having his offices in Essex Street, Strand.

There my father was born and his two sisters, Ann and Harriet. Aunt Ann died in 1858, leaving all she possessed to Aunt Harriet, who remained in the house. They had been devotedly attached to each other. In November 1864 I was summoned to Brighton. My Aunt Harriet was then very ill there. Mrs. Coppinger, the daughter of Mr. Thomas Pearson, my father's brother, was there, and Mr. George James (her son by her first husband) came up and down: Eliza Quinton was nursing her. She only craved to go back to the old house where she was born, and I made arrangements with the railway company and took her home.

This was in the second week in December. She became worse and worse. Eliza continued to nurse her, and Mrs. Coppinger, Mrs. John Pearson, the wife of a nephew, and myself helped with the night work.

Miss Harriet Pearson slept in a large three-windowed bedroom over the drawing-room. The room behind was occupied by Mrs. Coppinger and myself though one of us was generally in the patient's room at night. On the night of December 22nd, 1864, Mrs. John Pearson was in the room, Mrs. Coppinger and myself in the back room; the house lighted up on the landings and staircases, our door wide open.

About 1 or 2 a.m. on the morning of December 23rd, both Mrs. Coppinger and myself started up in bed; we were neither of us sleeping, as we were watching every sound from the next room.

We both saw some one pass the door, short, wrapped up in an old shawl, a wig with three curls each side and an old black cap. Mrs. Coppinger called out, ‘Emma, get up, it is old Aunt Ann.’ I said, ‘So it is, then Aunt Harriet will die to-day.’ We jumped up, and Mrs. John Pearson came rushing out of the room and said, ‘That was old Aunt Ann. Where is she gone to?’ I said to soothe her, ‘Perhaps it was Eliza come down to see how her mistress is.’ Mrs. Coppinger ran upstairs and found Eliza sleeping in the servants’ room. She was very awestruck but calm, dressed and came down. Every room was searched, no one was there, and from that day to this no explanation has ever been given of this appearance, except that it was old Aunt Ann come to call her sister, who died at 6 p.m. that day.

EMMA M. PEARSON.

The housekeeper, who is still with Miss Pearson, writes as follows:

I was living with Miss Ann and Miss Harriet Pearson, in 19 St. James’s Place. After the death of Miss Ann I remained with her sister, and when she became very ill and was ordered change of air, I went with her as nurse to Brighton. Mrs. Coppinger was there and Mr. George James now and then. Miss Emma Pearson was sent for and came down. She brought her aunt back to London. I continued to nurse her. I remember on the early morning of December 23rd being called up by Mrs. Coppinger, who said that she, Miss Emma, and Mrs. John Pearson had seen someone come upstairs and pass into the patient’s room. Was it I? I said no. Mrs. Coppinger said, ‘They said it was old Aunt Ann.’ We searched the house and could find no one. Miss Harriet died in the evening of that day, but before that told all of us that she had seen her sister and knew it was her, and she had come to call her.

ELIZA QUINTON.

April 3rd, 1888.

In a separate letter of the same date Miss Pearson adds:

I now remember my aunt saying ‘her sister had come for her, for she had seen her’.

In this case the apparition was seen by four persons, and it moved into a room where the sister of the deceased woman was lying on her death-bed. We have therefore in this instance an indication of some knowledge of earthly events, though not of any earlier or fuller knowledge than the survivors themselves possessed.

Case 44

This case was reported to Mr. Myers by Lady Gore Booth, from whom he took down the account by word of mouth. Her son (then a schoolboy aged ten) was the percipient, and her youngest daughter, then aged fifteen, also gives a first-hand account of the incident as follows:

Lissadell, Sligo

February, 1891

On the 10th of April, 1889, at about half-past nine o’clock a.m., my youngest brother and I were going down a short flight of stairs leading to the kitchen, to fetch food for my chickens, as usual. We were about half-way down, my brother a few steps in advance of me, when he suddenly said — ‘Why, there’s John Blaney, I didn’t know he was in the house!’ John Blaney was a boy who lived not far from us, and he had been employed in the house as hall-boy not long before. I said that I was sure it was not he (for I knew he had left some months previously on account of ill-health), and looked down into the passage, but saw no one. The passage was a long one, with a rather sharp turn in it, so we ran quickly down the last few steps, and looked round the corner, but nobody was there, and the only door he could have gone

through was shut. As we went upstairs my brother said, ‘How pale and ill John looked, and why did he stare so?’ I asked what he was doing. My brother answered that he had his sleeves turned up, and was wearing a large green apron, such as the footmen always wear at their work. An hour or two afterwards, I asked my maid how long John Blaney had been back in the house? She seemed much surprised, and said, ‘Didn’t you hear, Miss, that he died this morning?’ On inquiry we found he had died about two hours before my brother saw him. My mother did not wish that my brother should be told this, but he heard of it somehow, and at once declared that he must have seen his ghost.

MABEL OLIVE GORE BOOTH.

The actual percipient’s independent account is as follows:

March, 1891

We were going downstairs to get food for Mabel’s fowl, when I saw John Blaney walking round the corner. I said to Mabel, ‘That’s John Blaney!’ but she could not see him. When we came up afterwards we found he was dead. He seemed to me to look rather ill. He looked yellow; his eyes looked hollow, and he had a green apron on.

MORDAUNT GORE BOOTH.

We have received the following confirmation of the date of death:

I certify from the parish register of deaths that John Blaney (Dunfore) was interred on the 12th day of April, 1889, having died on the 10th day of April, 1889.

P. J. SHEMAGHS, C.C.
The Presbytery, Ballingal, Sligo.
10th February, 1891.

Lady Gore Booth writes:

May 31st, 1890

When my little boy came upstairs and told us he had seen John Blaney, we thought nothing of it till some hours after, when we heard that he was dead. Then for fear of frightening the children, I avoided any illusion to what he had told us, and asked everyone else to do the same. Probably by now he has forgotten all about it, but it certainly was very remarkable, especially as only one child saw him, and they were standing together. The place where he seems to have appeared was in the passage outside the pantry door, where John Blaney's work always took him. My boy is a very matter-of-fact sort of boy, and I never heard of his having any other hallucination.

G. GORE BOOTH.

In this instance the apparition — unless we explain it as a telepathic impression projected at the moment of death and remaining latent for some hours before it became externalized — may be taken as showing something of continued memory in the departed boy. Something of him or from him reverted to well-known haunts and was discerned in habitual surroundings.

Case 45

Mr. D., the narrator of this strange story, was seen by Mr. Gurney, who talked over the matter with him. His statement is as follows:

I am the owner of a very old mechanical business in Glasgow, with for twenty years past a branch in London, where I have resided for that period, and in both of which places my professional reputation is of the highest order.

Some thirty-five years ago I took into my employment a tender, delicate-looking boy, Robert Mackenzie, who, after some three or four years'

service, suddenly left, as I found out afterwards, through the selfish advice of older hands, who practised this frightening away systematically, to keep wages from being lowered, a common device, I believe, among workmen in limited trades. Passing the gate of the great workhouse (*Scottice* poorhouse) in the Parliamentary Road, a few years afterwards, my eye was caught by a youth of some eighteen years of age ravenously devouring a piece of dry bread on the public street, and bearing all the appearance of being in a chronic state of starvation. Fancying I knew his features, I asked if his name were not Mackenzie. He at once became much excited, addressed me by name, and informed me that he had no employment; that his father and mother, who formerly supported him, were now both inmates of the ‘poorhouse’, to which he himself had no claim for admission, being young and without any bodily disqualification for work, and that he was literally homeless and starving. The matron, he informed me, gave him daily a piece of dry bread, but durst not, under the rules, give him regular maintenance. In an agony of grief he deplored his ever leaving me under evil advice, and on my unexpectedly offering to take him back he burst into a transport of thanks such as I cannot describe. Suffice it to say that he resumed his work, and that, under the circumstances, I did everything in my power to facilitate his progress. All this was mere matter of course; but the distinction between it and the common relations of master and servant was this, that on every occasion of my entering the workshop he never, so far as possible, took off his eyes from following my movements. Let me look towards him at any moment, there was the pale sympathetic face, with the large and wistful eyes, literally yearning towards me as Smike’s did towards Nicholas Nickleby. I seemed to be ‘the polar star of his existence’, and this intensity of gratitude never appeared to lessen in degree through lapse of time. Beyond this he never ventured to express his feelings. His manhood, as it were, his

individuality, and self-assertion, seemed to have been crushed out of him by privations. I was apparently his sole thought and consideration, saving the more common concerns of daily life.

In 1862 I was settled in London, and have never been in Glasgow since. Robert Mackenzie, and my workmen generally, gradually lost their individuality in my recollection. About ten to twelve years ago my employees had their annual *soirée* and ball. This was always held, year after year, on a Friday evening. Mackenzie, ever shy and distant, as usual refused to mingle in the festivities, and begged of my foreman to be permitted to serve at the buffet. All went off well, and the Saturday was held as a succeeding day of festival. All this, however, I only learned after that I am now about to relate. On the Tuesday morning following, immediately before 8 a.m., in my house on Campden Hill, I had the following manifestation, I cannot call it a dream; but let me use the common phraseology. I dreamt, but with no vagueness as in common dreams, no blurring of outline or rapid passages from one thing disconnectedly to another, that I was seated at a desk, engaged in a business conversation with an unknown gentleman, who stood on my right hand. Towards me, in front, advanced Robert Mackenzie, and, feeling annoyed, I addressed him with some asperity, asking him if he did not see that I was engaged. He retired a short distance with exceeding reluctance, turned again to approach me, as if most desirous for an immediate colloquy, when I spoke to him still more sharply as to his want of manners. On this, the person with whom I was conversing took his leave, and Mackenzie once more came forward. ‘What is all this, Robert?’ I asked, somewhat angrily. ‘Did you not see I was engaged?’ ‘Yes, Sir,’ he replied, ‘but I must speak with you at once.’ ‘What about?’ I said, ‘what is it that can be so important?’ ‘I wish to tell you, sir,’ he answered, ‘that I am accused of doing a thing I did not do, and that I want *you* to know it, and to tell you so, and that you are to forgive

me for what I am blamed for, because I am innocent.' Then, 'I did not do the thing they say I did.' I said, 'What?' getting the same answer. I then naturally asked, 'But how can I forgive you if you do not tell me what you are accused of?' I can never forget the emphatic manner of his answer, in the Scottish dialect, 'Ye'll sune ken' (You'll soon know). This question and the answer were repeated at least twice — I am certain the answer was repeated thrice, in the most fervid tone. On that I awoke, and was in that state of surprise and bewilderment which such a remarkable dream, *qua* mere dream, might induce, and was wondering what it all meant, when my wife burst into my bedroom, much excited, and holding an open letter in her hand, exclaimed, 'Oh, James, here's a terrible end to the workmen's ball, Robert Mackenzie has committed suicide!' With now a full conviction of the meaning of the vision, I at once quietly and firmly said, 'No, he has not committed suicide.' 'How can you possibly know that?' 'Because he has just been here to tell me.'

I have purposely not mentioned in its proper place, so as not to break the narrative, that on looking at Mackenzie I was struck by the peculiar appearance of his countenance. It was of an indescribable bluish-pale colour, and on his forehead, appeared spots which seemed like blots of sweat. For this I could not account, but by the following post my manager informed me that he was wrong in writing me of suicide. That, on Saturday night, Mackenzie, on going home, had lifted a small black bottle containing *aqua fortis* (which he used for staining the wood of birdcages, made for amusement), believing this to be whisky, and pouring out a wineglassful, had drunk it off at a gulp, dying on Sunday in great agony. Here, then, was the solution of his being innocent of what he was accused of — suicide, seeing that he had inadvertently drunk *aqua fortis*, a deadly poison. Still pondering upon the peculiar colour of his countenance, it struck me to consult some

authorities on the symptoms of poisoning by *aqua fortis*, and in Mr. J. H. Walsh's *Domestic Medicine and Surgery*, p. 172, I found these words under symptoms of poisoning by sulphuric acid … 'the skin covered with a cold sweat; countenance livid and expressive of dreadful suffering…. *Aqua fortis* produces the same effect as sulphuric, the only difference being that the external stains, if any, are yellow instead of brown.' This refers to indication of sulphuric acid, 'generally outside of the mouth, in the shape of brown spots'. Having no desire to accommodate my facts to this scientific description, I give the quotations freely, only, at the same time, stating that previously to reading the passage in Mr. Walsh's book, I had not the slightest knowledge of these symptoms, and I consider that they agree fairly and sufficiently with what I saw, viz. a livid face covered with a remarkable sweat, and having spots (particularly on the forehead), which, in my dream, I thought great blots of perspiration. It seems not a little striking that I had no previous knowledge of these symptoms, and yet should take note of them.

I have little remark to make beyond this, that, in speaking of this matter, to me very affecting and solemn, I have been quite disgusted by sceptics treating it as a hallucination, in so far as that my dream must have been on the Wednesday morning, being that after the receipt of my manager's letter informing me of the supposed suicide. This explanation is too absurd to require a serious answer. The manager first heard of the death on the Monday — wrote me on that day as above — and on the Tuesday wrote again explaining the true facts. The dream was on the Tuesday morning, immediately before the 8 a.m. post delivery, hence the thrice emphatic,' Ye'll sune ken.' I attribute the whole to Mackenzie's yearning gratitude for being rescued from a deplorable state of starvation, and his earnest desire to stand well in my opinion. I have coloured nothing, and leave my readers to draw their own conclusions.

D.

The following is Mrs. D.’s corroboration:

In regard to the remarkable dream my husband had when Robert Mackenzie’s death took place through inadvertently drinking some *aqua fortis*, I beg to inform you of what took place so far as I am concerned.

On the Tuesday morning after the occurrence I was downstairs early, and at eight o’clock was handed a letter, just received from the postman, and addressed to Mr. D. Seeing it was from our manager in Glasgow, I opened it, and was much grieved to find that it was to tell us that Robert Mackenzie had committed suicide. I ran upstairs to Mr. D.’s bedroom with the letter in my hand, and in much excitement. I found him apparently just coming out of sleep, and hastily cried out to him, exactly as he has described to you. I need not go over the words, which have often been repeated amongst us since, and I can confirm his narrative regarding them, as given to you, in every particular. The whole affair gave us a great shock, and put an end to the workmen’s balls for some four or five years. Mr. D.’s dream was a frequent subject of conversation at the time. I knew Mackenzie well. He was a pale, large-eyed, and earnest-looking young man, with a great regard for Mr. D. through circumstances. The next day’s post brought us the actual details.’

J. D.

The above is the only ‘dream’ case I have included in this collection, because the evidence afforded by dreams must always be very inferior to that afforded by waking experiences, in view of the immense frequency of dreams, and the fact that nearly all of them are obviously unveridical. In the case before us, however, there is apparently some coincidence between the dream and the facts in two unlikely and independent points. Mr. D., the

narrator, declares that the experience was much more clear and definite than a normal dream.

The two points of coincidence here are the fact that Mackenzie was accused of something wrongly, and a certain degree of resemblance between his appearance in the dream and his appearance as, according to Walsh's *Domestic Medicine*, it should have been, after taking the poison which killed him. The coincidence is certainly curious, though it might, of course, have been stronger. It would be very interesting to know — though at this distance of time impossible, I fear, to ascertain — whether at the time of the dream it was known to any living man that Mackenzie had not committed suicide.

Case 46

A very curious story was received from Mr. W. H. Stone, 1 Park Avenue, Slade, Lanes:

I think it was in 1854; at that time we were large leather factors, and hide and skin brokers in Hopstown; when I say we, my employers were in the above line of business, and I was manager of the latter department, in which we used a large amount of stationery, such as weekly catalogues, black-leads, and memorandum books, etc., for our buyers and our own men. I was going along from our office, in rather a merry mood, to order from a stationer in P. Street a quantity of catalogues wanted for next Friday's sale, for we sold the hides and skins by auction every Friday, at half-past one o'clock to the minute, or nearly so. As I said, I was going along P. Street — it might be some six or eight days before the great St. Leger day. I generally had a pound or two on the 'Leger' and it was my intention, as soon as my little order was given for stationery, to see a friend about the horse I had backed. Crossing from left to right in P. Street, whom should I meet (or as I thought met) but an old customer, as he had been for some years, of my father's; my father

was formerly a brewer, and he had supplied the party I had met with ale, as I said, for some years, and I used to collect the accounts from him along with others in the same line: he was a beerhouse-keeper, or as they were then called, a jerry-shopkeeper. I went up to him, called him by his right name, shook him by the *left hand*, for he had *no right*, it having been cut off, when he was a youth; he had a substitute for a hand in the shape of a hook, and he was, said he, very active with this hook when his services were required in turning anyone out of his house that was in any way refractory; he was what you might call a jolly, good, even-tempered sort of a man, and much respected by his customers, most of whom did a little betting in the racing line. He had a very red countrified sort of a face, and dressed quite in a country style, with felt hat, something after the present style of billy-cocks, with thick blue silk handkerchief and round white dots on it, his coat, a sort of chedle-swinger, and a gold watchguard passing round his neck and over his waistcoat; his clothing was all of good material and respectably made. The moment he saw me his face shone bright, and he seemed much pleased to meet me, and I may say I felt a similar pleasure towards him. Mind, this occurred in perfect daylight, no moonlight or darkness so essential an accompaniment to ghost stories; many people were passing and repassing at the time. You may be sure I did not stand in the middle of the street for about seven minutes talking and shaking hands with myself; someone would have had a laugh at me had that been the case. I almost at once, after the stereotyped compliments of the day, launched into the state of the odds respecting the St. Leger, and into the merits and demerits of various horses. He supplied me with what information I required, and we each went our way. He was a man considered to be well posted up in such matters, had cool judgment and discrimination; in fact, he was one of those that would not be

led away by what are called tips. I made a memorandum or two, shook his hand again, and passed on about my business, ordered my catalogues, etc.

I came back sauntering along towards the office, not now intending to see the party I had previously intended to see. As I got to the same part of P. Street, on my way back, I suddenly stood still, my whole body shook, and for the moment I tried to reason with myself. The man I had been speaking to was dead some four years before! Could it be possible that he had been buried alive? This is horribly shocking to think about, but such things have taken place. Decomposition being the only certain indication of death, might he not have been prematurely buried? But, if so, what had I to do with it? I had nothing to do with his death, but I am now sorry I do not know or recollect the particulars of his death and burial. I certainly saw his funeral.

As I stood in the street I tried to give utterance to my thoughts and feelings, but no, I felt a sort of dumbness, and fairly gasped for breath. I felt a cold shiver come over me, although the day was warm; the hair of my head seemed as if it would force my hat off; my very blood seemed to object to perform its duty.

The question might be asked: Was I unwell? had I been indulging too freely in stimulants? In both cases I answer, No! for at that time I was particularly moderate in the use of stimulants, or tobacco, and was enjoying the most robust health, such as I never enjoyed before or since, and had a constitution like a horse. Was I annoyed in my mind in any way? Not in the least. Was it really a vision of the departed? Let the reader judge for himself. I give it up. Had I been deceived in having met the man? No such thing. Then was it someone very like him? Nothing of the sort, for the very words that passed between us could come from no other lips but the man himself, substantial flesh and blood. Was it an optical delusion? for nothing is so deceptive as optical delusions. Certainly not; we sometimes believe we see

what we do not see, but in this case it was nothing of the sort, nor could it be somebody like him, it was him! As I said before, he had but one hand, and *his right hand was his left one*, in a sense. I had business transactions with him for many years. He had entirely slipped out of my memory for a length of time. That he was in or out of existence it never occurred to me for one moment till now; and the thought never presented itself throughout the interval between my going and coming, and perhaps never would have done, had I not gone the same way back, by way of P. Street, and passed the identical spot. It may be asked, am I, or was I, superstitious? I say, No, emphatically.

To conclude, and as I have several times said before, and as I again say, I gave a start, and said, Bless me! How can this be? Not an optical delusion, not it. What then? Nothing but a slight mystery, and I was confident I could easily solve it. Never was I more mistaken, for from that day to this I still remain in profound ignorance as to what was the cause or meaning of what I saw.

Mr. F. A. Whaite, writing to Mr. Gurney from Whaite's Fine Art Gallery, Bridge Street, Manchester, 16th October 1883, says:

You ask Mr. Stone if he ever mentioned the circumstances mentioned in your note of the 14th inst. [i.e. the above account]. He did name it to me and my parents the same day; and I believe it was the truth, for he was so excited about it at the time.

An explanation which must be sometimes considered in regard to the subject matter of this volume is mistaken identity in its various forms — including under this head all the cases where we can suppose that what was taken for a phantasm was a living being in the flesh; and also cases where

there has been a mistake as to the fact of death, as when a person taken for a ghost has really been alive all along. About thirteen well-authenticated cases in the Proceedings of the S.P.R. may, perhaps, be explained in this way, though generally, it must be admitted, with some difficulty.

The perplexing incidents in the above narrative may possibly be accounted for by supposing that the man our informant talked to was a living man, and that he was mistaken as to which of his father's customers had died four years before. This explanation may seem far-fetched, but any other, whether 'psychical' or not, is very difficult. If the person accosted by Mr. Stone was another living man (not the old customer) the coincidence of the hook on the right arm is simply staggering. It clearly cannot have been an illusion or a trick, and a hallucination or a ghost behaving as this one did — touched, heard, seen, and talked to for several minutes, in broad daylight, in a public street, and presumably seen by all the passers-by, would be unique among the hallucinations and apparitions of our collection.

Case 47

For a very interesting collective experience in which she herself shared as a child I am indebted to the kindness of Miss Vivienne Lee of 2 Cheriton Avenue, Sale, Manchester:

I am wondering if an experience which occurred to me, when I was nine years of age, would be of any interest to you. The impression is as vivid to me today, as it was seventeen years ago.

When I was eight years old, I lost my favourite Uncle. No one explained to me why he failed to come to see us each week as usual. I suppose I have always been a pondering sort of person — I used to wonder if he were happy, and think of him often.

Time passed, and, as is natural at that age — I ceased to worry to the same extent, but often when alone I still questioned where he was, etc. I thought — if only I could see him just once, I would be satisfied.

One morning — about a year later — I was playing with my dolls — I remember just as though it was yesterday — I was kneeling on the floor; one particular doll was in disgrace and I said: ‘You will have to leave this class now, and go up there’ — at the words ‘up there’ I glanced upwards — towards the window. I remember dropping the doll, and the words burst from my lips: ‘Bunny — Bunny — there is Uncle Bert!’ (Bunny was our old maid, who was with me at the time.) Clearly outlined against the wall stood my uncle.

The strange thing is, and it is difficult to explain just what I mean on paper — time, as such, seemed to cease. My uncle seemed as though he had always been there, he looked happy — he held out his arms to me, and smiled — telling me not to worry any more.

When I say ‘telling me’ it again becomes difficult to describe what I mean. He did not speak as we speak — my mind seemed to be in contact with his mind — his lips did not move.

He had not a body like we have; I remember perfectly every detail, much more clearly than I remember physical events of a later date. I could clearly see through his body — the features were the same as before — the outline the same.

The window through which I was looking faced a brick wall, I could see the bricks through my Uncle’s form.

He did not move as we move — he seemed to glide, and the form appeared a greyish-white.

I rushed to the door near by, in my efforts to get outside and touch him, but he slowly vanished — into the air.

From that day I was satisfied.

I do not understand it, but I *know* beyond any doubt, I saw my Uncle.

I was certainly not thinking of him at this time, being far too much engrossed with my dolls.

The clearness of this event has never left me.

Miss Lee sends me this further letter with a plan of the house, in answer to a number of questions:

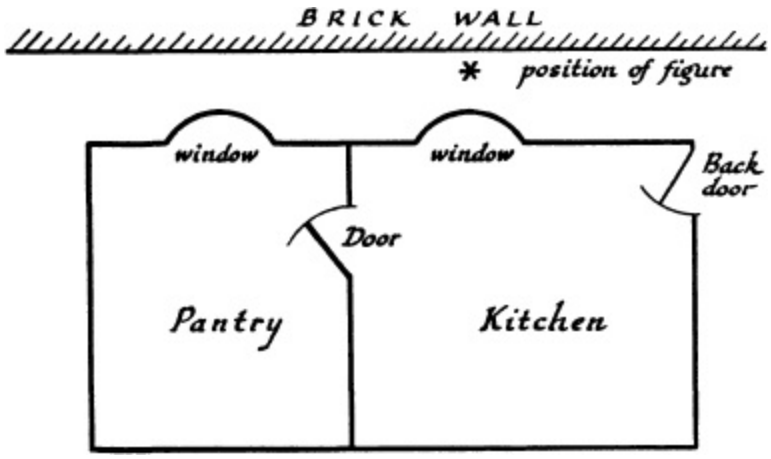
1. Our old maid Bunny is still alive and though she is bed-ridden, her mind is quite clear, and on my mentioning the subject to her this morning, she entirely confirms what she said before.

2. As regards the light, this was quite good, although not brilliant sunlight. The incident happened about eleven o'clock in the morning.

3. The figure of my uncle was outside the window.

4. The room was on the ground floor.

… I forget if I told you that our maid was in the pantry, and I in the kitchen, when I saw the figure of my uncle. Both kitchen and pantry windows face the same brick wall. My uncle stood between the kitchen window (a large one) and the brick wall, and by the time the maid had rushed from the pantry to the kitchen door, which we were eager to open, in order to run outside, my uncle was slowly gliding away. Bunny therefore, did not see his face as I did, though she recognized his figure. The bricks of the wall could be clearly seen through the figure, which was neither grey nor white, but a mixture between the two, and appeared very light. He did not speak, but I clearly understood mentally that he desired me to know that he was well and happy.



The following corroboration comes from Mrs. M. W. Cooke (‘Bunny’):

On the occasion referred to by Miss Lee, I was standing in the pantry, next door to the kitchen, when I heard the little girl cry, ‘Look, Bunny! There is Uncle Bert!’ I looked up quickly, and saw the figure of a man which I recognized as that of the child’s uncle, though I did not actually see the face. We ran quickly to the back door, with the intention of greeting the figure as soon as possible; but by the time we had opened the door, the figure was rapidly disappearing.

The little girl was, it seems, absolutely convinced that the figure, which she describes very carefully, was that of her uncle, whose smiling features were unmistakable. The old nurse also claims to have recognized the uncle, though she ‘did not actually see the face’.

Case 48

The next account of an American experience is forwarded by two ladies (March 1934):

We lived as children in the Tremont Hotel in Columbia, Pennsylvania, U.S.A. Our father was the English Rector of that parish and we spent our days in the Rectory, but slept and had our meals in the hotel.

One day on coming to the hotel we were told that we could not sleep in our own room, but were to sleep on the first floor in the large room always used for the brides and grooms or important people coming to stay. We were frightfully pleased and thought it great fun, on the third night we were told that we were to go back to our own room on the second floor. So after our evening meal we went upstairs to our own room, we went up a wide flight of stairs and as we turned to go down the passage a bedroom was at the end in which an old man slept, locally called ‘The Judge’, the door was open and we both saw this man standing in front of the window (which was opposite the door of the room) but to our amazement we could see through him, he was dressed in his usual black clothes. We did not say anything to each other but joined hands and ran as hard as we could down the passage to our own room, and said, ‘Whatever has happened to the Judge? he looked so queer,’ or words to that effect. We were so impressed that we told my father and he told us then that the Judge had died and had been buried that day, this was also the reason, we had been kept out of the way. I should have said we went to bed when it was still bright day.

Both my sister and I have vivid recollections of the strange sensation we experienced on seeing the old man (whom we had seen endless times before) with the light shining through him.

M. S. C. M.

In answer to your letter of the 12th inst. to my sister I am writing to say that I read the letter she sent you (of April 3rd) and it is quite correct. Unfortunately neither my sister or myself can recall the name of the man; he was called ‘Judge’ by everyone in the hotel, but in America that may be just a term of respect and has no official meaning. We lived in Columbia, Pennsylvania, U.S.A., between 1884 and 1890. I should think the ‘Judge’ died about ‘86. The only way one could find out would I think be to write to

the local paper and ask the name of such a man who died in the Tremont Hotel, about that date, as any friends we had there have moved away or died.

The local papers were: *The Columbia Spy* or *The Sun.*

This collective case of the strange apparition seen by two children is worth recording, though the events described happened so long ago that any corroboration from the United States may now be difficult. The two percipients, Miss M. S. M. and Miss E. H. M. who are sisters, desire to remain anonymous.

Case 49

Mrs. Milman, the mother of the percipient, wrote to me from Bushmead Avenue, Bedford (4th March 1934) as follows:

I am sending you an account of a child's sight of an apparition. We were living in King's Norton, Birmingham, at the time, and my third son, born during the last year of the War, was only five years old. On the evening in question, he had gone to bed very cheerfully and happily and we had left him in my bedroom, asleep or presumably so, in his own bed, his baby sister asleep in her cot, at the other end of this very large room.

That morning I had received a wire telling me that my grandmother, my mother's mother, had died very suddenly in London the day before. It had been a sad shock as we were greatly attached and I regretted not having been able to see her alive again; but D., my youngest son, had not seen her since our return from S. Africa when he was two and a half years old, and then only for a few minutes in London at our hotel on two or three occasions. I hardly think he could have remembered her except by the photos of her in my room and the gifts she sent him. I may have just mentioned her death to the child or he may have overheard it, but he was too young to really notice or

care. They all called her ‘Gran Gran’ as being their great grandmother. I heard him after he had been in bed sometime crying and calling out, ‘I want Mummie,’ the governess having gone in to him. I went upstairs and found him wide-awake, crying and in a great state of nervous agitation. I said, ‘Why D. what is the matter, darling?’ He pointed to a place in the room near his bed, and said he didn’t like Gran Gran being there and didn’t want her to stay with him, to ask her to go away! I said, ‘Why should you mind Gran Gran coming to see you, darling, you surely are not afraid of her?’ purposely treating it quite naturally. D. continued to cry and say, ‘Gran Gran looks so awful, she frightened me, tell her to go away.’ I said, ‘Gran Gran’s going away, darling,’ and called my husband, after a little we quieted him down and he fell asleep. Directly he woke in the morning, he said as his first words, ‘Why did Gran Gran look so horrid, and funny last night, Mummie?’ I hastily said, ‘Because she had been ill but she is quite well now.’ He seemed quite satisfied and never mentioned her again. I have read since then that in the case of some people who have suffered much, they still retain for three days after death, the look of the conditions of death, and that would account for the child’s fear.

Two corroborative statements have been received.

1. This is to confirm that D. told his mother that he had seen her grandmother the night after she died. My daughter, Mrs. Milman, wrote and told me of the incident at the time.

(Signed) C. A. CLARK-KENNEDY.

2. I remember as a boy, my mother telling me that my brother D. saw his great grandmother by his bedside the night after her death, and he was extremely upset.

(Signed) DERMOT L. K. MILMAN.

The definite impression made in this instance on quite a young child is one of a very large number of those apparitions seen by children which so deeply impressed Professor Richet, and almost persuaded him to abandon his anti-spiritist attitude. The facts were duly noted at the time, and are supported by the two corroborative letters.

Case 50

I am a Princess Christian Nursery Nurse, trained in 1910, and I am here in charge of two little girls, Joan aged eight and Amberley aged six, whose mother died in her sleep in 1929, aged twenty-eight. I came here when Amberley was nine months old and three weeks after her mother died. The mother had a perfectly charming personality, and everybody who has mentioned her to me has told me what a delightful girl she was. On July 24th, 1932, and two days after Amberley's birthday I was on my way to look at Joan before going to bed myself. She was sleeping in a room quite near to a flight of steps leading to a room on the third floor, and I saw, standing in the doorway of the stairs, a figure which could not have been anyone else but the mother. I recognized her from the pictures and photographs I have seen of her. She was dressed in a blue velvet frock (I did not know until afterwards that she had one). Her face was lighted up, I could see the sheen of the velvet and she was smiling beautifully at me. She did not move, and by the time I realized what I had seen she had gone and I have never seen her again or heard that anyone else in the house has. What I cannot understand is why I, who did not know her, should see her. I had never believed in anything of the kind before but I swear that this is an absolute fact.

Yours faithfully,

C. R.

Miss C. R., in answer to a further letter from me, writes (29th January 1936):

I will try to tell you the additional facts you wish to know. Some time after I had seen the vision, the children's maternal grandmother came to stop with us, and I told her what I had seen. I asked her if her daughter had a blue velvet frock, and she said at once, 'Yes, she had; she often wore it and everyone thought she looked so nice in it.' The grandmother has been here this week-end and confirmed this. I have never seen any of the dresses worn by the children's mother, for they had been taken away from the house before I went there. You may think it strange that I should know it was velvet in just the brief moment I saw her, but the reflection from the light on her beautiful face made a wonderful sheen on the frock, which made me know it was velvet. The whole thing, which I consider a very privileged experience, made the most lovely picture I have ever seen, and one which I shall never forget.

Although Miss C. R. is the only direct witness in this case, her testimony is corroborated by the pictures and photographs of the little girls' mother and also by the statement of the grandmother as to her daughter's special fondness for the blue velvet dress.

Case 51

I have slightly abbreviated this 'Record of a Haunted House', which was very carefully investigated by the late F. W. H. Myers, whose brief introduction to the case is here printed. It is the most complete narrative of its kind ever submitted to the S.P.R.

Record of a Haunted House
by Miss R. C. Morton

The first intimation which I received of the series of phenomena described below was in a letter received in December 1884 from Mr. J. W. Graham, now Principal of Dalton Hall, Manchester. Mr. Graham had heard an account from the gentleman mentioned below as Captain Morton; had written this account out from memory, and had got it revised by Captain and Miss Morton. This account, and Miss Morton's letters to Miss Campbell, which begin with the first appearance of the figure, are the earliest written records. Captain Morton was for a time unwilling to give further accounts, lest the house, which belonged to a friend of his, should again become depreciated in value, as it appears from Miss Morton's record it has previously been. But on May 1st, 1886 he permitted me to call upon him; and from that date onwards I visited him at intervals and took notes of what he told me. I also saw Miss Morton and Miss E. Morton, and I interviewed at their own homes Mrs. Twining, a charwoman, and Mrs. Brown, a former parlourmaid. In this case it is observable that the phenomena as seen or heard by all the witnesses were very uniform in character — even in the numerous instances where there had been no previous communication between the percipients. I have found practically no discrepancy in the independent testimonies, when collected.

Captain Morton's reluctance to allow the evidence to be collected until the haunting had ceased — a reluctance based on consideration for the owner of the house — has thus done less harm than might have been feared. It must be added that Captain M. and the members of his family in general, while feeling little scientific interest in the apparition, were unusually free from superstitious fears. Miss Morton, whose account is given below, is a lady of scientific training, now preparing to be a physician; and her narrative has received no accretions since I first heard it. The name Morton is substituted

for the real family name. With that exception the names and initials are the true ones. — (F. W. H. M.)

The house is a typical modern residence, square and commonplace in appearance. It is only separated from the road in front by railings with high gates and a short carriage-sweep. On one side, but completely detached, is another similar residence; on the other side, runs a cross road, shut out from the house by the small orchard, referred to in the account, and by the garden, which also extends some way at the back, being altogether of a very fair size. At the end of the garden are stabling and a small cottage, neither of which is in present use.

The whole is in thoroughly good repair; neither rats nor mice have ever been seen in the house, and there are no owls in the neighbourhood to account for any of the sounds heard.

It was built about the year 1860, on a site occupied by a market garden; while yet unfinished it was bought from the builders by the first occupant, Mr. S., an Anglo-Indian, who lived in it for about sixteen years. During this time, in the month of August, year uncertain, he lost his wife, to whom he was passionately attached, and to drown his grief took to drinking.

About two years later, Mr. S. married again. His second wife, a Miss I. H., was in hopes of curing him of his intemperate habits, but instead she also took to drinking, and their married life was embittered by constant quarrels, frequently resulting in violent scenes. The chief subjects of dispute were the management of the children (two girls, and either one or two boys, all quite young) of the first Mrs. S., and the possession of her jewellery, to preserve which for her children, Mr. S. had some of the boards in the small front sitting-room (*c*) taken up by a local carpenter and the jewels inserted in the receptacle so formed. Finally a few months before Mr. S.’s death, on the 14th July 1876, his wife separated from him and went to live in Clifton. She was

not present at the time of his death, nor, as far as is known, was she ever at the house afterwards.

She died on the 23rd September 1878, and her remains were brought back to the town to be interred in a churchyard about a quarter of a mile from the house in which she had lived.

After Mr. S.'s death his affairs were found to be much involved, and the house was sold as soon as a purchaser could be found. It was bought by Mr. L., an elderly gentleman, who, after thoroughly doing up the house, which was in a very dirty state, went there to live, with his wife, a lady of about his own age; two sons were there from time to time, but never for long together.

Old Mr. L. died rather suddenly within six months of going into this house. Mrs. L., the widow (still alive), moved into a smaller house, very soon after her husband's death and — remained empty for some years, probably four.

During this time there is no direct evidence of haunting, but when enquiry was made later on much hearsay evidence was brought forward: for example, an old job gardener, who often worked at the house opposite, is said to have frequently seen the figure of a tall lady in black in the garden of — . This old man was on inquiry found to be dead and his widow could not be traced.

A lady (Mrs. P.) who had at one time resided in the same town, and after an absence of some years returned there to live, was met by me at a friend's house, and expressed great interest in the apparition, which she said seemed to be identical with one seen in the same house shortly after the death of Mrs. S. After the lapse of time it was, however, found impossible to trace this story to its source. I was also told by a friend that during the summer of 1879 or 1880, the house was offered to a lady at a rental of £60, which is less than half of what is now asked and given. In April 1882 the house was let by the

representatives of the late Mr. L. to Captain Morton, and it is during his tenancy (not yet terminated) that the appearances recorded have taken place.

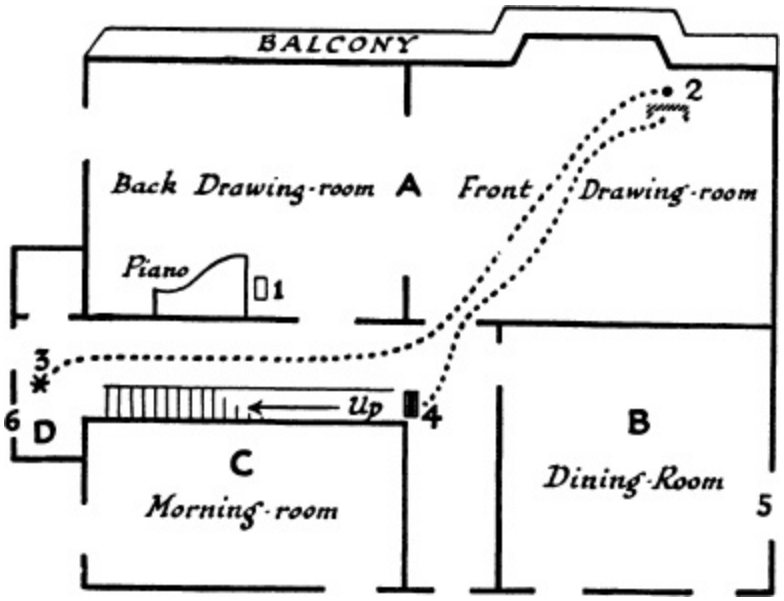
The family consists of Captain Morton himself; his wife, who is a great invalid, neither of whom saw anything; a married daughter, Mrs. K., then about twenty-six, who was only a visitor from time to time, sometimes with, but more often without, her husband; four unmarried daughters; myself, then aged nineteen, who was the chief percipient; E., aged eighteen; L. and M. Morton, then fifteen and thirteen; two sons, one of sixteen, who was absent during the greater part of the time when the apparition was seen; the other, then six years old.

My father took the house in March 1882, none of us having then heard of anything unusual about it. We moved in towards the end of April, and it was not until the following June that I first saw the apparition.

I had gone up to my room, but was not yet in bed, when I heard someone at the door, and went to it, thinking it might be my mother. On opening the door, I saw no one; but on going a few steps along the passage, I saw the figure of a tall lady, dressed in black, standing at the head of the stairs. After a few moments, she descended the stairs, and I followed for a short distance, feeling curious what it could be. I had only a small piece of candle, and it suddenly burnt itself out; and being unable to see more, I went back to my room.

The figure was that of a tall lady, dressed in black of a soft woollen material, judging from the slight sound in moving. The face was hidden in a handkerchief held in the right hand. This is all I noticed then; but on further occasions, when I was able to observe her more closely, I saw the upper part of the left side of the forehead, and a little of the hair below. Her left hand was nearly hidden by her sleeve and fold of her dress. As she held it down a portion of a widow’s cuff was visible on both wrists, so that the whole

impression was that of a lady in widow's weeds. There was no cap on the head but a general effect of blackness suggests a bonnet, with long veil or a hood.



Plan of Ground Floor

The two drawing-rooms are separated by a wide archway formerly filled by folding doors.

1. Position of music stool, while sitting on which E. M. saw figure behind her, 12 July 1884.

2. Sofa on which figure sat, dot marking position behind which it took up when sofa was occupied.

3. Marks spot where figure usually disappeared.

4. Marks position of mat.

… Marks usual track of figure when followed downstairs, into drawing-room, along passage to garden door, where it disappeared.

5. Window looking on to orchard.

6. Garden door by which figure disappeared.

7. Small lobby from which stairs go down to basement, and a servants' staircase leads up to half-landing between ground and first floors.

During the next two years — from 1882 to 1884 — I saw the figure about half a dozen times; at first at long intervals, and afterwards at shorter, but I only mentioned these appearances to one friend, who did not speak of them to anyone.

During this period, as far as we know, there were only three appearances to anyone else.

1. In the summer of 1882 to my sister, Mrs. K., who had called at the house, and no further curiosity was aroused. She was coming down the stairs rather late for dinner at 6:30, it being then quite light, when she saw the figure cross the hall in front of her, and pass into the drawing-room. She then asked the rest of us, already seated at dinner, 'Who was that Sister of Mercy whom I have just seen going into the drawing-room?' She was told there was no such person, and a servant went to look; but the drawing-room was empty, and she was sure no one had come in. Mrs. K. persisted that she had seen a tall figure in black, with some white about it; but nothing further was thought of the matter.

2. In the autumn of 1883 it was seen by the housemaid about 10 p.m., she declaring that someone had got into the house, her description agreeing fairly with what I had seen; but as on searching no one was found, her story received no credit.

3. On or about December 18th, 1883, it was seen in the drawing-room by my brother and another little boy. They were playing outside on the terrace, when they saw the figure in the drawing-room close to the window, and ran in to see who it could be that was crying so bitterly. They found no one in the drawing-room, and the parlourmaid told them that no one had come into the house.

After the first time, I followed the figure several times downstairs into the drawing-room, where she remained a variable time, generally standing to the right hand side of the bow window. From the drawing-room she went along the passage towards the garden door, where she always disappeared.

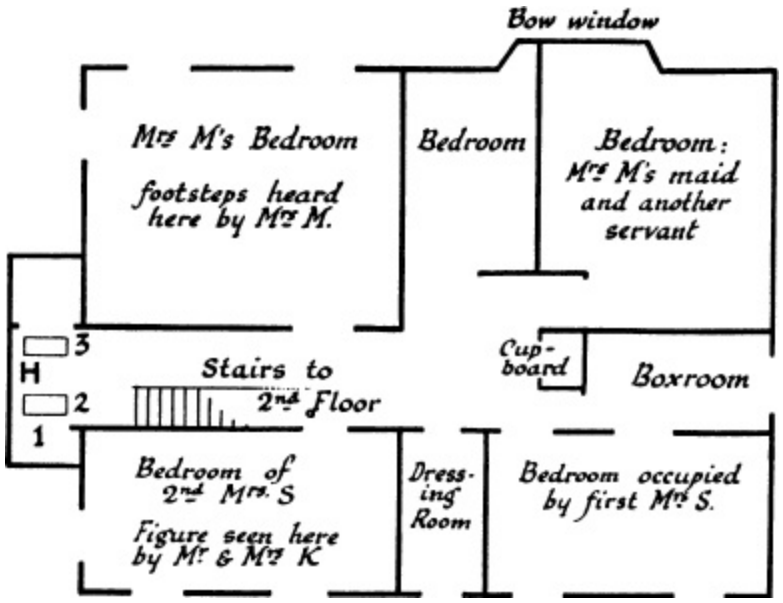
The first time I spoke to her was on the 29th January 1884. ‘I opened the drawing-room door softly and went in, standing just by it. She came in past me and walked to the sofa and stood still there, so I went up to her, and asked her if I could help her. She moved, and I thought she was going to speak, but she only gave a slight gasp and moved towards the door. Just by the door I spoke to her again, but she seemed to disappear as before.’ (Quoted from a letter written on January 31st.) In May and June, 1884, I tried some experiments, fastening strings with marine glue across the stairs at different heights from the ground — of which I give a more detailed account later on.

I also attempted to touch her, but she always eluded me. It was not that there was nothing there to touch, but that she always seemed to be *beyond* me, and if followed into a corner, simply disappeared.

During these two years the only *noises* I heard were those of slight pushes against my bedroom door, accompanied by footsteps; and if I looked out on hearing these sounds, I invariably saw the figure. ‘Her footstep is very light, you can hardly hear it, except on the linoleum, and then only like a person walking softly with thin boots on.’ (Letter on January 51st, 1884.) The appearances during the next two months — July and August 1884 — became much more frequent; indeed they were then at their maximum, from which time they seem gradually to have decreased, until now they seem to have ceased.

Of these two months I have a short record in a set of journal letters written at the time to a friend. On July 21st I find the following account. ‘I went into the drawing-room, where my father and sisters were sitting, about 9

in the evening, and sat down on a couch close to the bow window. A few minutes after, as I sat reading, I saw the figure come in at the open door, cross the room and take up a position close behind the couch where I was. I was astonished that no one else in the room saw her, as she was so very distinct to me. My youngest brother, who had seen her before, was not in the room. She stood behind the couch for about half an hour, and then as usual walked to the door. I went after her, on the excuse of getting a book, and saw her pass along the hall, until she came to the garden door, where she disappeared. I spoke to her as she passed the foot of the stairs, but she did not answer, although as before she stopped and seemed as though *about* to speak.' On July 31st, some time after I had gone up to bed, my second sister E., who had remained downstairs talking in another sister's room, came to me saying that someone had passed her on the stairs. I tried then to persuade her that it was one of the servants, but next morning found it could not have been so, as none of them had been out of their rooms at that hour, and E.'s more detailed description tallied with what I had already seen.



Plan of 1st Floor

H, Half-landing between ground floor and first floor.
1. Door opening from servants' staircase.
2. Stairs from ground floor.
3. Stairs up to first floor.

On the night of August 1st I again saw the figure. I heard the footsteps outside on the landing about 2 a.m. I got up at once, and went outside. She was then at the end of the landing at the top of the stairs, with her side view towards me. She stood there some minutes, then went downstairs, stopping again when she reached the hall below. I opened the drawing-room door and she went in, walked across the room to the couch in the bow window, stayed there a little, then came out of the room, went along the passage, and disappeared by the garden door. I spoke to her again, but she did not answer.

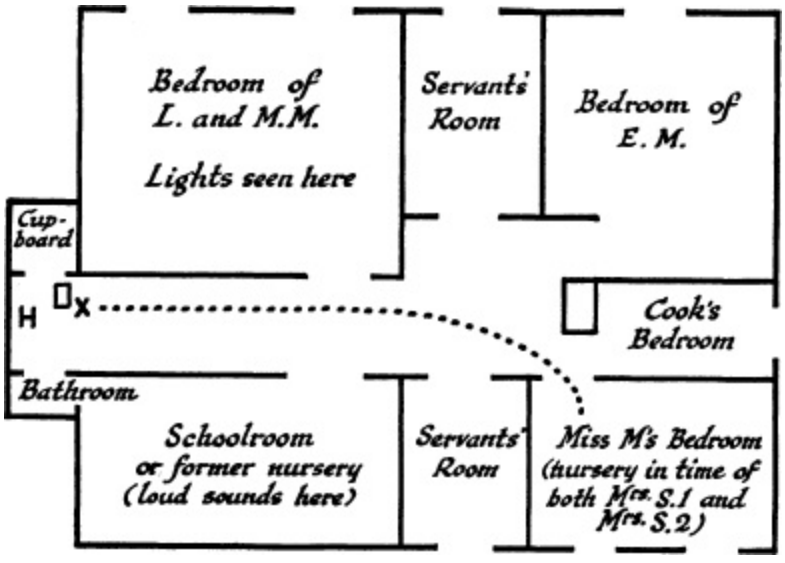
On the night of August 2nd the footsteps were heard by my three sisters and by the cook, all of whom slept on the top landing — also by my married sister, Mrs. K., who was sleeping on the floor below. They all said the next morning that they had heard them very plainly pass and repass their doors. The cook was a middle-aged and very sensible person; on my asking her the following morning if any of the servants had been out of their rooms the night before, after coming up to bed, she told me that she had heard these footsteps before, and that she had seen the figure on the stairs one night when going down to the kitchen to fetch hot water after the servants had come up to bed. She described it as a lady in widow's dress, tall and slight, with her face hidden in a handkerchief held in her right hand. Unfortunately we have since lost sight of this servant; she left us about a year afterwards on her mother's death, and we cannot now trace her. She also saw the figure outside the kitchen windows on the terrace-walk, she herself being in the kitchen; it was then about 11 in the morning, but having no note of the occurrence, I cannot

now remember whether this appearance was subsequent to the one above mentioned.

These footsteps are very characteristic, and are not at all like those of any of the people in the house; they are soft and rather slow, though decided and even. My sisters would not go out on the landing after hearing them pass, nor would the servants, but each time when I have gone out after hearing them, I have seen the figure there.

On August 5th I told my father about her and what we had seen and heard. He was much astonished, not having seen or heard anything himself at that time — neither then had my mother, but she is slightly deaf, and is an invalid.

He made inquiries of the landlord (who then lived close by) as to whether he knew of anything unusual about the house, as he had himself lived in it for a short time, but he replied that he had only been there for three months, and had never seen anything unusual.



Plan of 2nd Floor

H, Half-landing between first and second floors.

X, Marks position of figure when first seen by Miss M.

… Marks course from Miss M.'s bedroom door to head of stairs, where figure usually paused, looking towards bathroom door, and then continued straight down the stairs, not stopping on the first floor, and on the ground floor pursuing the course marked.

On August 6th, a neighbour, General A., who lived opposite, sent his son to inquire after my married sister, as he had seen a lady crying in our orchard, which is visible from the road. He had described her to his son, and afterwards to us, as a tall lady in black, and a bonnet with a long veil, crying, with a handkerchief held up to her face. He did not know my sister by sight, as she had only been with us a few days, and had been out very little, but he knew that she was in mourning for her baby son. My sister was not in the orchard that day at all, is rather short, and wore no veil.

This was the second time the figure had been mistaken for that of a real person, the outlines being very distinct, and the whole appearance solid.

The same evening this General A. came over to our house, and we all took up various stations to watch for the figure, which, however, was not seen by anyone.

That night my brother-in-law and sister distinctly heard footsteps going first up the stairs and then down. This was about 2 a.m.

On the evening of August 11th we were sitting in the drawing-room, with the gas lit but the shutters not shut, the light outside getting dusk, my brothers and a friend having just given up tennis, finding it too dark; my eldest sister, Mrs. K., and myself both saw the figure on the balcony outside, looking in at the window. She stood there some minutes, then walked to the end and back again, after which she seemed to disappear. She soon after came into the drawing-room, when I saw her, but my sister did not.

The same evening my sister E. saw her on the stairs as she came out of a room on the upper landing.

The following evening, August 12th, while coming up the garden I walked towards the orchard, when I saw the figure cross the orchard, go along the carriage drive in front of the house, and in at the open side door, across the hall and into the drawing-room, I following. She crossed the drawing-room, and took up her usual position behind the couch in the bow window. My father came in soon after, and I told him she was there. He could not see the figure, but went up to where I showed him she was. She then went swiftly round behind him, across the room, out of the door, and along the hall, disappearing as usual near the garden door, we both following her. We looked out into the garden, having first to unlock the garden door, which my father had locked as he came through, but saw nothing of her.

On August 12th, about 8 p.m., and still quite light, my sister E. was singing in the back drawing-room. I heard her stop abruptly, come out into the hall, and call me. She said she had seen the figure in the drawing-room, close behind her as she sat at the piano. I went back into the room with her, and saw the figure in the bow window in her usual place. I spoke to her several times, but had no answer. She stood there for about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour; then went across the room to the door, and along the passage, disappearing in the same place by the garden door.

My sister M. then came in from the garden, saying she had seen her coming up the kitchen steps outside. We all three then went out into the garden, when Mrs. K. called out from a window on the first story that she had just seen her pass across the lawn in front, and along the carriage drive towards the orchard. This evening then, altogether four people saw her. My father was then away, and my youngest brother was out.

On the morning of August 14th the parlour-maid saw her in the dining-room, about 8:30 a.m. having gone into the room to open the shutters. The room is very sunny, and even with all the shutters closed it is quite light, the

shutters not fitting well, and letting sunlight through the cracks. She had opened one shutter, when, on turning round, she saw the figure cross the room. We were all on the look-out for her that evening, but saw nothing; in fact, whenever we had made arrangements to watch, and were especially expecting her, we never saw anything. This servant, who afterwards married, was interviewed by Mr. Myers at her own home.

On August 16th I saw the figure on the drawing-room balcony, about 8:50 p.m. She did not afterwards come into the room, as on the former occasion. On looking out at the side door, nothing could be seen.

The gardener said that he had seen the figure on the balcony that morning early, about six o'clock.

During the rest of that year and the following, 1885, the apparition was frequently seen through each year, especially during July, August and September. In these months the three deaths took place, viz. Mr. S. on July 14th, 1876, the first Mrs. S. in August, and the second Mrs. S. on September 23rd.

The apparitions were of exactly the same type, seen in the same places and by the same people, at varying intervals.

The footsteps continued, and were heard by several visitors and new servants, who had taken the places of those who had left, as well as by myself, 4 sisters and brother; in all about 20 people, many of them not having previously heard of the apparition or sounds.

Other sounds were also heard in addition which seemed gradually to increase in intensity. They consisted of walking up and down on the second-floor landing, of bumps against the doors of the bedroom, and of the handles of doors turning. The bumps against the bedroom doors were so marked as to terrify a new servant, who had heard nothing of the haunting, into the belief that burglars were breaking into her room, while another servant, who had a

slight attack of facial hemiplegia, attributed it to terror caused by attempts at her door worse than usual one night; the doctor, however, thought the attack was caused by cold rather than fright.

A second set of footsteps was also heard, heavy and irregular, constantly recurring, lasting a great part of the night, often three or four times a week. On the first floor the same noises are heard, especially in the front right-hand room, formerly used by Mr. and Mrs. S.

Louder sounds were also heard in the summer of 1885, heavy thuds and bumpings, especially on the upper landing.

These facts were kept quiet, on account of the landlord, who feared they might depreciate the value of the house, and any new servants were not told of them, though to anyone who *had* already heard of them we carefully explained the harmless nature of the apparition. Some left us on account of the noises, and we never could induce any of them to go out of their rooms after they had once gone up for the night.

During this year, at Mr. Myers' suggestion, I kept a photographic camera constantly ready to try to photograph the figure but on the few occasions I was able to do so, I got no result; at night, usually only by candle-light, a long exposure would be necessary for so dark a figure, and this I could not obtain. I also tried to communicate with the figure, constantly speaking to it and asking it to make signs, if not able to speak, but with no result. I also tried especially to *touch* her, but did not succeed. On cornering her, as I did once or twice, she disappeared.

Some time in the summer of this year (1886) Mrs. Twining, our regular charwoman, saw the figure, while waiting in the hall at the door leading to the kitchen stairs, for her payment. Until it suddenly vanished from her sight, as no real figure could have done, she thought it was a lady visitor who had

mistaken her way. Mr. Myers interviewed her on December 29th, 1889, and has her separate account.

On one night in July 1886 (my father and I being away from home) my mother and her maid heard a loud noise in an unoccupied room over their heads. They went up, but seeing nothing and the noise ceasing, they went back to my mother's room on the first story. They then heard loud noises from the morning-room on the ground floor. They then went half way downstairs, when they saw a bright light in the hall beneath. Being alarmed, they went up to my sister E., who then came down, and they all three examined the doors, windows, etc., and found them all fastened as usual. My mother and her maid then went to bed. My sister E. went up to her room on the second story, but as she passed the room where my two sisters L. and M. were sleeping, they opened their door to say that they had heard noises, and also seen what they described as the *flame* of a candle, without candle or hand visible, cross the room diagonally from corner to door. Two of the maids opened the doors of their two bedrooms, and said that they had also heard noises; they all 5 stood at their doors with their lighted candles for some little time. They all heard steps walking up and down the landing between them; as they passed they felt a sensation which they described as 'a cold wind', though their candles were not blown about. They *saw* nothing. The steps then descended the stairs, re-ascended, again descended, and did not return.

In the course of the following autumn we heard traditions of earlier haunting, though, unfortunately, in no case were we able to get a first-hand account.

1. A job gardener, who had worked several times a week at a house on the opposite side of the road, was reported to have several times seen a figure in our garden before we occupied the house. We found, however, that he had

died, and the whereabouts of his widow, who had left the town, were not known.

2. I met a lady at a friend's house, who told me that, when living in the town seven or eight years before, she had frequently been told that the house and garden were haunted by Mrs. S.

3. The apparition was mentioned by my uncle (since dead) at a mess-table in Halifax, Nova Scotia, when an officer then present said that while in the town seven or eight years before, he had been told that the house was haunted, and remembered looking up at the windows with interest as he rode past to see if he could see anything at them.

We also now heard from a carpenter who had done jobs in the house in Mrs. S.'s time, that Mrs. S. had wished to possess herself of the first Mrs. S.'s jewels. Her husband had called him in to make a receptacle under the boards in the morning room on the ground floor, in which receptacle he placed the jewels, and then had it nailed down and the carpet replaced. The carpenter showed us the place. My father made him take up the boards; the receptacle was there, but empty.

My father thought that there might be something hidden near the garden door, where the figure usually disappeared. The boards were taken up, and nothing was there but the original shavings and dust.

My father went to Bristol, and there found the register of Mrs. S.'s death, which had taken place on September 23rd, 1878, from dipsomania and intervening sub-gastritis. He called on the doctor who had attended her, and asked him if there had been any disfigurement of the face which would account for its persistent concealment. He remembered the case, and said that there had not been any disfigurement, though the face had become more full and round.

During 1887 we have few records; the appearances were less frequent.

On Friday, February 4th, my sister E. was coming downstairs at about 7:50 p.m., when she saw the figure moving across the hall from the front door to the drawing-room, she herself being at the top of the first flight of stairs. The gas was lighted in the hall at the time. In an interview with Mr. Myers on February 14th, she told him that she thought this was about the 10th time she had seen the figure. She went on into the dining-room and told my father; they called me from the morning-room, and we all three went into the drawing-room, of which the door was shut. Nothing was to be seen or heard.

During the next two years, 1887 to 1889, the figure was very seldom seen, though footsteps were heard; the louder noises had gradually ceased.

From 1889 to the present, 1892, so far as I know, the figure has not been seen at all; the lighter footsteps lasted a little longer, but even they have now ceased.

The figure became much less substantial on its later appearances. Up to about 1886 it was so solid and life-like that it was often mistaken for a real person. It gradually became less distinct. At all times it intercepted the light; we have not been able to ascertain if it cast a shadow. I should mention that it has been seen through window-glass, and that I myself wear glasses habitually, though none of the other percipients do so. The upper part of the figure always left a more distinct impression than the lower, but this may partly be due to the fact that one naturally looks at people's faces before their feet.

Proofs of Immateriality

1. I have several times fastened fine strings across the stairs at various heights before going to bed, but after all others have gone up to their rooms. These were fastened in the following way: I made small pellets of marine glue, into which I inserted the ends of the cord, then stuck one pellet lightly against the wall and the other to the banister, the string being thus stretched

across the stairs. They were knocked down by a very slight touch, and yet would not be felt by anyone passing up or down the stairs, and by candle-light could not be seen from below. They were put at various heights from the ground, from six inches to the height of the banisters, about three feet.

I have twice at least seen the figure pass through the cords, leaving them intact.

2. The sudden and complete disappearance of the figure, while still in full view.

3. The impossibility of touching the figure. I have repeatedly followed it into a corner, when it disappeared, and have tried to suddenly pounce upon it, but have never succeeded in touching it or getting my hand up to it, the figure eluding my touch.

4. It has appeared in a room with the doors shut.

On the other hand, the figure was not called up by a desire to see it, for on every occasion when we had made special arrangements to watch for it, we never saw it. On several occasions we have sat up at night hoping to see it, but in vain — my father, with my brother-in-law, myself with a friend three or four times, an aunt and myself twice, and my sisters with friends more than once; but on none of these occasions was anything seen. Nor have the appearances been seen after we have been talking or thinking much of the figure.

The figure has been connected with the second Mrs. S.; the grounds for which are:

1. The complete history of the house is known, and if we are to connect the figure with any of the previous occupants, she is the only person who in any way resembled the figure.

2. The widow’s garb excludes the first Mrs. S.

3. Although none of us had ever seen the second Mrs. S., several people who *had* known her identified her from our description. On being shown a photo-album containing a number of portraits, I picked out one of her sister as being most like that of the figure, and was afterwards told that the sisters were much alike.

4. Her step-daughter and others told us that she especially used the front drawing-room in which she continually appeared, and that her habitual seat was on a couch placed in a similar position to ours.

5. The figure is undoubtedly connected with the house, none of the percipients having seen it anywhere else, nor had any other hallucination.

Conduct of Animals in the House

We have strong grounds for believing that the apparition was seen by two dogs.

1. A retriever who slept in the kitchen was on several occasions found by the cook in a state of terror, when she went into the kitchen in the morning — being a large dog, he was not allowed upstairs; he was also seen more than once coming from the orchard thoroughly cowed and terrified. He was kindly treated and not at all a nervous dog.

2. A small Skye terrier, whom we had later, was allowed about the house; he usually slept on my bed, and undoubtedly heard the footsteps outside the door. I have notes of one occasion, on October 27th, 1887. The dog was then suffering from an attack of rheumatism, and very disinclined to move, but on hearing the footsteps it sprang up and sniffed at the door.

Twice I remember seeing this dog suddenly run up to the mat at the foot of the stairs in the hall, wagging its tail, and moving its back in the way dogs do when expecting to be caressed. It jumped up, fawning as it would do if a person had been standing there, but suddenly slunk away with its tail between its legs, and retreated trembling, under a sofa. We were all strongly under the

impression that it had seen the figure. Its action was peculiar, and was much more striking to an onlooker than it could possibly appear from a description.

The cat, as a rule, lives only in the kitchen; we have never noticed anything peculiar about her behaviour.

In conclusion, as to the feelings aroused by the presence of the figure, it is very difficult to describe them; on the first few occasions, I think the feeling of awe at something unknown, mixed with a strong desire to know more about it, predominated. Later, when I was able to analyse my feelings more closely, and the first novelty had gone off, I felt conscious of a feeling of *loss*, as if I had lost power to the figure.

Most of the other percipients speak of feeling a cold wind, but I myself have not experienced this.

In writing the above account, my memory of the occurrences has been largely assisted by reference to a set of journal letters written at the time, and by notes of interviews held by Mr. Myers with my father and various members of our family.

R. C. MORTON.

April 1st, 1892.

See also separate accounts of:

I. Miss E. Morton.

II. My brother, W. H. C. Morton.

III. Mrs. K.

IV. Mrs. Brown.

V. Mrs. Twining.

I

(1) The first time I saw anything unusual in the house was in July, 1884. Crossing the upper landing, after having come to bed at about 11:15 p.m., I had an impression of something unusual, which caused me to start back, and

then some little way in front of me I saw a figure as of a widow in black preceding me down the stairs. I watched it down one flight, and it then disappeared; of course, in this position it had its back to me.

(2) The next time I saw the figure was one evening at about eight o'clock, in July 1885, a fine evening and quite light. I was sitting alone in the drawing-room singing, when suddenly I felt a cold, icy shiver, and I saw the figure bend over me, as if to turn over the pages of my song. I called my sister who was in another room. She came at once, and said she could see it still in the room, though I then could not.

(3) After coming up to bed, one night in July 1886, my mother, myself, and one of the maids heard noises downstairs in the hall. On going down to investigate the cause, we saw nothing, and the noises ceased. After again returning to the top landing, the 'noises' began again. It sounded as if people were throwing heavy articles, such as boots, across the passage and down the stairs. Door handles seemed to rattle too, the night being still and no one about. Two maids and my two sisters and myself listened on the top landing, with lighted candles in our hands, when we distinctly heard the footsteps pass and re-pass us quite close, but saw nothing, most of us feeling what we term the 'icy shiver'.

(4) I had just gone upstairs, on 4th February 1887, to fetch some prescriptions for my father, when I saw the same figure preceding me down the stairs. It went into the drawing-room, which was then not being used. My father and I lighted a candle, and stayed in the room for some little time, but saw nothing.

The figure appears to me as that of a tall woman in old-fashioned widow's weeds, with the left hand partly hidden under the folds of her dress, and the right hand with a handkerchief placed to her face, almost obscuring

the whole of the face, with the exception of the upper part of the forehead and hair. The hands are long and very well shaped.

EDITH MORTON.

II

(1) On or about December 18th, 1883, I was playing with a school-friend on the path in front of the drawing-room windows, when on looking up at the drawing-room we both saw a tall figure in black, holding a handkerchief to her face with her right hand, seated at the writing-table in the window, and therefore in full light. We came in at once, but on going into the room found no one there, and on making inquiries found that no stranger had been in the house that afternoon. At all events, it was full daylight at the time.

Since then I have seen the figure twice.

(2) Once when coming out of the drawing-room, about half-past eight (just after the gas had been lit throughout the house), I saw the figure going down the passage towards the side door, thus having her back to me. It finally disappeared in the direction of the kitchen stairs.

(3) The other time, on coming out of a room at the end of a passage on the first landing, I saw it going along the passage towards the staircase, but it turned back and finally disappeared through the door of another bedroom. This was about six o'clock in the evening, the gas not yet being lit, and so the light was somewhat dim.

(4) Another time I was in the morning-room, and had a momentary glimpse of the figure, but not long enough to be absolutely certain of having seen it. This was in the evening, the gas having been lit both in the room and in the passage outside.

Besides these appearances I have occasionally heard noises like a person walking about with soft slippers, but on looking out I have seen nothing, and

sometimes the noises have stopped, but at other times have gone on without interruption.

Previously to seeing the appearances (1) and (2) I had heard nothing about anything unusual being seen in the house.

W. H. C. MORTON.

December 31st, 1891.

III

Whilst staying at —, in the autumn of 1883, I was coming down the stairs about five in the afternoon, when I saw a tall figure in black cross the hall, push open the drawing-room door, and go in. At the time I thought she was a Sister of Mercy, from her long veil, the figure being entirely substantial, and like that of a real person, although on others making inquiries, no one had called.

This, I may mention, was the year before I heard of any appearance being known of in the house. At another time I thought I saw her in the summer of 1884 looking in at the drawing-room window from outside. This time the figure was not so distinct, the gas being lit in the room, while it was semi-dark outside. Soon after my sister, who had also seen her, saw her enter the room; but she was not then visible to me.

I saw the figure once more in the spare room at night, having been awakened, as I constantly was, by footsteps in the room. I often heard footsteps at night up and downstairs, like a person wearing flat list or cloth slippers, and I have heard the swish of woollen drapery, and on several occasions the sound of heavy bodies on the landings and against the doors, and over head the handles of doors turned, the sound of something heavy being dragged overhead, on the top story. My husband and nurse have heard the same.

I myself was much terrified at the sounds.

F. M. K.

March 29th, 1892.

IV

(I called, February 15th, 1890, on Mrs. Brown, 10 Mitre Street, St. Luke's, C., and heard from her the following account, which I wrote down the same evening and took to her today, February 16th, when she read, corrected and signed it. — F. W. H. M.)

About seven years ago I went as parlourmaid to —. At that time nothing had been said about the ghost, although I believe that Miss Rose (the eldest Miss M.) had seen it for about a year.

I think that the first person besides Miss Rose who saw it was Master Willy. He was then about eight or nine years old, and was playing in the garden with another young gentleman, when they both looked in through the drawing-room window, and saw a widow in the room.

The next time that it was seen was by Mrs. K., the married sister who used to come and stay a month or so in the house every year. She had been there three days when she said that she had seen a widow in the drawing-room.

So all those in the house knew, but when a new servant came we used to take care not to tell her, because it was hard to get a girl to stay.

Some months after the thing became known, I was alone in the house one evening with Lizzie, a new cook (I do not know her address now), and we were standing at the door of the servants' hall, on the basement floor. The passage was lit with gas. Lizzie had heard nothing of the ghost, I am sure. Suddenly we both saw a dark shadowy figure, dressed in black, and making no noise, glide past us along the passage and disappear round a corner. Neither of us spoke as it passed; but directly after we looked at each other, and each saw that the other had seen it, and we mentioned it to each other.

We had seen just the same thing. I have myself never seen any white handkerchief up to her face. The figure has never looked to me quite solid; but it has always vanished too quickly for me to look closely at it.

The next time that I saw it was in the drawing-room, when I went in to light the gas at dusk on a summer's evening. I saw a dark figure walk round the ottoman and disappear. I was not much frightened.

I saw it twice more, both times in the drawing-room. Once it was as I was lighting the gas, as I had seen it before. The other time was when I entered the room in the morning and had taken down one shutter. I then saw it close by me, and was frightened, and called another servant to come to me. I stayed on in the place and was married from there. One housemaid while I was there saw the figure, she said, on the road just outside the gates. She said that she saw her face.

M. E. BROWN.

V

December 29th, 1889, 5 p.m.

(I have just called on Mrs. Twining, charwoman, Chapel Place, Great Norwood Street. Mrs. Twining is a sensible, trustworthy person, who has worked for the Mortons for eight or nine years. She is illiterate, and I dispensed with her signature, but made notes during my visit from which this account is taken. — F. W. H. M.)

About three years ago, one summer evening between eight and nine, when it was twilight, I had been at work at the Mortons and was waiting for my pay. I stood at the top of the kitchen stairs, where there is a door into the garden behind the house. I saw a lady pass by, rather tall, in black silk, with white collar and cuffs, a handkerchief in her hand, and a widow's fall. I had heard about the ghost, but it never struck me that this figure could be a ghost

— it looked so like an ordinary person. I thought that someone had come to call and missed her way to the door. The family were at tea and I was merely waiting, so out of curiosity I followed the lady round the house. Just outside the morning-room window she suddenly disappeared. I was quite near her; it was quite impossible that a real person could have got away.

I went into the house and began telling the housemaid that I had seen the ghost. She stopped me — pointing to the parlourmaid, a new one, whom they were anxious to keep in ignorance of the ghost — as the maids often left on account of it. The parlourmaid had seen from one of the windows the same figure, though she had not known that it was the ghost. I believe that she left at the month's end. The Morton family are very good, kind people.

The experiences here recorded continued for a period of at least seven years and the figure seen was invariably the same. Its identification with a lady, a previous occupant of the house, who died four years before the first appearance of the apparition to Miss M., seems fairly obvious.

One of many interesting points found throughout this strange record is that suggestion or anticipation, as an explanation of the phenomena, seem to be ruled out by the fact that on every occasion when members of the household or their friends sat up at night in the hope of seeing the figure it never appeared.

It seems incredible that during the many years which have elapsed since this almost unique narrative was compiled no similar cases have arisen in Great Britain. It may be that the same difficulties which met Mr. Myers on the threshold of this investigation may in our own day consign to silence and oblivion records of haunted houses which would furnish evidence of deep significance and value. The scientific interest of Miss Morton and the personal enthusiasm of Mr. Myers surmounted the initial obstacles in the case

before them; and it is precisely the combination of these two qualities which is, alas, so seldom available to-day in the pursuit of psychical research.

Case 52

The following case was brought to the notice of the S.P.R. by Mr. Arthur Findlay, a former member of the Society:

On the evening of Monday, the 5th December, 1958, a Mrs. X., living near Great Dunmow, Essex, first shot her husband and then committed suicide by shooting herself. The exact time when she did so is uncertain, but it was clearly established at the inquest, which was held on Friday, the 9th December, that it was round about 9 p.m. About 7:45 a.m. the following morning the 'daily help' on going to the house found a note in Mrs. X.'s handwriting, 'Don't go in, send for the police'. Mrs. X.'s body was found lying in the garden. The police were called in and sent for a surgeon at about 8:40 a.m.

The percipients, Mr. and Mrs. Dawson, live a mile or two away from the scene of the tragedy. The following is Mr. Dawson's account as given in a letter on the 17th January, 1939:

In reply to your letter of January 13th, my wife and I were motoring to London on December 6th, having left our house at 9:15 a.m., and some 5 minutes later we passed Mr. and Mrs. X.'s house, and walking towards us along the country bye-road outside the house was Mrs. X., hatless.

We *both* 'bowed good-morning' to her, and she acknowledged our salutations with a 'bow and smile'.

We commented to each other about having seen her and drove on without further mention of the subject.

At about 9 p.m. that night we were told that Mrs. X. had shot Mr. X. and herself at about 9:30 p.m. on the night of December 5th, some twelve hours before we saw Mrs. X. We were naturally somewhat surprised at this and assured our informer that we had seen Mrs. X. at 9:30 a.m. on December 6th.

All times, etc. were checked up afterwards.

In acknowledging this letter the Hon. Secretary of the S.P.R. pointed out that the suggestion was sometimes made in connection with apparitions seen out of doors that there had been a mistake in the identity of the person seen and he inquired whether Mr. and Mrs. Dawson had had a clear enough view to be satisfied that nothing of that kind could have occurred. He also inquired whether Mr. or Mrs. Dawson first saw and recognized Mrs. X., and whether Mrs. Dawson would be willing to confirm the account given in her husband's letter of the 17th January.

To this Mr. Dawson replied as follows:

23. 1. 39.

Dear Sir,

Further to my letter of 17.1.39, I saw Mrs. X. first and said, 'There is Mrs. X.', and my wife must have first seen her at almost the identical moment that I did as we were in the front seat of the car and it has a very clear view to the front and sides.

Also Mrs. X. was the *only* person in sight on the road at the time, neither did we mistake any one else for her as she happened to be a very unmistakable woman owing to her style of hairdressing, etc. We passed within, say, 6 feet of her.

Mrs. Dawson wrote at the foot of the letter of the 17th January:

I concur with the account given in the above letter.

PART TWO

UNIDENTIFIED OR DOUBTFUL APPARITIONS

Case 53

This account of both auditory and visual phenomena was sent by Miss K. B. on 30th May 1890:

The circumstances I am about to relate occurred during two visits that I paid to Ireland in the months of August and September, 1880 and 1881. The house in which I stayed was really an old barracks, long disused, very old-fashioned, and surrounded by a high wall; in fact, I am told it was built during the time of Cromwell as a stronghold for his men.

The only inhabitants of these barracks were Captain C. (a retired officer who was in charge of the place), Mrs. C., three daughters and two servants. They occupied the central part of the building, the mess room being their drawing-room. The bedrooms are very lofty, and some are connected one with the other by doors leading into each other. The room I occupied was one adjoining two others, and these were occupied by the three daughters of Captain C., named E., G., and L. The first recollection I have of anything strange about the house is that each night I was awakened at about three o'clock a.m. (judging the time from the dawn which followed) by a tremendous noise apparently in the next suite of rooms, which were empty, and it sounded as if some huge iron boxes and other heavy things were being thrown about with great force. This continued for about half-an-hour, when in the room underneath (the kitchen) I heard the fire being violently poked about and raked for some minutes, immediately followed by a most terrible and distressing coughing of a man, very loud and violent. It seemed as if the exertion had brought on a paroxysm which he could not stop. I should here say that in large houses in Kilkenny the fires are not lighted every day, as the Kilkenny coal has the property of burning very slowly without flame, and it is only necessary to make it up every night about eleven o'clock, and in the

morning it is still clear and bright. I had heard about this coal, and I remember wondering why it was necessary for Captain C. to get up in the middle of the night to stir it so violently, and the horrid noises perplexed me; but as I am not a nervous subject I forgot all about it till the next night, when the very same thing occurred, and this time I felt a great desire to awaken the girls in the next rooms, but did not like to.

The next day I said to E., ‘E, I hear such strange noises every night, are any people in the adjoining part of the building?’ She turned very pale, and looking earnestly at me, said, ‘Oh, K., I am so sorry you heard, I hoped no one but myself heard it. I would have given worlds to have spoken to you last night, but dared not move or speak! I was bathed in perspiration with terror.’

I laughed at her and said, ‘Why, E., one would think to see you, you thought it was ghosts!’ She said, ‘Oh, I don’t *think*, but *know*, and it is so dreadful, this goes on night after night,’ and then she went on to tell me that the place was said to be haunted, and told me a lot of weird things that had been seen and heard. My answer to this was a disdainful laugh, and I said, ‘Oh, you Irish people are full of superstition; you think everything that happens is supernatural.’ After this the subject was not mentioned again, and I did not feel a bit scared when the same things went on at night during the rest of my week’s visit. I went home, forgetting all about it till the following year, when I again visited my friends and spent six weeks there.

This time there were two other visitors besides myself, a Colonel and Mrs. C. They occupied the tri-une room, where I had been before, and to me was allotted a huge room on the top of the house with a long corridor leading to it. The girls were in a large room opposite mine.

I don’t remember once thinking of the strange occurrences of the former visit till one morning when I was awakened about four o’clock (I should think) by a very noisy martial footstep ascending the stairs, and then

marching quickly up and down the corridor outside my room. Then suddenly the most violent coughing took place that I ever heard, which continued for some time (it seemed ages to me) while the quick heavy step continued its vigorous march. At last the footsteps faded away in the distance, and I then recalled to mind the very same coughing after exertion last year.

At breakfast that morning I said, ‘Oh, Captain C., what a horrible cough you have.’ He looked surprised and answered, ‘I a cough? why I haven’t a bit of one.’ I then turned to Colonel C. and said, ‘Was it you, Colonel, who were making such a noise at four o’clock this morning?’ He said, ‘Faith, you won’t catch me prowling about at such unearthly hours! and I haven’t the shadow of a cough.’ I noticed that all the C. family looked uncomfortable, and nothing more was said till E. came to me in a most mysterious manner with tears in her eyes and said,’ Oh, K., please don’t say another word about that dreadful coughing; we all hear it often, and especially when anything dreadful is going to happen. Mother can’t bear to hear it mentioned, and we don’t want L. to hear it mentioned, she is so delicate and easily upset!’ After this I thought, come what will, I’ll say nothing more, but I would give a good deal to fathom it all!

Some nights after we had been having a dance (indeed we did this most nights), but on this particular evening when I went up to bed, the moon was shining so brilliantly that I was able to read my Bible by its light, and I left the Bible open on the windowsill, which was a very high one and on which I sat to read, having had to climb the washstand to reach it. The blinds were not drawn, as I liked the light, and I soon got to bed and fell fast asleep. I could not have been long asleep when I was suddenly awakened by a strange feeling that some one was in the room. I opened my eyes and turned round, and opposite me on the windowsill where I had been sitting before going to bed, I saw in the moonlight (which was still very bright, though not shining

direct into the room) a long, very thin, very dark black figure bending over the Bible and apparently earnestly scanning the page. It took only a second to see this, but, as if my movement disturbed the figure, it suddenly darted up, jumped off the window-ledge, on to the washstand, and thence to the ground, and flitted quickly across the room, which was very large, and contained a large round table at the other end on which were a lot of bangles and other silver ornaments. I tried to see where the figure was, but I could only hear a slight jingle as if some one were feeling quietly my bangles and rings. I thought it might be a servant walking in her sleep, or perhaps some one to steal my jewelry. I sat up and looked hard over in the corner of the room, but could see nothing. I then determined to wait till the figure should go out of the room, which could not be done without my seeing it pass in the light of the window, but, although I did not take my eyes off the spot till daylight fairly set in, I saw nothing further, and am convinced that nothing and no one left the room.

In the morning G. C. brought my breakfast to me in bed, as she said I must be tired after our dancing, and indeed I *was* tired, but not from dancing! When she came I said, ‘G., I have seen your ghost at last!’ She said not a word but rushed out of the room.

When I next saw her I said, ‘G., you don’t believe what I told you about the ghost, but it’s true!’ and then I related to her the events of the night. She said, ‘Oh, yes, indeed I believe it only too well! that is just what dear H. saw before he died!’ (H. was her brother, who died of consumption, aged twenty-four.) I said, ‘I hope you don’t mean I am going to die,’ and she said, ‘Something always happens after that appears.’ I may as well add here that nothing dreadful *did* happen. I heard afterwards that a Colonel had cut his throat in that very room many years before, and that the place has ever since been haunted.

One of the most commonly reported features in cases of ‘haunted houses’ is the frequent occurrence of alarming and unaccountable noises. We must remember that such noises are generally though not invariably reported to be heard at night, when mistakes are especially liable to occur, because the real sounds audible at night are often comparatively unfamiliar, while the impressions derived from them cannot be corrected by the sense of sight.

At the same time, the sounds described in this instance were sometimes such that it is difficult to conceive of any ordinary explanation of them which would not have been discovered by the persons living in the house, and constantly looking out for some such explanation.

Case 54

The following is a good collective case, with auditory as well as visual phenomena. Accounts of the apparition are furnished on three distinct occasions by three separate witnesses, who were personally known to Professor Henry Sidgwick and Professor Barrett.

In relating simply what I saw one July morning in the year 1873, I will first describe the room in which I saw it. It is a bedroom with a window at either end, and a door and a fireplace at opposite sides; the door is nearer the front window, and the room is on the upper story of a two-storied house, as you know, some miles from the city of D. The house is an old one, said to have been built before the Rebellion; it has all the appearance of dating as far back as that, at least, the walls being usually thick, and the roof high-pointed and uneven. A large old-fashioned garden lies in front, and a yard opening upon the public road at the rear. The occupants at the time I speak of were my brother Henry, myself, and a servant woman. The latter slept in a room in the basement. A lobby divided my brother’s room from mine. On the night before the morning above-mentioned, I had locked my door, as usual, and

having undressed and put out my light, I fell into a sound, dreamless sleep. I awakened, I should think, about three o'clock in the morning — of the exact time I am not sure — with my face to the front window. One of my oddities consists in disliking cross lights, so that I had got into the habit of having the blind of the back window drawn and the shutters closed at night, and of leaving the blind raised and the shutters open towards the front, liking to see the trees and sky when I awakened.

Opening my eyes now I saw right before me the figure of a woman, stooping down and apparently looking at me. Her head and shoulders were wrapped in a common grey woollen shawl. Her arms were folded, and they were also wrapped, as if for warmth, in the shawl. I looked at her in horror, and dared not cry out lest I might move the awful thing to speech or action. I lay and looked and felt as if I should lose my reason. Behind her head I saw the window and the growing dawn, the looking-glass upon the toilette table, and the furniture in that part of the room. After what may have been only seconds — of the duration of this vision I cannot judge — she raised herself and went backwards towards the window, stood at the toilette table, and gradually vanished — I mean she grew by degrees transparent, and that through the shawl and the grey dress she wore I saw the white muslin of the tablecover again, and at last saw that only in the place where she had stood. I have heard people speak of lying 'without moving a muscle'. For hours I lay as I had lain on first awaking, not daring even to turn my eyes lest on the other side of the bed I should see her again, and first had courage to stir when the servant came to call me. Now there is one thing of which I could take my oath, and that is, that I did not mention this circumstance either to my brother or our servant. I was almost morally certain that if I had done so the latter, whom we valued, would leave us, and that the former would turn me into ridicule. We had been only about four months in that neighbourhood, and had

few acquaintances, and I am equally certain that I mentioned the occurrence to none of them. At the distance of about a mile and a half from us lived a family with whom I had long been intimate, but to whom my brother had not then been introduced. After passing a sleepless night with a perfect glare of lamp-light about me, and not daring even to close my eyes, I started on the second day to see my friends and consult with them. As we sat at luncheon I told them about it, half dreading the ridicule of my host, but though he smiled at first he went gravely into it, and proved in a sensible, matter-of-fact way, entirely to his satisfaction, that the apparition was attributable to the state of the drainage or that of my stomach. His wife and daughter were sorry for my evident nervousness, and, I fancy, set down a good deal of it to a very imaginative mind. However, I went home considerably relieved, and struggled hard to obliterate my vivid remembrance with my friend's arguments.

Exactly a fortnight afterwards, when sitting at breakfast, I noticed that my brother seemed out of sorts, and did not eat. On asking if anything were the matter, he replied: 'No, but I've had a horrid nightmare. Indeed,' he went on, 'it was no nightmare. I saw it early this morning, just as distinctly as I see you.' 'What?' I asked. 'A villainous looking hag', he answered, 'with her head and arms wrapped in a cloak, stooping over me, and looking like this….' He got up, folded his arms, and put himself in the posture I remembered so well. 'Oh, Henry,' I said, 'Is saw the same a fortnight ago.' 'And why did you not tell me before?' he asked. 'Because', I said, 'I was sure you would only laugh.' 'I should be sorry', he said, 'if anyone laughed at me if I mentioned this; it has quite upset me.' He then described how the figure moved towards the door and disappeared. I asked him if she wore a cloak or a shawl, and he said it might have been either — he was chiefly struck by her malevolent face and her posture.

About four years afterwards, in the month of July, one evening about seven o'clock, my second eldest sister and two little children were the only people at home. The eldest child, a boy of about four or five years, asked for a drink, and on leaving the dining-room to fetch it my sister desired the children to remain there till her return, leaving the door open. Coming back as quickly as possible, she met the boy pale and trembling on his way to her, and asked why he had left the room. 'Oh,' he said, 'who is that woman, who is that woman?' 'Where?' she asked. 'That old woman that went upstairs,' he answered. She tried to convince him that there was no one else in the house, but he was so agitated and so eager to prove it that she took his trembling hand in hers and brought him upstairs from one room to another, he searching behind curtains and under beds, still maintaining that a woman 'did go upstairs'. My sister thought that the mere fact of a woman going upstairs in a house where he was a stranger would hardly account for the terror of the child. My brother had then married and gone to live at a distance.

A gentleman with whom we became acquainted in the neighbourhood started when we first told him of what he had seen, and asked had we never heard that a woman had been killed in the house many years previously, and that it was said to be haunted. He is a sober-minded, religious man, an Englishman of middle age, the most unimaginative man I ever met, but he says he firmly believes we actually saw what he described.

I have heard that the house was previously for years unlet owing to having got the name of being haunted, and this was our only reason for keeping the story very much to ourselves. About three years since, I mentioned what we had seen to the sub-agent, a respectable man, and he seemed annoyed and asked if anyone had been telling us anything of the kind, to which we replied in the negative. We had been awakened night after night by the sound of heavy blows such as I have heard produced by breaking

up peat with a cleaver, and, day and night, heavy footsteps going up and down stairs. One night as I was going to bed — my youngest sister had been in about 10 minutes previously to say good night — I heard a loud knocking at the panel of my door — someone knocking with the knuckles — and I called out' Come in!' As there was no answer I called out louder, 'Come in,' taking for granted it was my sister come back for some reason. As she did not answer and was not at my door when I opened it, I went across the lobby to her room, saying in rather a tone of annoyance, 'Why didn't you come in?' when I saw the room was dark, and getting a light saw she was sound asleep.

Another night, while undressing at the far end of the room, I heard the sound of a large bunch of keys flung violently on the toilette-table. At first I was startled, but took my light over to examine it, thinking I might have left keys or some heavy metal in such a position as to cause a fall like what I had heard, but still could not get over the idea that they were *flung* violently. There was nothing of the kind to be seen on or near the table. Two or three small keys hung in one of the drawers of my chest-of-drawers, and were not in motion. Frequently, in that room, both in day-time and at night, my dress has been pulled as if grasped by some hand.

On one occasion, as I was laid up with erysipelas in my foot, my youngest sister had a bed moved into my room and slept there to take care of me. When one night, as I lay wide awake, my foot being rather painful, there was a loud sound beside my bed — as if some heavy body had fallen — indeed, the whole room shook with the fall. My sister started up out of a sound sleep, and cried out 'What is it? What is it?' in a frightened voice. 'What did you hear?' I asked. 'Something heavy falling there,' she said, and pointed to the spot at which I heard it — which was, in fact, the very spot on which my visitant appeared to me. She got up and searched the room, but found nothing to account for it.

H. C. S. B.
23rd May 1883.

About three years ago, on the night of the 7th July, I was awakened from a sound sleep by someone speaking close to me. I turned round saying, ‘What is it, Emily?’ thinking that a sister who slept in the room next mine had come in. I saw plainly the figure of a woman who deliberately and silently moved away towards the door, which remained shut as I had left it. She disappeared, and not till then did the slightest doubt of my visitor being supernatural enter my mind. Then I got really frightened, saying to myself it must be the ‘Grey Lady’, as we had for years called our ghost, the story of which I had often turned into ridicule. A few minutes afterwards I heard the hall clock strike two. I may mention that neither shutters nor blind were closed. I thought it best to say nothing of what had occurred to the only sister then at home, but the next evening when talking to a gentleman who was with us, she said suddenly to me, ‘Did you hear any noise last night? I thought it sounded as if in your room.’ I said, ‘No — at what hour?’ ‘Two o’clock.’ Soon she left the sitting-room, and I told the friend with us, under the promise of secrecy, what I had seen.

M. B.
July 5th, 1883.

So far as I recollect, it was about this time ten or eleven years ago, I was asleep in the house in question, and suddenly about six o’clock on a fine summer’s morning I was awakened by a feeling or presentiment of approaching evil. I opened my eyes and distinctly saw the form of a darkly-clad elderly female bending over me with folded arms, and glaring at me with eyes of the most intense malevolence and malignity. I tried to scream, and struggled to withdraw myself from her, when she slowly and silently receded

backwards and seemed to vanish through the bedroom door. I cannot say whether the door was locked; I generally keep it so at night, but it was certainly closed tight.

H. B. B.
Solicitor.
August 1st, 1883.

Case 55

The following case was obtained through Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood. The house is in Ireland, but neither its name nor that of the percipients may be published. The first account is from Miss C., the governess:

On the 18th of April (Thursday), 1867, about 7:40 p.m., I was going to my room, which I at that time shared with one of my pupils, when just as I had reached the top of the stairs I plainly saw the figure of a female dressed in black, with a large white collar or kerchief, very dark hair, and pale face. I only saw the side face. She moved slowly and went into my room, the door of which was open. I thought it was Marie, the French maid, going to see about A.'s clothes, but the next moment I saw that the figure was too tall and walked better. I then fancied it was some visitor who had arrived unexpectedly (Mrs. S. had done so a few days previously) and had gone into the wrong bedroom, and as I had only been at F. H. a short time, I felt rather shy at speaking to strangers, so waited where I was a minute or two expecting to see the lady come out, but I *never* lost sight of the door. At last I went in, and there was no one in the room. I looked everywhere and even felt the back of the hanging side of the wardrobe to see whether there was any concealed door leading into the next room. This idea would not have occurred to me had I been able in any way to account for the lady's disappearance. She could not have gone by the window as the room was on the second story. Going

downstairs, I met the cook and another maid, and asked them if any stranger had arrived, and was answered in the negative. I had never heard of any strange appearances in the house, and could not account for what I had seen that evening.

Some years after in December 1874, as I was going to bed, about 10 o'clock (the house had been slightly altered), I saw most distinctly a lady in black leaning over the fire in the room occupied by the eldest daughter. She was shading her eyes with her hand, and seemed looking for something by the fender; her other hand was on the chimney-piece. I walked slowly towards the room, and said, 'Take care, C., you will burn your face, it is *so* near the flame.' As there was no answer I spoke again, I suppose louder, for at that moment C., whom I supposed the lady to be, came out of her *sister's room* and asked what I was talking about and why I was in such a fright about her burning her face. There was no one in her room and no one could have passed me unobserved, as I was standing close to the door.

Another time, late one evening in September, I was sitting in the schoolroom with the door open, when I saw the figure again, standing at the far side of the stove in the lower hall. I at once got up to see who it was, but it had vanished. I think it seemed to go up one step of the stairs, but am not sure, as this was the only time I felt rather nervous when seeing it, and that, perhaps, from thinking it was someone who had no business in the house, or that someone was playing me a trick. Each time I have seen 'the black lady' she has been dressed in what appeared to be black serge or cashmere — something soft and in heavy folds — with the same large white collar or kerchief on her neck. Whatever it was, I feel as certain of having seen it as that I am now writing this account of it, and it may be as well to mention that I am by no means a nervous person — quite the contrary.

In answer to the inquiry how she knows the dates of the appearances, Miss C. tells us that she ‘has kept a diary for many years, putting down *short* remarks of remarkable and interesting events, seeing the “Black Lady” amongst the rest’.

She adds that she ‘had not heard anything of the house being supposed to be haunted when she saw the ‘Black Lady’ in the spring of 1867. It was not till some months afterwards that she heard the story of Miss M. and the report that she was seen at times walking about the house and garden.

As regards the story of Miss M., Miss C. says: ‘Part of this house, nearly all of it, was burnt down in 1752. The room in which Miss M. slept, and in which, some say, the fire originated, seems to have been near what is now the drawing-room and front hall. Some old people in the neighbourhood, dead now for some years, reported that they had heard long ago that Miss M.’s door was locked by the servants, as she was subject to either fits or to walking in her sleep; that she attempted to escape by the window, which was not a great height from the ground, but that the sash fell down on the hand, cutting off three fingers and causing her to fall back into the burning room. The house was rebuilt in 1762.’

Miss A. M’s Account:

June 26th, 1883

I do not know much of the history of our ghost; all I have heard is, that she is said to have been a lady who was subject to fits; she was under the charge of servants only, and one night she was locked up in a room by herself, the house was burnt down at that side, and she was burnt to death. In trying to save herself by getting out of the window she smashed two of her fingers.

I do not remember when she was first seen, or who was the first to see her, but two of my sisters saw her, when they were quite young, at different times. One of them was coming out of the nursery, which is at one end of a passage, and she saw this lady standing in the doorway of the room at the opposite end. My sister was much frightened, and called out that there was a woman with a white face looking at her; when some one came, the woman had disappeared. I forget how she appeared to the other child, I think she saw her sitting in a chair in a room she had just come into. We did not ask the child much about it for fear of impressing it on her memory and frightening her. My eldest sister was one evening standing in her room, and on turning to the door, there was the ghost standing in the doorway. She disappeared almost directly.

My mother twice that I know of saw her, both times on the stairs. The first time, thinking it was one of us, she called but got no answer; she called several more times but got no answer. She says the person turned round and looked at her, but my mother, who does not see very well, still thought it was one of us, and getting angry at not being answered, pursued her up the stairs. The female went into a very small room at the top and shut the door. My mother went in after her but no one was there. The other time the lady passed my mother on the stairs; she thought she was one of the servants, which it was afterwards proved she was not. My mother is not at all of an imaginative disposition. One of my sisters and myself also saw her at the same time one evening. We were sitting in the school-room with a large stove in it. We had no light but the firelight, the door was wide open, and I was standing facing the hall, and I saw standing behind the stove the same apparition. She appeared so tall that it did not seem as if she could be standing on the ground. I said to my sister, ‘Look round’, which she did. We both looked at her for a

second or two, and then the fire went down; we poked it up but saw nothing again.

Every one who saw her gives the same description of her, that she is a woman about middle height, dressed in black, with a shawl over her head. When we saw her in the hall she had her side face towards us, so we could not see her well.

I also saw a very curious reflection once. I was sitting in my sister's room, and was leaning back looking up, when I saw on the ceiling the shadow of a head and a hand that appeared as if it had only three fingers. Thinking it was my sister's shadow I thought what a curious shadow her knitting made, and looked down to see what she was doing with it; on looking up the reflection had gone. We then found that both our shadows were on the floor. I did not know until after I had seen this that the lady had lost two of her fingers when trying to get out of the window.

I omitted to say that there was no egress from the little room my mother followed the lady into excepting the one by which my mother went in.

In answer to inquiries Miss A. M. writes, on December 1882:

We none of us, except Miss C., put down the dates of any time we saw the ghost, and I hardly remember any of them.

I saw the reflection in May 1877. I *think* it was the year after that my mother saw the lady go up the stairs in front of her. I think it must have been in January or February 1880, that I and Miss G. M. saw her; Miss I. M. in May 1880. I am afraid I cannot remember any of the other dates.

The ghost was seen by Mrs. M. twice; by Mrs. I. (the eldest sister); by Miss G. M. when a child, and also at the same time that I saw her myself; by Miss M. M. when a child; by Miss I. M. Also by Miss C., our governess, whose account I enclose.

I have heard stories of servants seeing her, and one out-of-doors servant says he saw her in the garden, but I can't rely on these.

I have put all names with every confidence that they will be kept strictly private.

Miss I. M's Account:

I do not think A. knew or remembered about my having seen her when she wrote her account. It was in June 1880; I had been out for a walk (to look at a dance at a neighbouring house) with my youngest sister, and one of the maids. (Before we left we had told them not to sit up for us.) When we got back it was about twelve o'clock, but it was a very light night. I went to the window first that we were going to get in by, and looked through the glass and saw a lady standing at the bottom of the stairs; I thought it was my mother at first. She then walked slowly across the hall, and I opened the window and there was no one there. I could not see her face; she was all in black. That is all I can remember.

The evidence of three of the six percipients could not be obtained at first hand, nor need much importance be attached to the story of the shadow on the ceiling which might have had some simpler explanation. Although, however, the various percipients differ to some extent in their description of the figure, they all agree quite definitely that they saw a lady dressed in black, and it is difficult to find any normal explanation of their experiences.

Case 56

Mr. Barkworth, a member of the S.P.R., writes:

The following statements were kindly given to me by three ladies who do not wish their names to appear, and whom I will designate as Lady B.,

Miss B., her daughter, and Miss D. B., her niece. The house where the occurrences took place is situated in a London square in which there is but little noise of any kind. There is only a gas lamp opposite the house and the windows are provided with blinds of some thick stuff material, so that it seems difficult to understand how the figure was seen so clearly, unless it was to some extent self-luminous. The percipients all appeared to have retained very clear recollections of the circumstances testified to, and I should regard them as what are called good witnesses in every way. I did not see the maid-servant, as it was explained to me that it was thought undesirable to encourage any notice of the matter being taken among the domestics. I took down the ladies' evidence from word of mouth as below.

Statement of Lady B:

The family had lived in the house about twenty-five years. Several years ago, when sleeping in the spare room, she had heard footsteps as of a person passing the door, who tried the handle and then mounted to the floor above. The door in question was situated just at the top of the principal staircase, which is of stone, and, as would have been the case with any ordinary person, the steps were inaudible till they were on the boarded floor at the top. After trying the door, the wooden staircase to the next floor was heard to creak, accompanied by a peculiar sound of stumbling as though the person had caught her foot in her dress. At first Lady B. attributed the sounds to some living person. She, however, mentioned them to her sister, who said she had often heard them. Afterwards she looked out of her door when the sounds were heard, but saw nothing. The maids denied having been out of their rooms, though questioned several times. The walking upstairs and other noises were heard frequently, but sometimes with intervals of months. No importance was attached to them till after the visual experience. This

occurred about a year and a half ago. Lady B. was sleeping in her own room, which is next the spare room, and Miss B. was sleeping in another bed at her side. In the middle of the night both ladies suddenly started up wide awake without any apparent cause, and saw a figure in a white garment, which might have been a night-dress, with dark curly hair. The room was not quite dark, although there was no artificial light except from the gas lamp in the square. No fear nor any physical sensation was experienced. The figure was standing in front of the fireplace, over which was a mirror. The position was such as to show the face in quarter profile and to intercept its own reflection from the mirror. It was a female figure, with hair down the back. The face, so far as shown, was clearly visible. The two ladies both spoke and sprang out of bed to the doors, which they found locked. On turning round again, the figure had disappeared.

The maid-servant is said to have seen a figure in daylight in the same position but in a black costume. She took it for a burglar.

Statement of Miss B:

On returning home after leaving school, she heard the footsteps night after night, and they were often repeated in the same night. The door handle would be turned and the footsteps pass upstairs. Miss B. had no fear of ghosts whatever. Her brothers have occasionally sat up at night to watch, but nothing occurred at those times. She only saw the apparition once, when with Lady B., as described by her. She saw the back of the figure and its long dark hair, but not the face. The face was, however, clearly reflected in the mirror, and Miss B. saw it there distinctly. Like Lady B., she woke up suddenly, without assignable cause. The room seemed lighted up.

Lady B. and Miss B. add:

The accompanying statements correctly represent the information given by us to Mr. Barkworth.

(Signed) S. B.
A. D. B.

Statement of Miss D. B:

When sleeping in the spare room some years ago, I heard the footsteps on the stairs, and the door handle shaken. It was about one o'clock a.m., and the household were all in bed. This happened twice, and I then learnt for the first time that other people sleeping in this room had complained of the same thing.

(Signed) D. F. B.

There is a very interesting feature common to the above narrative and to the one which comes next. According to both Lady B. and her daughter the face of the apparition was reflected in a mirror and they partially intercepted the reflection. In the second account both Miss F. and Miss C. du Cane saw the figure of the young man reflected in a mirror. For the difficulty involved in the reflection of a subjective hallucination see *Summary and Conclusion*.

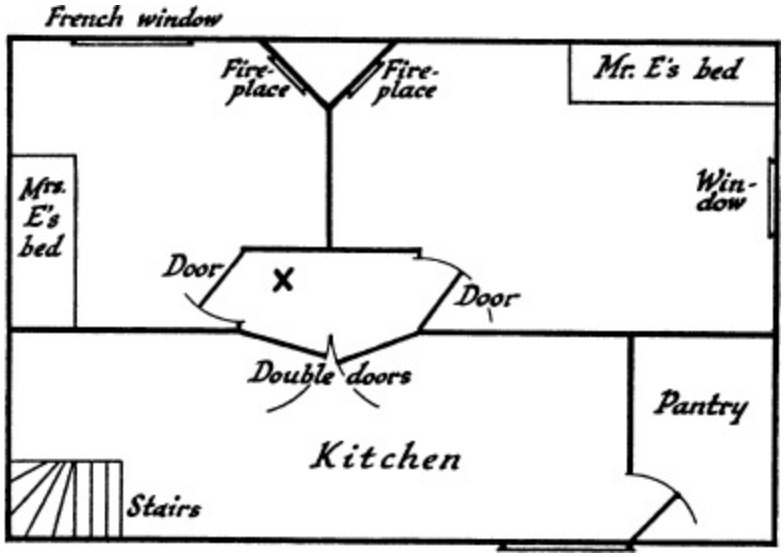
Case 57

We have in the following narrative a curious collective experience in a Welsh village, well worth further investigation.

Mrs. E. sends a plan of the house in which these strange experiences occurred to her and writes in February 1937 as follows:

My husband occupied the other room marked on the plan, and at night we closed the folding doors between the two rooms. On the first night, I felt I was not alone in my room. I went to sleep, but awoke very suddenly just

about daybreak, and saw the form of a man coming from the fireplace. He seemed to be wearing brown clothing, and had very broad shoulders; as he walked by the old sideboard he dragged his hands along the edge, and then leant over my bed, bent so close to my face that I could have touched him, and then gradually faded away towards the folding doors. I could not call my husband, for I was speechless. Next morning I did not mention the matter to my husband because I thought he would say I was silly, as neither of us had ever believed in ghosts or spirits.



On the second night I went to sleep, and again after some time awoke suddenly and this time saw the man very distinctly, and noticed that his hands were very large. He walked across the room, with one hand on the sideboard, until he came near to my face, and then placed his hands on my throat, and tried to strangle me; I endeavoured to scream, but could not do so until he had vanished. I then called to my husband to bring in a candle, and that I was being strangled. He called back, ‘It will soon be daybreak’ (it was about four o’clock). Next morning I told my husband about it, but he passed it off.

On the next night I again saw the figure, he came to my bed and lifted the clothes up and covered my shoulders; after this I ceased to be afraid. The

same thing occurred every night during my stay of two weeks. One night he faded through the folding doors with a noise as if he had opened them. I called to my husband, ‘Are you up?’ and he replied, ‘No, it is only four o’clock.’

On the day before we left, we called on a friend close by, and the first thing she said to my husband was, ‘How did you like the house?’ She added, ‘Mrs. X. [a former occupier], told me she was afraid of being strangled, and that a figure is always about the place, travelling along by the sideboard.’ She added that she had often found her crying and very depressed, saying that she could not get away from the presence of this figure.

Mr. E. writes (3rd March 1937):

I had always ridiculed anything of this sort, but since my experience of seeing the man, and striking at him, I have altered my opinion entirely. What my wife has told you is quite correct. On the last occasion when she called me I had no candle left to light, and when I opened my door to go to her room, I found myself face to face with the man. I could only see his head and shoulders, so let out at him and struck the opposite door with my fist.

I called on Mr. and Mrs. E. in August 1937 and talked the matter over very carefully. I also visited the village of D — and was shown over the cottage. There were special reasons why I could not allude to the alleged haunting of the cottage, but the present occupier, who is the owner and lives quite alone, made the remark that she slept on the upper floor ‘because it was safer’. Further corroborative evidence may possibly be secured from earlier tenants.

Case 58

The following account of a very well-attested apparition is forwarded by Mrs. Blanche Hornsby and her daughter, Mrs. Chorley, of 78 Nightingale Lane, S.W.12:

One Sunday in July 1932, when we had fourteen or fifteen people to tea and music, four visitors saw a man we have been unable to identify. Three of them asked afterwards who he was, as he looked a legal type. I then rang up or asked the others some questions and one (Dame Rachel Crowdy) gave me the same description as that given by the other three, stating where the man had sat, and added that he was reading papers all the time. She entirely declined to believe he was not there.

Dame Rachel Crowdy sends this interesting letter of corroboration, June 8th, 1937:

The facts as I recollect them are as follows.

I was at a small party given by Mrs. Chorley. As far as I remember there were only a very few guests; most of whom were introduced to me. One was not and I asked Mrs. Chorley afterwards who he was. She said that there was no such guest.

I had noticed him rather specially, because he was spending his time reading some papers and I wondered how he could do it with such concentration with all of us talking round him. He had a despatch case by his side and for some reason or other I assumed that he was a civil servant. As far as I remember he was a small man, but it is a long time ago. I still find it hard to believe that he was not one of the guests.

Another of the four percipients, Mr. C. Y. M., who desires to remain anonymous, wrote to Mrs. Chorley as follows (3rd February 1937):

I well remember a tea-party at your house in July 1932, and distinctly recollect seeing a small dark man, clean shaven, and with angular features, sitting on the sofa or a chair on the left, looking towards the conservatory, in your drawing-room, and near the entrance to the conservatory. He was dressed in black and was reclining well back into the seat. I think his legs were stretched out. From my recollection of him, I should say that he bore a distinct resemblance to the man who was my guardian after my mother's death.

I do not remember noticing the man at any other time during the afternoon, but my impression of him was so distinct that I was positive there was another visitor at your party. I remarked on him, and the position in which he was sitting, in the evening when you were counting up who had been to the party, after your guests had left.

Mrs. Sarell writes from Braeside, East Grinstead (27th January 1937):

About the gentleman who was not at the party: I have the most vivid recollection. My husband and I came on to tea rather late. The figure was sitting in an arm-chair near the fireplace, with his back half to the window. He seemed to me a man about sixty to sixty-five, dressed in a dark blue suit, with thin hair and a pink face. He never spoke, and I did not see him afterwards, but he was as distinct as anyone there, and I particularly remember him because next day Harold came to lunch, and asked, 'How many men were there at the party?' I said four, and enumerated them, and then Harold said, 'The fourth was not there.' This fixed it in my mind, and as I am naturally very observant of detail, I can recall the appearance of the phantom perfectly. My husband did not see the figure, and I only saw him in the dining-room.

I don’t in the least mind my name appearing in this connection as the whole incident is so interesting, namely, that several people, strangers to each other, saw the figure. The time was between four and five on a summer afternoon, when there seemed no reason for such an apparition.

The figure was seen in good light, by four persons simultaneously, by three of whom it was not recognized: the fourth thought it bore a strong resemblance to a gentleman known to himself.

Case 59

The Master of Balliol wrote on 11th December 1910, to the secretary of the S.P.R. as follows:

I venture to send you the enclosed account of an apparition seen at Highworth in Wiltshire last April, because it seems to me unusually well authenticated. There were four witnesses and the original statement was made within a week of the occurrence.

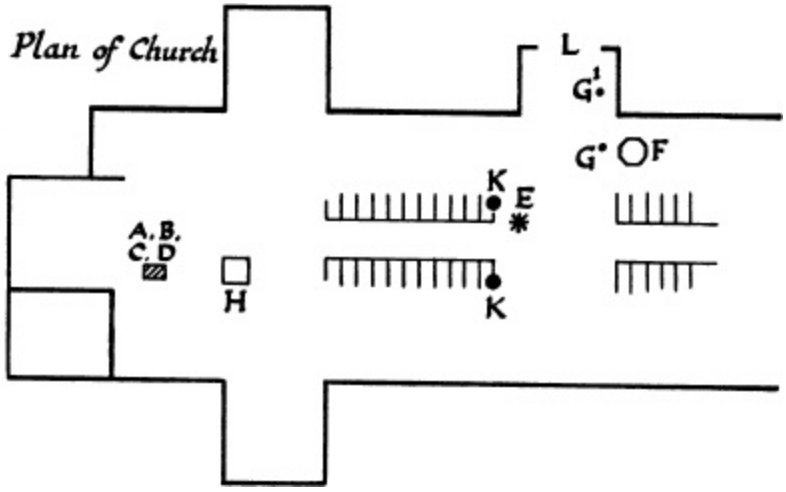
A statement made by Mr. J. Graham Arkell, 11th April 1907:

On Friday, April 5th, I was in the church with my brother (fifteen) and sister (eighteen) and a friend (eighteen?). We were at the organ when Miss Ludlow (the friend aforesaid) suddenly said, ‘Oh look! whatever is that?’ We all turned and saw down by the church door (south) the figure of a man, leaning forward, apparently interested in what we were singing. What struck us all simultaneously was that instead of having an ordinary face the figure had a featureless grey blank, though where the eyes should have been there were sunken dark shadows. The others were rather horrified and turned away, but I still looked until it disappeared behind a pillar with a jerky movement of the arms. A lady who was decorating the font down by the same door at the time saw nothing and said that no one had been into the church. The sun was

shining at the time (11:30 a.m.) so that we could not have mistaken it for any ordinary person, as it was by the open door where the light was very bright. This is the barest statement and gives no idea of the horrible impression made upon the persons. My sister was practising hymns at the organ and my brother blowing.

We whose signatures are here given are the three persons referred to in the statement made by Mr. J. G. Arkell (11th April 1907), and entirely concur in that statement.

LAURA ARKELL
DOROTHY LUDLOW.
J. NOEL ARKELL [now Sir Noel Arkell].



A, B, C, D, 4 Percipients; E, Apparition; F, Font; G. and G^1, Positions of decorating lady; H, Pulpit; K, Pillars; L, Porch.

In a recent letter (16th March 1958) W. J. Graham Arkell of Beechcroft, Upper Stratton, Wiltshire, confirms the accuracy of the original statement forwarded by the Master of Balliol.

In dealing with the suggestion that the alleged apparition was the result of a hoax, the Rev. J. K. Stephens, then Vicar of Highworth, now Rector of Christian Malford, Chippenham, writes:

My impression certainly was that if there had been a hoax the lady who was decorating the church near the door must have seen it all. She certainly would never have perpetrated the hoax herself.

As regards the enclosed plan of the church, those who saw the apparition tell me that they were standing at the position marked. They could see through the wooden screen down to the position, where the apparition was standing, i.e. just to the left of the alms-box attached to the pier in the view of the interior. The church is so light at the hour in question that I cannot imagine any real person looking indistinct. I remember that at the time we discussed the possibility of a casual passerby who looked into the church and unconsciously played a part in the incident. We felt it to be untenable.

On hearing from Sir Noel Arkell that Mr. Hawkins, the verger, had more recently seen an apparition in Highworth Church I wrote to Mr. Hawkins, who replied as follows from 7 High Street, Highworth (21st March 1938):

Many thanks for letter received last Monday about the apparition I saw in Highworth Church. Well, it was in November of 1936, about 7:45 p.m. I had just unlocked the church to light up for choir practice and as I turned round from closing the door the figure came up the centre aisle and went through some curtains near the West End Door; it did not appear to part them but went straight through them. The only light was from the lamps out in the town so it was rather dark, so I could not discern any features; it was medium height and dressed in a long white robe, it made no noise as it glided along. I have not heard of anyone who has seen the apparition since.

Mr. Hawkins' experience is interesting, though the uncertain light was unfavourable for accurate observation.

Case 60

It is difficult to suggest any natural explanation of the following incident which occurred in what was at the time a modern London house.

July 31st, 1891

On the night of November 1st, 1889, between 9:30 and 10 p.m. my three sisters and myself left our library, where we had spent the evening, and proceeded upstairs to our bedrooms. On reaching my room, which is on the second floor, I and a sister went to the mantel-piece in search of the matchbox, in order to light the gas. I must here explain that my bedroom opens into my mother's, and the door between the two rooms was open.

There was no light beyond that which glimmered through the venetian blinds in each room. As I stood by the mantel-piece I was awe-struck by the sudden appearance of a figure gliding noiselessly towards me from the outer room. The appearance was that of a young man, of middle height, dressed in dark clothes, and wearing a peaked cap. His face was very pale, and his eyes downcast as though deep in thought. His mouth was shaded by a dark moustache. The face was slightly luminous, which enabled us to distinguish the features distinctly, although we were without a light of any kind at the time.

The apparition glided onwards towards my sisters, who were standing inside the room, quite close to the outer door, and had first caught sight of it, reflected in the mirror. When within a few inches from them it vanished as suddenly as it appeared. As the figure passed we distinctly felt a cold air which seemed to accompany it. We have never seen it again, and cannot account in any way for the phenomenon.

One of my sisters did not see the apparition, as she was looking the other way at the moment, but felt a cold air; the other two, however, were eye-witnesses with myself to the fact.

Signed by
LOUISA F. DU CANE.
F. A. DU CANE.
M. DU CANE.
C. A. DU CANE.
August 4th, 1891.

Answers to questions (asked by Dr. Kingston) respecting apparition.

There was no light of any kind in passage outside the rooms.

We had not been talking or thinking of ghosts during the evening, or reading anything exciting; neither were we the least nervous.

None of us had ever before been startled by anything unexpected in the dark or twilight.

It was not light enough to see each other's faces, as the only illumination there was came through the Venetian blinds, which were drawn down.

It was myself, Louisa Du Cane, who first saw the apparition.

We three sisters who saw it exclaimed at the same moment, and found we had seen the same thing.

My sister Mary did not see the figure, as she was looking the other way at the time, but felt distinctly, as did the rest of us, a sensation of cold when the figure passed us.

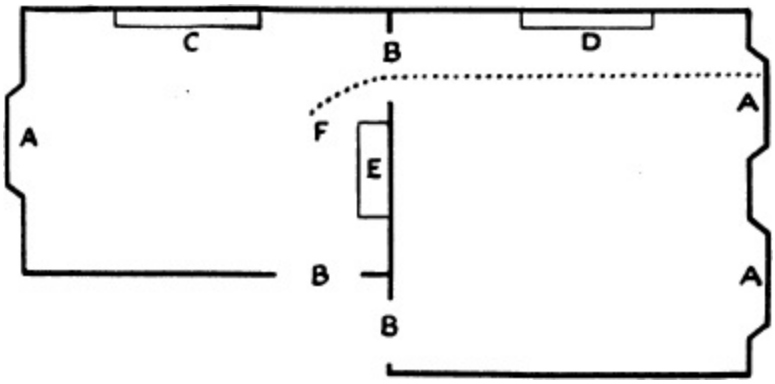
We did not recognize the figure as anybody we had ever seen.

We did not afterwards hear of any event that we could connect with the appearance.

LOUISA F. DU CANE.

Mrs. Sidgwick writes:

The Misses Du Cane kindly allowed me to call on them on December 2nd, 1891, and showed me the rooms where their experience occurred. I send herewith a rough plan of them, the dotted line showing the course apparently taken by the figure.



A, A, A, Windows; B, B, B, Doors; C, Mantelpiece by which Miss Louisa Du Cane stood; D, Mantelpiece with mirror over it, in which Misses F. and C. Du Cane first saw the figure; E, Place where a bookcase stood at time of the incident; F, Approximate position of Misses F. and C. Du Cane. The dotted line shows the track of the figure.

Miss Louisa Du Cane, standing by the mantelpiece of her room, would have a direct view of anyone standing by the window of her mother's room, where the figure first appeared. Her sisters, standing at F., or thereabouts, would have a reflected view, and no direct view till the figure got nearly opposite the glass.

I saw the room in daylight, but was told that at night it was to some extent lighted ('like moonlight') by the street lamp opposite. Miss L. Du Cane saw the face better than the natural light would have enabled her to do. Her sisters, I gathered, saw the figure clearly but not the face. The dress, so far as seen, might have been that of, say, a purser on board a merchant steamer. The figure did not suggest to them any person they had ever seen, and its dress and appearance had no associations for them. Its arms were held

away from the body, so that they saw the light between — about as a man's arms would be if his hands were in his pockets. They did not see the hands. I think it is doubtful how much of detail each lady observed independently at the time, especially as they were a good deal startled and agitated, or how much the several impressions may have got defined and harmonised in recollection afterwards. The figure seems to have moved quietly towards them from the window.

There were no curtains, except a white muslin one, nor other objects making explanation by illusion plausible. It can hardly have been a real man, because a real man, having no business there, would not have come towards them. They believe, too, that they would have heard a real man going up or down the stairs, which were at the time uncarpeted, they having only recently come to the house. Moreover, had he gone downstairs he would have been met by Mrs. Du Cane, who came up from the drawing-room at once on hearing her daughters call out. There was no man living in the house.

It seems to me to have been a genuine and interesting case of a 'collective' apparition. As regards any hypothesis that the words or gestures of the first percipient may have produced an hallucination in the others by 'suggestion', we have no direct evidence of their being 'suggestible' in this way, and subsequent attempts to see the ghost — sitting in the room in the dark, etc. — produced no result whatever.

Miss Du Cane, who did not see the figure, appears to have been deterred by alarm from looking in its direction.

Dr. Kingston, who obtained the narrative for us, tells us that 'the young ladies looked out for the apparition on the same night of the following year, but saw nothing'. We may assume, therefore, that at any rate mere expectation was not sufficient to produce the impression.

Case 61

In the next narrative it will be seen that the ghost, which has a very well-marked character, apparently followed the percipient from one house to another.

In 1870 the T. family took a house in West Brompton on lease for seven years. They entered the house in the spring of that year. This house, it would appear, changed hands in 1877, when it passed into the occupancy of Captain F. This gentleman was asked by a friend of the T. family whether anything unusual had occurred in the house during his tenancy, and he replied in the negative. There would seem, however, to be some reason for doubting the accuracy of this statement.

Nothing remarkable occurred during the first eighteen months of the T. family occupying the house. In the autumn of 1871, when Mrs. T. and Miss T. were going upstairs to bed, leaving the hall in total darkness, Miss T., who was then on one of the upper landings, thought she heard her brother entering the house, and looked over the banisters. She saw a grey figure leave the dining-room, cross the hall, and disappear down the kitchen stairs. Miss T. told nobody of what she had seen. This was the first time that anything abnormal was seen in the house.

During their tenancy of the house this same figure was seen repeatedly by at least five independent witnesses, Miss T. being the one who saw it most frequently. The figure was very tall, dressed in grey drapery. The drapery also partially enveloped the head, though allowing for the features to be seen. The grey was a light grey — perhaps such a colour as a white object would assume in partial darkness. The hands, it would seem, hung down and were clasped in front of the figure. The expression of the face was very calm and peaceful — a good face. There was no hair on the face, and it was only from the unusual height of the figure that it was supposed to be that of a man.

There was nothing indistinct about the outline of the figure.

The drapery was shapeless — that is, it had no definite shape, such as that of a dressing-gown, or a monk's gown — but the lines of it were firm and clear. But the whole figure was shadowy and unsubstantial-looking. It was never seen save in the dark, and would appear, therefore, to have been faintly luminous, for it was seen in all parts of the house, and sometimes in rooms almost entirely dark. The figure was seen chiefly in Miss T.'s room, or on the landing near; but it was also seen on the bathroom steps, on the stairs, in the dining-room, and in other bedrooms. The figure never moved its head or hands, and never spoke or made, apparently, any sound (with one exception, to be noted below).

Sometimes Miss T. would see it when in bed, and she would then frequently put her head under the clothes to avoid it. But if she saw it when she was about the house she would always look at it until the figure vanished. But she is quite unable to say whether she looked at it for minutes or seconds. It would finally vanish quite suddenly. Occasionally, however, it would glide away into another room. The figure never walked; it glided. There was never any sound accompanying its movements.

The figure was next seen by an old nurse, Mrs. N., who met it on the stairs (? in the autumn of the same year, 1871). She looked at the figure until it vanished. She also told nobody at the time of what she had seen.

Some time afterwards a friend of the family was staying in the house. She complained, on the morning after her arrival, that she had been kept awake by the noise of furniture, etc., being moved about in the rooms above her. These rooms were occupied, and no one else had heard the noises complained of. But the occurrence led to a general family discussion. Unaccountable noises had been often heard before in the house, and Miss T. and Mrs. N. then mentioned, for the first time, the figure which they had seen.

Mr. T., the brother, also saw the figure frequently; on one occasion it was in the hall, when he opened the front door. On another when returning from his club late one night he saw the figure from the street, standing at the drawing-room window.

Miss T. frequently saw the figure in her room standing at her bedside, and on the landing near her room. Sometimes she woke in the night, and found it at her bedside.

N., the cook, complained angrily to his wife that one of the other servants would sometimes come into his room at night. He had at the time not heard of the figure being seen, but he subsequently connected these appearances with the figure.

R. T., then a little boy of seven, was sleeping in the same room as Miss T. He complained one morning that he had had a ‘horrid night’. He had been awake, and had seen L. (Miss T.) standing at his bedside in her night-dress, ‘only it wasn’t L.’. Of course, nothing had ever been told the child about the figure which had been seen. It is not clear whether any peculiar feelings accompanied the appearance of the figure; but Miss T. when in her room frequently expressed a feeling which she says is quite indescribable. This feeling she always attributed to the presence of a figure in the room, though she was unable on such occasions to see it.

Miss T. would very often hear footsteps and sighs in her room, as if someone were walking about and sighing. The most unaccountable noises were heard all over the house throughout the whole of these seven years — most frequently in the autumn. Footsteps, knocks at the door, bells rung in the day-time, etc., etc. There were also noises as if a heavy weight, such as a bundle of clothes, had been dropped from a great height on to one of the landings — the sound was loud, but muffled. These noises, except the bell-ringing, were heard almost invariably at night.

Sometimes two or three people heard the noises, or were woke up by them. At other times only one person would hear them. On one New Year's Eve, when Miss T. and N. were alone in the house, N. came up from the kitchen to the dining-room where Miss T. was sitting, to see what was the matter. He had heard loud noises, as of furniture being dragged about in the dining-room. Miss T. had heard nothing, and the house seemed to her perfectly quiet.

On another occasion Miss T. heard the same noise, as of furniture being moved, etc. in the room above her, which was occupied by her brother, Mr. T. She went up to see what was the matter, and knocked at his door, but he was fast asleep. These noises, as of furniture being moved, always in the room above — were of frequent occurrence.

This house formerly belonged to a Mr. G. an artist, who has now sold it. He was very anxious for Mrs. T. to buy it. A few months after the T. family had been in the house, and before they had experienced anything unusual, Mr. G. came to see Mrs. T. and asked her if she was quite comfortable in the house. As she rented the house unfurnished, the question struck her as odd, and she remarked upon it at the time.

In the autumn of 1877 the T. family removed to another house in the same neighbourhood where they remained until April 1880. Miss T. was abroad during the winters of 1877 and 1878; but was in the house during the summer months of the latter year. She finally returned in the spring of 1879. It is to be noted that the T.'s had never mentioned the subject of visions and disturbances to even their most intimate friends whilst they were still in the first house, but on leaving the house, believing themselves to be free from their persecutors, they mentioned the subject freely. In the spring of 1879 Miss T. heard the same noise as before — footsteps and sighs — but fainter. They gradually, however, increased in intensity until they became as bad as

ever. She did not mention the subject. The noises, however, in the autumn were heard by all the household — including Miss A. T., my informant, who, being only a child, had not heard them in the other house. They were even more loud and frequent than hitherto, and their character had somewhat changed. Footsteps were heard as before; doors were banged, where no doors or only locked doors were; there was a noise as of a metal tea tray being rolled downstairs.

There was, also, frequently a sound of a person breathing heavily, and walking about, heard in the bedrooms. Knocks two or three times repeated were also heard at the doors.

A married brother was staying in the house with his wife and little girl of three years. One night they all three heard the sound as of a person walking up and down the room and breathing loudly. Mrs. T. struck a light and lit the gas, when the noises ceased. They recommenced, however, when the gas was turned out.

One night in September 1879, when H. T., a boy of thirteen, had been ill for many months, and was sleeping in the back dining-room, with Mrs. T. in the same room to attend upon him, they both heard a noise as of a door opening into a third room on the dining-room floor being opened, and the window of that room being thrown open. The door then banged, and a match was heard to be struck outside. All the household were upstairs in bed, and the boy became ill with fright. Mrs. T. had to attend at once to him and so did not open the door. In the morning the window was found bolted, and the door of the back room locked.

This noise, as of a match being struck, was afterwards heard several times, both in the middle of the day and night, and by several persons. Also in different parts of the house; but always outside a door.

From that time, until the date of the boy's death, a fortnight or three weeks afterwards, the noises were louder than at any other time, and disturbed the boy's rest at night.

On Christmas Day, 1879, Miss T., going to early service, saw the figure standing just below her, at the top of the bathroom stairs. She saw the figure again that afternoon at the foot of her bed, when she had gone up in the dusk, without a light. She saw the figure again, more than once, before she left the house. On one occasion, when sleeping in the same room with Mrs. T., Miss T. woke and saw the figure standing between the beds, near the foot. There was a noise as of a parcel being dropped on the floor, and the figure vanished. The noise woke Mrs. T., who wanted to know what was the matter.

A child of three years (the same as before mentioned) woke up one night with a scream, saying that something had come to take her away. After this occasion the child refused to be left alone, as long as she stayed in the house.

A housemaid met the figure standing on the stairs one evening, and ran down in great fear to tell the other servants.

A nurse, on another occasion, saw a figure which she supposed at the time to be that of her mistress, leaving the bedroom at night.

It is to be noted that during these nine years Mrs. T. and Miss A. T. and the two younger children, who were constantly living in the house, never saw the figure. Nor did any other members of the family, except those mentioned, though an elder brother stayed until 1875 with his family in the first house, and a cousin lived with them for eighteen months in the second house.

As regards this curious record of visible and audible phenomena, the members of the T. family refused any publication of their names, but the personal evidence of Miss T. and Miss A. T. was carefully taken down by Mr. Podmore. Mr. T. and the unmarried brother mentioned were dead. Although the narrative falls, as regards the presentation of the facts, below

the level of a really good first-hand account it is greatly superior to an ordinary second-hand ghost story, and the very critical and cautious Mr. Podmore regarded it as ‘almost entirely correct’.

Case 62

The percipients in the following case are sons of Mr. Ellwood, a chemist residing at Leominster. From an account previously sent to us by Mr. Ellwood, senior, we learn that the percipients were respectively nineteen and twenty-three years of age. The brothers were sleeping together, and the elder of the two is the writer of the account we print. The first experience occurred on 20th December 1889.

Leominster

February 12th, 1890

The following is just a short account of what I saw on the first occasion mentioned. It was, I think, about 6 a.m. just getting light. I had been awake a short time and I suddenly heard the door open (the door was on the jar all night), and saw a short figure in a nightshirt walk in and stand looking at me by the side of the bed. I distinctly heard a sound of breathing or rustling of the nightshirt, and I thought at first that it was my father walking in his sleep. Then I thought it might be a burglar (although why a burglar should be dressed in a nightshirt I don’t know) so I said, ‘What is it?’ then I jumped out of bed and rushed to catch hold of the figure, when it vanished. My brother also saw the figure glide round towards the foot of the bed and then vanish. I did not see it after I jumped out of bed. We both searched well but could find nothing.

On the second occasion it was about the same hour in the morning and on the same day of the week. The bedroom door was shut all night on this occasion, and I was lying awake when I saw the door open and someone peep round. I thought it was one of our assistants come for a lark to pull me out of

bed (as we do those kind of tricks sometimes); however, I lay still, and then the door seemed to open wide, so I leaned out of bed to give it a hard push and everything vanished, and I nearly fell out of bed, for the door was shut as when I went to bed. My brother was asleep this time and saw nothing.

I can positively swear that this is as correct an account as I can give, and I distinctly saw what I have mentioned. I was awake both times (not dozing, but distinctly awake). I was also in good health, and had not been up late, etc., the night before. I may add that before this occasion I did not believe in ghosts, or anything in that way. I really and truly thought a man was in the room, and I intended collaring him when I rushed at him.

W. M. ELLWOOD.

P.S. — I only saw the head of the second figure, but it was, as near as I could tell, like the first figure. W. E.

To this account the younger Mr. Ellwood adds:

I also saw and heard all my brother did.

(Signed) M. J. Ellwood, Jnr.

It occurred to Mr. Ellwood, senior, that the figure might be connected with his landlord, who was lying ill at the time and has since died. This gentleman was an intimate friend and had a special affection for Mr. Ellwood's younger son. He is also known to have interested himself in the place during his last illness. But no definite coincidence can be made out.

This straightforward account given by the two brothers contains one extremely interesting item of evidence. Mr. W. Ellwood sees a door near his bed open, with a face peeping round it: as the door appears to open more widely, he reaches out to close the door, well within reach of any one lying in the bed, but there is no resistance to his push, the face vanishes, and he sees

that the door is closed. The opening of the door — a feature occasionally found in well-authenticated cases — was, at any rate in this instance, an hallucination conveyed to Mr. Ellwood from some external source.

Case 63

Mr. Gurney had a long interview with Miss Leigh Hunt and Miss Laurence — two of the witnesses in this case — and talked over the phenomena with them.

Miss Kathleen Leigh Hunt, 81 Camden Road, N.W., made the following statement:

June, 1884

Two years ago last winter I was staying with my cousin at a house in Hyde Park Place, which we were taking care of for my cousin's brother-in-law and sister during their absence from England.

One morning after breakfast, I think it was about 10 o'clock, I was going upstairs when I seemed to see, about two stairs in front of me, a figure, which I took to be the housemaid, going up before me. I went up the entire flight of stairs, under this impression, to the first floor, when suddenly at the top I could see nobody. This puzzled me, as I could not account for any one being able to disappear so quickly, and I went into the room that was the nearest to the stairs, thinking that in some way the housemaid must have gone in there without my seeing her. The room, however, was empty, and so was the drawing-room which led out of it, with folding doors that were kept open. I then went into the only other room on that floor, but no one was there either. I felt that it was impossible that she should have gone on upstairs, as I should have seen her do so. I was not at all frightened, although I began to believe that it could not have been the housemaid that I had seen; still the hour of the day was not one to suggest ghostly thoughts, and the figure itself had nothing

supernatural about it, being simply that of a servant in a light cotton dress (a white ground, with a spriggy pattern all over it), and with a white cap on. Of course, being behind it, I had not seen the face. The whole figure had the general appearance of the housemaid, so that she had been the one I thought of. It was not in the least like the cook, who dressed in much darker cottons, and was besides a very little woman, while the figure I saw was of medium height.

I determined not to tell my cousin about this, as I was going out for the day, and I thought she might get nervous in thinking about it alone, and afterwards I forgot about it till seeing it a second time impressed it upon my mind.

It was about the same time in the morning, about two or three weeks afterwards, as far as I can remember, that having, as I thought, heard a single knock at the street door, and wish-to speak to the housemaid as she returned from answering it, I stood in the dining-room, just inside the half-open door, waiting to catch her as she passed back to the kitchen, but standing a little behind the door so that I should not be seen if anybody should come into the house when she answered the door. I saw a figure pass along the passage towards the street door, which I took to be the housemaid again, because I was expecting her to go by, but, owing to my position, I did not see her face, but only a piece of her cheek and the side view of her figure. On neither occasion did I hear any sound of walking, but this did not surprise me, although the figure was not two yards from me, because the housemaid had a very quiet walk indeed, quite remarkably so. As I heard no door open or shut, and no figure returned after waiting two or three minutes, I put my head out and looked in the hall. Nobody was there. I then went across to the only room on that floor besides the dining-room. Nobody was there either. Both the little room and the dining-room have only one door each to them, so there was no

possibility of her having left the room any way but the way I went in. This time I felt I must inquire into the puzzle, and I went straight to the kitchen, where I found the housemaid sitting. I asked her if she had not just been to the door. She answered ‘No.’ ‘Surely,’ I said, ‘you went to the door just now; you must forget, there was a single knock at the door.’ But she said she had heard no knock, and had not been out of the kitchen. I then told my cousin about my two experiences, and she surprised me by telling me of hers, and of the former housemaid having told her that she often saw ‘skirts going up round the stairs’. We agreed we would not say anything of this to her sister or her husband, as we were afraid we should only be laughed at and thought to be nervous, although we did not find our experiences made us feel so, nor was I nervous when I had them. My health was very fairly good during that time, better than usual indeed; nor ought I to omit to say that never before or since have I ever fancied I have seen anything of a ghostly kind, nor have I ever had any unaccountable experiences of any sort except that one twice in that house.

KATHLEEN LEIGH HUNT.

In answer to inquiries, Miss Leigh Hunt says:

Your conjecture was right regarding the servants at Hyde Park Place. There were only two with us at the time, and I did not question the cook on the matter because the figure I saw bore no resemblance to her. The cook was much smaller, and always dressed in darker cottons; she was, besides, remarkably heavy footed. I do not remember hearing any noise at all when I saw the figure, but this did not surprise me, as the housemaid was very quiet in all her movements. I questioned the housemaid once after the second time of seeing the figure, which was like her in general appearance.

Miss Laurence, 81 Camden Road, N.W., wrote of her own experience in the house:

One morning, about 10:30, I was on my way to my bedroom, situated on the top floor of the house. The flight upstairs leading from the second floor to the top floor was well lighted by two windows and a large skylight, overhead. When I reached the second-floor landing I saw a cotton skirt, of a light lilac shade, and indefinite pattern, disappearing round the bend of the stairs leading to the top floor, and, believing it to be the housemaid we then had, I called out, 'Harriet,' two or three times. She immediately came out of a bedroom door to my left on the second floor, whereupon I said to her, 'But you were going upstairs just now, how is it that you are here?' She answered, 'No, I was in this bedroom', pointing to the one she came from, 'all the time.' I then said, 'I saw your skirt going round the bend!' and she replied, 'Oh, that's nothing, Miss, I often see a skirt go round that corner.'

I saw the skirt so vividly that had I not known the parlourmaid was in the bedroom, out of which the housemaid had just come to me, and the only other servant, the cook, downstairs, I should have concluded it belonged to one of them. It was as real looking as possible, and could not have been an effect of light. I saw only the skirt, and it was about four yards in advance of me.

I had never before, nor have I since, been subject to an hallucination.

JESSIE LAURENCE.

In answer to inquiries Miss Laurence says:

June 24th, 1884

I am sorry that I cannot be more precise as to the date. The house was taken in 1877, and we lived there till the autumn of 1882. It was some time

between these years of course, but I really cannot say *what* year. My efforts to find the housemaid, ‘Harriet’, have failed.

From Mr. Paul Bird, of 39 Strand, Calcutta, who is known to Mr. Gurney:

July 17th, 1884

I have much pleasure in stating, briefly, what I saw, or thought I saw, at my late residence in Hyde Park Place. I came home as usual one evening, about 7:30, the hall lamp being lighted, and while wiping my feet on the mat, saw one of the maid-servants come towards me a few steps and then pass into the dining-room. I took off my overcoat and then went into the dining-room to tell her to bring dinner, and to my surprise there was no one in the room. There was no other possible egress from the room than the door she went in at. I then went upstairs and told my wife, who exclaimed that a similar figure had been seen by Miss Hunt and others. I never saw the figure again though I frequently looked for it. My own impression at the time was that it was an optical delusion, that there *was* a servant where I saw her, but that instead of passing into the dining-room, as I could have sworn, she really passed through another door into the kitchen, which was on the same floor as the dining-room, and was entered from the hall by a door opposite the street door. I delayed verifying this theory till too late, and was besides a little afraid of unsettling the servants if I made inquiry.

PAUL BIRD.

Miss Leigh Hunt adds:

We carefully compared notes at the time, and the descriptions agreed.

It seems conceivable that the second appearance to Miss Leigh Hunt may have been an illusion resulting from expectation produced by the fancied knock at the door, and that what Mr. Bird saw may have been explicable in the way he at first supposed. But the combination of appearances of a similar kind in the same house, and independently of each other, to at least three people who never had similar experiences elsewhere, is certainly curious.

Case 64

Miss Welman sends me from 6 Cheniston Gardens, W.8, the following account of a collective apparition seen on the Devenish Road, near Sunningdale (3rd April 1934):

One February afternoon in 1900, a friend and I walked from ‘X’ to go and have tea at a house at ‘Z’, a couple or so of miles away. To do so, we had to traverse the whole length of a rather lonely road bordered on one side mostly by fields, and on the other by large private houses standing in their own grounds. A year or two before this occurrence, there had been rumours that the ghost of a policeman had been seen late at night, on two or three occasions, at the ‘Z’ end of this road (or so I understood), but no one seemed to take this very seriously.

When we left the house at ‘Z’ to return home, we said jokingly, that we wondered if we should see the ghost: being about six o’clock, though not yet quite dark, it was dusk. We were certainly looking out for a possible ghost during the beginning part of our walk, as if it should appear at all, we expected it at the ‘Z’ end of the road. However, it was not forthcoming: we only met two or three quite ordinary people, and by the time we had got half-way, we had given up all expectation of seeing it. We were approaching the ‘X’ end of the road when, quite suddenly, there loomed out of the darkness ahead a tall figure striding towards us. The moment I saw it my blood ran

cold, and my friend and I said simultaneously: ‘There it is!’ It was too dark now to see the face, but the outline was unmistakably that of a policeman, with helmet, cape, etc. After taking a few steps towards us, he turned in a slanting direction and took a few paces over the grass, of which there was quite a wide patch between the road and the hedge; but he was at least five or six feet from the hedge when he simply vanished — utterly and completely. Even if he had been nearer the hedge than I thought, he could not possibly have got through it, as it was one of those very high and thick-set hedges of yew or holly, surrounding the garden of a private house, and very well kept and clipped (I came back the next day by daylight to verify this). Not even a dog could have got through it.

That was all. But subsequently, in talking to one of the people who had seen it on one of the previous occasions, I found I had been mistaken in thinking that they said it had appeared at the ‘Z’ end of the road: they also had seen it at the ‘X’ end where we had. I have always thought that this mistake rather strengthens the incident; as, if there were any question of imagination, we would have been far more likely to imagine it in the place where we fancied he had his beat than after we had given up all hope of seeing him.

Mrs. Ames writes from 17 Roland Gardens, S.W.7 (5th July 1937):

I was walking home in company with three others from Sunningdale to South Ascot, along the Devenish Road — at about, I suppose, 6:50 to 6:45, during the winter of 1900. Either late January or beginning of February, I forget which — it was just moonlight and a clear frosty night. We had, I think, talked about the ghost — but had passed the place where it was generally seen, and got to a stretch of road bounded on one side by a high fence enclosing a property called Broadlands and on the other field-land

belonging to the late Lady Isabella Keane, and coming to cross roads leading up on the right to Sunninghill — suddenly we saw coming towards us the figure of a policeman in his cape — it was walking on the left of the road coming towards us (our right) about, I should think, fifteen to twenty yards away, when it crossed over to the left and disappeared. We could not see the face — I remember when we first saw it, none of us thought it was the ghost, and someone made a remark about 'the policeman with the india-rubber shoes' — as we heard no footstep, and being very frosty and hard our steps rang out on the road. My most vivid remembrance was the sudden feeling of silence and cold that fell on us, and also that our three dogs, who were running on, suddenly ran back to us and slunk behind us with tails down.

There was no question of anyone being able to get away or hide in a ditch and there was no hedge. The figure just disappeared.

In the above case a letter of corroboration is supplied by the other percipient, Mrs. Ames. There is, however, a discrepancy between the two narratives inasmuch as Mrs. Ames in her clear description of the incident, speaks of two other percipients, whom I have not yet been able to trace. There is also an element of expectancy in this case, which is, however, discounted by the fact that the ladies had already passed the place where the ghost was supposed to appear when they saw the figure of the policeman. The dense thickness of the hedge seems to rule out the possibility of a real man having suddenly left the rod. There is a local story to the effect that in 1917 a Major Todd on leave from France saw the apparition of the policeman and noticed that the face of the figure seemed dreadfully mutilated. Major Todd, however, was killed soon after his return to the front, and as yet I have found no further evidence of value in this case.

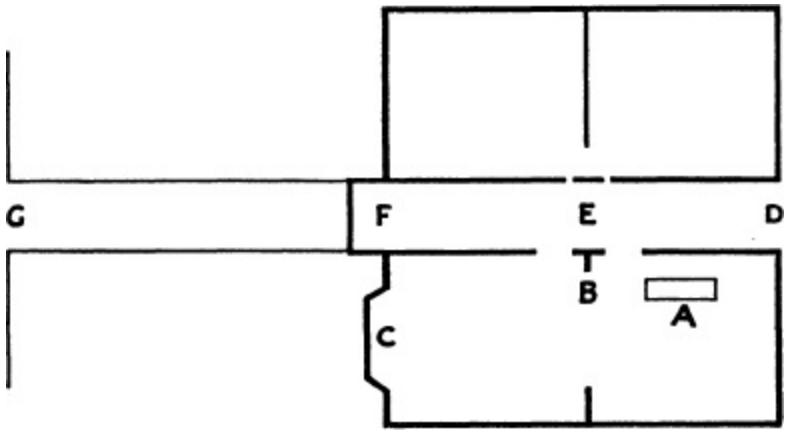
Case 65

The different accounts which follow were signed by the percipients, whom Mr. Gurney had seen and with whom he had thoroughly discussed the evidence. They were not willing that their names, or that of the house where the phenomena occurred, should be published, but they communicated these privately to Mr. Gurney. The first account is from Mrs. W.

February 19th, 1885

In June 1881, we went to live in a detached villa just out of the town of C. Our household consisted of my husband and myself, my step-daughter and two little boys, aged nine and six, and two female servants. The house was between ten and twenty years old. We had been there about three weeks, when, about 11 o'clock one morning, as I was playing the piano in the drawing-room, I had the following experience: I was suddenly aware of a figure peeping round the corner of the folding-doors to my left; thinking it must be a visitor, I jumped up and went into the passage, but no one was there, and the hall door, which was half glass, was shut. I only saw the upper half of the figure, which was that of a tall man, with a very pale face and dark hair and moustache. The impression lasted only a second or two, but I saw the face so distinctly that to this day I should recognize it if I met it in a crowd. It had a sorrowful expression. It was impossible for anyone to come into the house without being seen or heard. I was startled, but not the least frightened. I had heard no report whatever as to the house being haunted; and am certainly not given to superstitious fancies. I did not mention my experience to anyone at the time, and formed no theory about it. In the following August, one evening about 8:30, I had occasion to go into the drawing-room to get something out of the cupboard, when, on turning round, I saw the same face in the bay-window, in front of the shutters, which were closed. I again saw only the upper part of the figure, which seemed to be in a somewhat crouching posture. The light on this occasion came from the hall

and the dining-room, and did not shine directly on the window; but I was able perfectly to distinguish the face and the expression of the eyes. This time I *was* frightened and mentioned the matter to my husband the same evening. I then told him of my first experience. On each of these occasions I was from eight to ten feet distant from the figure.



Sketch Plan of the Ground Floor of the House
A, Piano; B, First position of figure; C, Second position of figure; D, Garden; E, Baize door; F, Front door and porch; G, Front gate.

Later in the same month I was playing cricket in the garden with my little boys. From my position at the wicket I could see right into the house through an open door, down a passage, and through the hall as far as the front door. The kitchen door opened into the passage. I distinctly saw the same face peeping round at me out of the kitchen door. I again only saw the upper half of the figure. I threw down the bat and ran in. No one was in the kitchen. One servant was out, and I found that the other was up in her bedroom. I mentioned this incident at once to my husband, who also examined the kitchen without any result.

A little later in the year, about eight o’clock one evening, I was coming downstairs alone, when I heard a voice from the direction, apparently, of my

little boys' bedroom, the door of which was open. It distinctly said, in a deep sorrowful tone, 'I can't find it.' I called out to my little boys but they did not reply, and I have not the slightest doubt that they were asleep; they always called out if they heard me upstairs. My step-daughter, who was downstairs in the dining-room with the door open, also heard the voice, and thinking it was me calling, cried out, 'What are you looking for?' We were extremely puzzled. The voice could not by any possibility have belonged to any member of the household. The servants were in the kitchen, and my husband was out.

A short time after I was again coming downstairs after dark in the evening when I felt a sharp slap on the back. It startled but did not hurt me. There was no one near me, and I ran downstairs and told my husband and my step-daughter.

I have never in my life, on any other occasion had any hallucination of sight, hearing, or touch.

The following is Miss W.'s account:

February 19th, 1885

In July 1881 I was sitting playing the piano in our house in C., about 11:30 in the morning, when I saw the head and shoulders of a man peeping round the folding-doors, in just the same way as they had appeared to my mother, but I had not at that time heard of her experience. I jumped up, and advanced, thinking it was an acquaintance from a few yards off. This impression, however, only lasted for a second; the face disappeared, but recalling it, I perceived at once that it was certainly not that of the gentleman whom I had for a second thought of. The resemblance was only that they were both dark. The face was pale and melancholy, and the hair very dark, I at once went to Mrs. W. in the dining-room, and asked if anyone had called.

She said, ‘No’; and I then told her what I had seen. I then for the first time heard from her what *she* had seen, and our descriptions completely agreed. We had even both noticed that the hair was parted in the middle, and that a good deal of shirt-front showed.

A few weeks later, about 11 p.m., Mrs. W. and I were playing bezique in the dining-room. Mr. W. was out, and the servants had gone to bed. The door of the room was open, and I was facing it. I suddenly had an impression that someone was looking at me, and I looked up. There was the same face, and the upper half of the figure, peeping round into the room from the hall. I said, ‘There’s the man again!’ Mrs. W. rushed to the door, but there was no one in the hall or passage; the front door was locked, and the green baize door which communicated with the back part of the house was shut. The figure had been on the side of the dining-room door, nearest to the front door, and could not have got to the green baize door without passing well in our sight. We were a good deal frightened and we mentioned the occurrence to Mr. W. on his return. He went all over the house, as usual, before going to bed, and all windows were fastened, and everything in order.

A few weeks after this, about 11:30 a.m., I was upstairs playing battledore and shuttlecock with my eldest brother in his bedroom. The door was open. Stepping back in the course of the game, I got out on to the landing. I looked sideways over my shoulder, in order to strike the shuttlecock, and suddenly saw the same face as before, and my brother called out at the same moment, ‘There’s a man on the landing.’ I was startled myself, but to reassure the boy I said there was no one — that he had made a mistake — and shut the door and went on with the game. I told my father and Mrs. W. of this as soon as I saw them.

Later in the autumn, I was sitting alone in the dining-room one evening, with the door open. Mrs. W. had been upstairs, and I heard her coming down.

Suddenly I heard a deep melancholy voice say, ‘I can’t find it.’ I called out, ‘What are you looking for?’ At the same time the voice was not the least like Mrs. W.’s. She then came in and told me she had heard exactly the same thing. My father was out at the time, but we told him of the circumstance on his return.

In September of 1882 I was for a week in the house with only the two children and the servants. It was about 7:30 on Sunday evening, and nearly dark. The others were all out in the garden. I was standing at the dining-room window, when I caught a glimpse of a tall man’s figure slipping into the porch. I must have seen if anybody had approached the porch by the path from the front gate, and I should certainly have heard the latch of the gate, which used to make a considerable noise, and I should also have heard footsteps on the gravel-path. The figure appeared quite suddenly; it had on a tall hat. I was very much astonished, but ran to the door, thinking it might possibly be my father. No one was there; I went to the gate, and looked up and down the road. No one was in sight, and there was no possibility that anybody could have got so suddenly out of view.

I have never at any other time in my life had any hallucination whatever, either of sight or hearing.

I remember Mrs. W. telling me of her experience of the slap as soon as she came downstairs.

Mrs. W. adds:

I distinctly remember my step-daughter coming to me immediately after her first sight of the figure, and telling me about it. I then told her for the first time of my own experience (I had then only had one), and our descriptions completely tallied. I distinctly remember our agreeing about the parting of the hair in the middle, and about the amount of white shirt-front. We could

neither of us remember whether his tie was white or black. We agreed that we should know the face if we ever met it. And subsequently, at an evening party, we both pitched on the same individual as more like our strange visitor than any one else we knew. The resemblance, however, was not extremely close.

I distinctly remember, also, my step-daughter exclaiming, ‘There’s that man again!’ when we were playing bezique. I rushed at once into the hall and found the door closed as she has described.

I also remember her telling me at once about what she had seen, and what her brother had exclaimed when they were playing at battledore and shuttlecock.

She told me about what she had seen in the porch when Mr. W. and I returned from town on the next (Monday) morning.

The following is Surgeon-Major W.’s confirmation:

I was told of these various occurrences by my wife and daughter at the times which they have specified. I only heard from my wife of her *first* experience after she had told me of her *second.* After she had seen the figure during the game at cricket, I went into the kitchen, but found everything as usual. On my return home, after my daughter’s seeing the figure peeping round the dining-room door, I went all over the premises as my custom was, and found windows secured and everything in order.

My wife and daughter are as unlikely as any one I know to suffer from causeless frights. They are completely free from nervousness, and though these experiences were startling and bewildering to them, they did not in the least worry themselves in consequence.

It seems possible that the voice may have been that of one of the children talking in sleep, and the slap some effect of imagination, but it is not

easy to account for the apparitions by any such known causes.

In this, as in a subsequent case (No. 67), the evidence is collective and of special value because we have the testimony of two or more witnesses who, independently, and at different times, saw apparitions which were clearly identical or very much alike.

Case 66

The narrative which comes next is of a kind quite unique in our collection. Can it be explained as a case of collective illusion?

This strange account was received directly from the elder of the two ladies who witnessed the phenomenon; the younger sister has read it through and appended a brief comment to the account. The maid cannot now be traced.

I daresay it is ten or twelve years since this happened. One night in November my sister C. and myself, with the maid, had been to evening service in our village church. There was thick fog; the moon was full, but it made a sort of steam in the fog, instead of shining brightly.

As we walked we met a man: he was whistling, and we heard his whistle and his footsteps long before we saw him; he passed us on C.'s side, whistling still. Shortly after he had gone, I was surprised to see another man at C.'s side, who had come there without making a sound; he was a much shorter man than the first. C. apparently did not see him; I was walking beside her, and I pulled her sleeve, whispering, 'Let that man pass.' C. was walking on the outside of the three, next the carriage road. As I spoke, the man disappeared — it seemed, into C.'s dress; neither C. nor the maid had seen him, and he had made no sound. In another moment we were all bewildered at the sight around us; men, women, children, and dogs, all were

moving briskly about, some singly, others in groups, all without a sound; they appeared mist-like. There was a broad strip of grass on our right, and a narrow strip on our left; the figures were hidden directly they got on either of these dark strips, or when they passed *into* ourselves; but as we walked on they came from every quarter. Some seemd to rise out of the grass on either side of us; others seemed to pass through us, and come out on the other side. The figures all seemed short, dwarf-like, except one, of whom I write after. The women were dressed in bygone fashion, high bonnets, big cloaks or shawls, and large flounces on their dresses, such as I remember my mother wearing when I was a child. We three were never mistaken as to the identity of the different shapes; if one saw a man, all saw a man; if one saw a woman, all saw the woman; and so on. Overhead it was perfectly free of them; they were all walking on the ground, as we ourselves were. We saw two men (at different intervals) that had sparks all round their faces; they appeared to grin. As we saw the second of these, looking hideous, close to us, one of my companions said, ‘I can’t pass that,’ and I answered, ‘Look at the sky, you don’t see them then.’

There was one man taller than all the rest (he looked *very* tall), who took great strides, though perfectly noiseless; he wore a kind of cape; he was the only one who walked beside us, and he was on the carriage road; the rest all went on in an aimless kind of way, losing themselves on the grass, and so on; but this one never changed his step or swerved.

As we walked on, and he kept near us, we cast frightened glances at him, and kept bidding each other in a whisper to look at him, though he never turned his head to look towards us. We approached our own gate, where we should turn in, and then we had a long drive to walk up before we should reach the house. I think that by the time we reached our gate all the figures had disappeared except this one tall man. He had quite a different look to any

of the others, looked more horrible altogether. His way of walking was quite different to the rest, and he was, I should think, twice as tall or more than any of the others. He looked as if he had a purpose; the rest seemed quite different. As we had to cross the road and enter our gate, I thought I could not go if that horrible figure went too, but to our intense relief, he passed our gate, and went on with his measured stride up the middle of the road. As we turned into our gate, he was the only form in sight.

E. F.

February 7th, 1882. Mrs. F.'s sister adds:

The only thing I do not recollect in this story is where E. says the men had a grin. All the rest is true. I cannot say I recollect the faces. The sparks I did see; the faces appeared to me, as did the figures, mist-like.

C. M. B.
February 11th.

In two further letters, Mrs. F. writes:

(1) (As to the distance actually traversed in company with the 'spirits'.) After talking together and recalling the road, we think we may safely say we were among them for two hundred yards, or thereabouts. (So that the probable duration of the vision would be from two to three minutes.)

(2) As to the sparks around the two faces, I certainly think they were *on* the faces; they were *around* the faces, as it might be, *on the edge of the* faces; they were yellow sparks; the two figures who had the sparks appeared to me thin and cadaverous, for the faces did not look *round*, but seemed to fall in under the cheek bones. I wish I could draw, for I can see the 'things' now just as plainly as I saw them then, and I could point out the exact spot of ground on which they stood. We were close to them. As to the number of sparks I

cannot speak definitely; they were placed at regular distances round the face; there might be about ten or twelve round each face, so I think. They appeared yellow and bright, and they made a slight steam in the fog. Their light was not nearly so beautiful as a star's light (this last a suggested simile); it might be more like a small yellow candle's flame. There was nothing beautiful about them.

(3) You ask whether I have any theory as to the apparition. I have none whatever, and should be extremely interested if anybody could throw light upon the matter. The style of the women's dress seemed to take me back as far as I could remember (perhaps to 1857), when I seemed to remember my mother wearing the same sort of fashion, but as you know, fashions come and go, and repeat themselves a hundred times. I think the men chiefly wore capes or long cloaks; but you must remember, they all looked dark and mist-like…. I should be myself about twenty when I saw this appearance, and my sister sixteen…. One might imagine it to be a kind of mirage, only the whole appearance was so unlike what one would have seen in any town at the time we saw it. No woman in any English town was dressed in the least as were all the women in our vision.

(4) We were all very much frightened. The maid and my sister were crying aloud; I was not, for I felt I must keep my wits about me; the tears were rolling down my cheeks in a kind of bewilderment, yet I was not crying, and my voice was strong and firm. We kept pulling each other from one and another side of the road, as the figures came thicker towards us from different sides, for it was an uncomfortable feeling to see them disappear into ourselves.

When we burst into the house with the history of our curious apparition my father and mother came out with us again, to see if anything was to be

seen, but the road was quite free of anything, and after walking about for half an hour we went indoors again.

Illusion is certainly not a very plausible explanation of this occurrence, but it is perhaps possible that the small figures were irregularities in the density of the fog interpreted into shapes of men and women, the witnesses confirming each other in their interpretation, and that the large figure was a real man walking noiselessly, as a man does, for instance, in goloshes. The fact that the small figures disappeared directly they got on either of the dark strips of grass, affords a strong reason for regarding them as illusions; for it is difficult to see why an hallucination, veridical or otherwise, should be affected so much by the background, while on the other hand, an illusion caused, as I have suggested, by irregularities in the density of the fog, would depend on the background almost entirely. If the phenomenon was really a psychical one it is peculiarly unlucky that the one case of this kind, recorded in a collection of so many narratives, should have occurred in a fog.

Case 67

The following account of a collective apparition was contributed by Miss E. E. Guthrie, of 4 Bark Place, Orme Square, London, W. It was enclosed in a letter dated 20th February 1893. Miss M. W. Scott writes:

The incident I am about to relate occurred on the 7th of May 1892, between five and six in the afternoon. Having gone for a walk, I was returning homewards by a road in the vicinity of St. Boswells. The greater portion of the way is quite level, but at one part a short incline terminates with a sharp corner at the end. From the top of this eminence the whole road is conspicuous, with a hedge and bank on either side. Upon reaching the specified point, and finding time limited, I thought I would expedite matters

by running, and had not gone many steps when I came to a sudden halt, for just a few yards beyond I perceived a tall man dressed in black, who walked along at a moderate pace. Fancying he would think mine an extraordinary proceeding, I finally stopped altogether to permit of his getting on further, while at the same time watching him turn the corner and pass on where his figure was still distinctly defined between the hedges referred to. He was gone in a second — there being no exit anywhere — without my having become aware of it. Greatly surprised, I then myself passed the same corner and spot where I had seen the man vanish a few seconds before, and here, a short space onward, I saw one of my sisters standing and looking about everywhere in a bewildered manner. When I came up to her I said: 'Wherever has that man disappeared to?' and upon our comparing notes together it became evident that we had both experienced a similar sensation regarding the stranger, the only difference being that I had seen the apparition on in front, while she says he came facing her, and she, too, had noticed he vanished almost immediately. But we found, strangely enough, that when the man became invisible to her, he appeared to me between the points on the road where she and I were standing. At the time when we saw the apparition neither sister knew the other was so near.

Our experience then ended, until some weeks later, for though we thought the encounter a strange one, we did not trouble much about it. Towards the end of July, and at the same hour as before, another sister and myself were traversing the same spot, when not far distant I observed a dark figure approaching, and exclaimed: 'Oh, I do believe that is our man. I won't remove my eyes from him!' and neither did we till he seemed to *fade away* towards the bank on our right. Not waiting a moment to consider, each rushed frantically to either side of the road, but, of course, saw nothing. We questioned some boys who were on the top of a hay-cart in the opposite field,

and to whom the expanse of road was clearly visible, but they declared no one had passed that way. This time I again viewed the entire figure, while my sister only saw the head and to below the shoulders. The man was dressed entirely in black, consisting of a long coat, gaiters, and knee-breeches, and his legs were very thin. Round his throat was a wide white cravat, such as I have seen in old pictures. On his head was a low-crowned hat — the fashion I am unable to describe. His face, of which I only saw the profile, was exceedingly thin and deadly pale.

Nearly eight months have elapsed since these incidents, but the figure has not appeared to us again, though we frequently have occasion to pass that way, both by daylight and darkness; so in conclusion I must just relate two experiences of others at about the same period as we had our visitations. Two girls going from the village were attracted near the haunted walk by some wild strawberries growing on the bank. They stopped to gather them, and while thus employed they heard a thud or thump on the ground beside them, but seeing no one they again continued their occupation. The sound was repeated. Looking up, they then saw a tall man gazing intently, and they, being almost paralysed with fright at the awful expression of his countenance, clutched one another convulsively and fled precipitately, but after a time, venturing to look back, they saw the figure still standing, and while they looked he *gradually faded away.* These girls affirm that the man was dressed exactly as I have before described, that his face was white as death, and a white filmy sheet of vapour now enveloped his raiment.

It is reported that the same apparition appeared about two years ago to some boys, and, coming up close beside them, instantly melted into space. Also for nearly a fortnight blue lights were seen after dark near the spot frequented by the ghost; these were not stationary, but moved about in varied directions. Many people followed them, but all attempts to solve the mystery

have proved fruitless. No cause can be suggested for the strange proceedings, though legend has it that a child was murdered close by, but this fact is quite beyond the recollection of the oldest inhabitant of the neighbourhood. The apparition has been visible to many, and few care to traverse its haunts after dark.

Miss Guthrie, in sending us the account, enclosed a plan of the locality, saying:

I spent a day at Lessudden last autumn, and can vouch for the truthfulness of the story as regards locality, for so thick is the beech hedge and so open the fields that no man could penetrate the one or conceal himself in the other.

Evidence of Miss Louisa Scott:

As my sister has written a full and accurate account of our extraordinary experience in seeing a ghost in the broad daylight of a May afternoon, and as the road has already been described, I need only describe very briefly the appearance and movements of the apparition as I saw him. The date was the 7th of May 1892, hour about a quarter before six, when, as I was walking homewards, I saw advancing towards me at an ordinary pace a tall man, dressed in black, whom I believed to be a clergyman. I removed my gaze but for a second, when great was my surprise on looking up again to find that he had gone from my sight. The hedge on either side of the road is very thick, with wide fields on either side, so that the man could not possibly have sprung over it without my having seen him. I felt extremely mystified, and stood for several minutes, looking backwards and forwards into the fields and in all directions, when I was much surprised by seeing my sister turn the corner of a little incline higher up the road and commence running down it,

almost immediately coming to a sudden halt, and I saw her acting in the same way as I had done about five minutes before. Soon she walked onwards again, and finally turned the second sharp angle of the road and came hurriedly towards me, looking very much excited. (I had no idea that she was behind, nor did she know that I should be likely to be found in front of her.) Upon coming up to me she said, 'Where on earth is that man who was standing only about ten feet from you?' And here, what makes it still more striking, is that I was facing the tall spectre, *yet could not see him when my sister did.* She was more fortunate than I, for she saw the entire dress of the man, while I only noticed his long black coat, the lower part of his body to me being invisible, while she had the satisfaction of seeing him entirely and also seeing him vanish, as she did not remove her eyes, as I did, from the first time of seeing him. This is all I have seen of the man, but to what I did see nothing has been added by the aid of imagination.

(Signed) LOUISA SCOTT.

We heard from Miss Scott a few months later that she had again seen the apparition in the same place as before. She describes it as follows:

Lessudden House, St. Boswells
Roxburghshire
June 14th, 1893

I have again seen the ghost, and under the following circumstances. On Sunday last, June 12th, at a few minutes before ten in the morning, having occasion to pass that way, I perceived far in front a dark figure, who at that distance was indistinguishable as to whether it were man or woman, but believing the person to be the latter, and one I was acquainted with and likely to meet at that hour, I determined to hurry on and overtake her. I had not gone far, however, when I soon discovered it to be none other than the

apparition we had looked for and failed to see for so many months. I did not then feel at all afraid, and, hoping to get a nearer inspection, boldly followed, running in close pursuit; but here the strangest part of it all is that, though he was apparently walking slowly, I never could get any closer than within a few yards, for in but a moment he seemed to *float or skim away.* Presently he suddenly came to a standstill, and I began to feel very much afraid, and stopped also. There he was! — the tall spectre dressed as I have described before. He turned round and gazed at me with a vacant expression, and the same ghastly, pallid features. I can liken him to no one I have ever seen. While I stood, he still looked intently at me for a few seconds, then resumed his former position. Moving on a few steps he again stood and looked back for a second time, finally fading from view at his usual spot by the hedge to the right.

There was no one else on the road but myself, and here I solemnly state that what I have written is not at all influenced by imagination, as I was not thinking of the apparition at the time, he not having been seen for months previous to this visitation. With this strange experience I now felt really terribly frightened, so much so that I beat a hasty retreat homewards, when further on I met a woman coming along who knew of the bad reputation of the road, and to her I related my adventure. She, too, was terrified, and declared she would go no further alone, so at last I agreed to accompany her onwards to see if we could perceive anything more of the man. We, however, reached our destination in safety, without the ghost becoming visible.

All I can say in conclusion is that I will never voluntarily pass along the same place alone. The girls who saw the man last summer when gathering wild strawberries, have failed to give me their statements in writing, though I have long waited for them. Perhaps the reason is that being so young they may feel themselves unable to commit their experiences to paper. I am

assured, however, that the description I gave of their sensations in my sketch to Miss Guthrie is absolutely correct in every detail.

In a letter of 28th June 1893, to Miss Guthrie, Miss Scott adds:

I have had a splendid inspection of his appearance this time. He wears what is likely to be black silk stockings and shoe-buckles, short knee-breeches, and long black coat. The hat I cannot describe. The man is certainly dressed as a clergyman of the last century, and we have an old picture in the house for which he might have sat.

As to the costume in which the apparition was seen, Miss Guthrie says:

The dress worn, as regard the knee-breeches and silk stockings, I can vouch for as having been formerly a part of clerical attire, as my aunt had an engraving of Dr. Rankine, minister of St. David's Parish, Glasgow, in which he wears these and, I think, buckles on his shoes. The Moderator of the Scottish Church also wears this dress.

The evidence of the two little girls in the above case is only second-hand, as it was not secured in writing; but the report of their experience was the result of Miss Scott's personal inquiry from them at the time.

Case 68

Mr. Myers dealt with the clear and straightforward evidence in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Barber's experience, neither of whom had ever had a visual hallucination of this type previously.

From Mr. Reginald Barber, 24 Lorne Grove, Fallowfield, Manchester.

January 21st, 1891

In April of last year, while the light was still good, I was returning home from a walk with my wife, and when within a few yards of the gate, which opens into a straight path leading to the house, both my wife and I saw a woman pass through the open gate and walk straight to the house, when, on reaching the door, she disappeared. I ran to the door, opened it with my latchkey, and expected in my astonishment to find her inside, for she seemed to have walked through the door. It all seemed so real that I at once searched the house, but in vain. We were the only two people in the street, and did not see the figure until she entered the gate, when we simultaneously exclaimed, 'Who is that?' She seemed to come out of space and go into space again in a most marvellous manner. She wore a plaid shawl, and her bonnet was a grey-black with a bit of colour in it. We could not remember hearing any sound as she walked, but otherwise we have never seen anything more apparently substantial. It is impossible for us to conceive how she could have disappeared if she had been of flesh and blood.

If only one of us had seen this figure, I should have thought little about it, as such cases of hallucination seem sufficiently common, and may be accounted for by some physical or mental disturbance; but the evidence in this case points to the existence of something exterior to ourselves.

We are neither of us believers in ghosts or the like, but are two ordinary matter-of-fact people.

REGINALD BARBER.

In answer to our inquiries, Mr. Barber wrote as follows:

Dear Sir,

I received your letter this morning, and [will] now … reply to your inquiries. 'Did I or my wife see the figure first?' My wife points out that I must have seen the figure first, for she did not see it until it was well inside

the gate. ‘Was there any expectation of a visit?’ Not the least. ‘Give the distance of the apparition when it disappeared.’ A few yards, I could not say exactly. When I have heard Mrs. Barber telling friends of our experience, I have noticed that the figure presented to her mind does not seem to have been exactly the same as that which was evident to my mind. That would appear to support your theory that no real figure existed. Again, Mrs. Barber is sure she spoke first (though I thought we spoke simultaneously), and, as she points out, I *saw* the figure first. This shows that the figure was not suggested by one to the other in any ordinary manner.

Mrs. Barber, I trust, will send you an account of our experience while I am from home.

I shall be glad to answer any further questions if you think the case calls for them.

REGINALD BARBER.

Mrs. Barber writes:

24 Lorne Grove, Fallowfield.
January 30th, 1891

I shall be much pleased to give you an account of ‘our ghost’. I may begin by saying that Lorne Grove is a very quiet thoroughfare of no great length. During April last year the road was being paved, and consequently in a very chaotic state — full of loose stones, etc. The pavement on the opposite side to our house was already laid, so on returning from our walk on the 19th of that month my husband and I kept on that side of the road until we were exactly opposite our own gate. Up to this time we had seen no one in the Grove.

My husband now began to cross the road, bidding me follow, and take care not to fall on the loose stones. I did so, naturally looking down at my feet, until a little more than half-way across the road, or about six yards from

the gate, when on raising my eyes I saw a grey figure walking up the path to the door. She was then about a yard inside the gate, and although she had appeared so mysteriously, I felt no surprise, she looked so thoroughly commonplace and substantial. My husband saw her *enter* the gate, so there can be no question as to which of us *saw* her first, but I was certainly the first to exclaim: 'Who is that?' although my husband's exclamation followed so quickly that they might almost be considered simultaneous, as indeed I believe Mr. Barber described them in his letter to you. I next said: 'Stop a moment and let us see who it is,' but he answered, 'No, it is no good letting her ring,' and hurried forward with his latchkey. The distance from the gate to the door is seven and a half yards, and when I first saw the figure I should be about six yards from the gate.

My husband would be at least a couple of yards in front of me, and as he saw the figure actually turn in at the gate he had a better view of her shawl and bonnet. I only saw that she was in grey, and that it was no one we knew. She walked quietly up the path and then up the two steps to the door, and I always fancy I saw her raise her hand as though to ring the bell, but of that I cannot be sure, and then against the dark door she vanished completely, certainly not more than four yards from where my husband was standing. We were expecting no visitor, and our thoughts were far away from the supernatural, for just before crossing the road we had been saying how hungry we were, and how we should enjoy our supper.

I took special note of the date and hour, fully expecting we should hear of some occurrence which nearly concerned us, but nothing has, so far, transpired.

GERTRUDE BARBER.

Mr. Myers called on Mr. Barber on 1st August 1891, and gives the following account of his interview:

August 2nd, 1891

I saw Mr. and Mrs. Barber yesterday, and inspected the scene of the apparition. It is quite clear that there was no real person on the step. When Mr. and Mrs. Barber turned into the street, a very short and quiet one, no one was visible. The figure appeared suddenly, entering the gate, through which you pass over a few yards of flagged walk and up two steps to reach the front door.

Mr. and Mrs. Barber have been about seven years in the house. No servant has died there, nor did the figure resemble the previous occupant.

Neither of them has ever had any other similar experience.

F. W. H. MYERS.

Case 69

This account came from Mrs. Yearsley, Chalk Hill House, Kingsbury, N.W.

December 2nd, 1891

I saw a ghost of a woman standing in a recess by the stairs. I was coming downstairs, having been sent by my mother to take some work to her bedroom. It was, as nearly as I can remember, when I was six years of age. It was about 4 or 4:30 in the afternoon, at No. 2 Kent Villas, Asylum Road, Peckham. The apparition, as far as I could see, looked simply like the figure of a woman with a shawl over her head, and at first I took her for one of the maid-servants, but she was in the kitchen at the time. No other persons were present, but others of the family saw a similar apparition at different times. I myself saw it on two occasions; the second time I saw it pass across a room as I passed by the open door of that room.

J. B. YEARSLEY.

The following account was contained in a letter to the collector, Mrs. Yearsley's son, from her sister, Mrs. Compton:

93 East Dulwich Grove, S.E.

July 6th, 1892

The haunted house we lived in for over three years still stands, and was let the last time I passed it, some months ago. The address used to be No. 2 Kent Villas, Asylum Road, Peckham. No doubt that is altered now.

The first time I ever saw the ghost — or old woman, as we children always called it — was on the very day we moved into the house. The men were putting down carpets, etc., and your mother and I and George and Maggie were sent to play upstairs to be out of the way. We chose the top staircase leading to the upper bedrooms. This staircase had a small dark lumber room underneath it, the door of which was almost exactly opposite my mother's bedroom. We had been playing for nearly an hour when we saw what looked like a tall, thin woman, with a plaid shawl of a red and white pattern over her head and a little over one side of her face, come slowly down the stairs from the upper front bedroom; her dress rustled behind her. We all drew back against the wall, while she passed us and went down the stairs, turned a little to the right, and disappeared into the lumber room. We were all dreadfully frightened, and flew, and some fell, down the stairs to tell what we had seen. My mother was very angry, and said we had been playing at ghosts till we imagined we had seen one, and we were all sent back again. We sat huddled together till called to bed. All this took place on a bright summer afternoon. The very next Sunday, we were dining in the breakfast-room, and in the middle of dinner we heard the latch lifted of the half-glass door leading to the garden. Several of us looked up and saw the door open, and the *shadow* of some one go quickly up the stairs. My father called two of the boys, saying, 'some one has got into the house.' They took heavy sticks, and one

stood in the hall, so that no one could pass without being seen, and the others searched every corner of the house and saw nothing.

My eldest brother often came home late from the Stock Exchange on account nights, and mother always let him in, to see that he was all right. The first time he was late in that house, he came downstairs again in half an hour, to know if any of the children were ill, as he declared that my mother (as he supposed it to be) had gone up and entered his room, sighing deeply, and then had gone into the children's room, and had left his door and the children's wide open.

The noises in the house were at times almost unbearable — exactly as though half a ton of coals had been shot down the stairs. Mother never actually *saw* the old woman, though she constantly followed the sound of the footsteps up the stairs to try and discover what it could be; and once, while sitting up late, reading in front of a long glass on her dressing-table, she heard it come downstairs, and made up her mind she *would* look; but directly the door began to open she covered her face, and distinctly heard it come all round the room and go out leaving the door open.

One afternoon, I was sent upstairs to the children's bedroom. After finding what I wanted I came down the top flight of stairs, and right in front of me stood the old woman in the doorway of mother's bedroom. I stood, too frightened to move, especially as I had to pass her to reach the lower staircase. If I saw her face now, after all these years, I should know it. The hair was very dark and smooth; the one eye not covered by the shawl was turned up, and the face like death. It had the look I have since seen on the faces of the dead. How long I stood I don't know — it seemed hours. At last I made a desperate effort and passed it, and with one bound was downstairs, and I fell at the parlour door. I was unable to move, and they dragged me in and well scolded me, and I was forbidden to speak of it to the others. An hour

afterwards your mother was sent up for something, and as she was a long time gone, mother called to her to come at once, and when she did, she said cook was standing at the lumber room door with a shawl over her head, and she had been trying to make her speak, but she was too cross. At last we got quite used to seeing the thing about the house, although, for my part, I lived in dread of it. I saw it constantly; it used to come into my room and stand by my bed, but I don't remember seeing it once when it was quite dark. The noises got too dreadful, and we hunted for another house, although my father hesitated about taking the one we all fixed upon; but the old woman settled the question, for father having gone to bed early with one of his favourite bilious attacks, he heard some one coming, and in walked the old woman, which so frightened him that he was up by seven o'clock next morning, and off to take the new house.

After all the furniture had gone, and your mother and I and Maggie were sleeping in beds on the floor, we were all talking and telling fairy tales, when Mag suddenly dived under the clothes. We soon knew the reason; at the very foot of our bed stood the old woman, and your aunt had seen it first. The people who took the house from us left very shortly, as they said they could get no rest for awful noises. How it has fared since, I don't know.

Mrs. Yearsley adds:

July 31st, 1892

I have read my sister's (Mrs. Compton) description of the events which took place at 2 Kent Villas, Asylum Road, Peckham, in 1853–4. It perfectly describes my experiences as well as hers, and I do not think there is anything I can add.

I perfectly remember the occasion of our sitting at a meal, and seeing the shadow as of a person going up the stairs from the half-glass door from the garden. I can also distinctly remember meeting the apparition at the top of the

stairs and speaking to it, and then feeling very frightened, and going downstairs as quickly as possible, and my mother calling to the servants directly, thinking one of them might have been upstairs, and that I might have imagined I had seen this phantom, though she really guessed what I had seen. At that time I was about six to seven years of age, and my sister Mrs. Compton, eight or nine and a half years.

J. B. YEARSLEY.

The above case, though very old, is interesting because the apparition was seen in the first instance collectively, and when none of the percipients were in any condition of expectancy or alarm about it. Though noises formed part of the phenomena, they were not heard until after the apparition had been seen. The only living witnesses were children at the time, but their recollection of the incidents seems to be clear.

Case 70

A very curious account signed by a Northumberland clergyman and his friend, a doctor.

About the middle of September 1881, between five and six in the evening, whilst it was quite light, the Rev. J. Jones, Vicar of Dunston, and myself were fishing the North Tyne, at the junction of the Blindburn with the Tyne, from a bank of shingle, in length about eighty yards and about ten wide, sloping from a grass field to the margin of the river, with neither trees nor bush in the immediate vicinity, and after fishing for a short time Mr. Jones came up to me to ask for a match for the purpose of lighting his pipe. As we were thus standing together lighting our pipes from the same match, I said to him, ‘Do you see that man fishing down there?’ He replied, ‘I have had my eye upon him for the last twenty minutes, and as it may be Major-

General Allgood, I think I had better go down and apologise to him for the liberty we are taking, as I have not yet been once to see him this year to ask his permission to fish.'

Accordingly Mr. Jones left me for this purpose, and when he came within fifteen or twenty yards of the supposed fisher, the figure suddenly disappeared and seemed to pass away into nothing, whilst we were both looking on. Mr. Jones then turned round and looked towards me, but did not speak until I advanced to within a few paces of him, when he said, 'Ridley, I hope nothing has happened at home.' We at once proceeded to take down our rods.

Anyone visiting the spot would at once see that no human being would be able to get away without being seen by us. Let me now describe the figure, as it appeared to us. It was dressed with felt hat, dark pilot jacket, light drab fishing stockings, laced boots. We never saw the face. The rod was a full-sized salmon rod, painted black, large brass reel. He was throwing from over the right shoulder. Mr. Jones remarked that he was throwing a good line. I might add that we left a Mr. Bartlett at our lodgings that evening before going out to fish, and it would appear that during our absence he had fallen asleep, as he informed us on our return. When questioned as to what he had been doing, he (to the best of my recollection) replied he had been sleeping.

JOHN JONES (Vicar of Dunston, Durham).
JOHN H. WILKIE RIDLEY, M.R.C.S. Eng.
6 Collingwood Terrace, Gateshead.

In this singular case, vouched for by a clergyman and doctor, it was the vanishing of the figure which startled the percipients and first made them think it was not a real man they were looking at. The fact that it vanished for both of them apparently at the same moment and at different distances, is difficult to reconcile with the hypothesis of an optical illusion or of mistaken

identity. An hallucination which persists for twenty minutes and ‘throws a good line’ is certainly a very unusual one.

An earlier and second-hand account from Mr. Hartig of Gateshead states that the dress and rod of the figure resembled those of Mr. Bartlett, who had been fishing with the percipients earlier in the day. But although after the figure had vanished Mr. Jones and Mr. Ridley appear to have suspected some possible connection between the phantasm and Mr. Bartlett, no such idea seems to have occurred to them earlier. Had the figure been clad in the familiar clothes worn by their friend Mr. Bartlett, why did they imagine that the fisherman might be Major-General Allgood? It would be interesting to know too whether Mr. Bartlett threw an especially good line or cast over his right shoulder.

On the whole this case had, I think, better be placed in the ‘unrecognized’ class of apparition.

Case 71

Mr. Tom Horner of ‘Cranford’, Mallorik Park, Ripon, writes as follows (March 1934):

A friend and I were motoring from Filey to Harrogate the first Saturday evening in November 1932. Our road took us through York and Wetherby. The weather was slightly misty, due to rain. Owing to this I asked my friend to keep a sharp look out, and warn me if he saw anything. Soon a motor bus approached: its headlight and mine made the road as light as day. My friend said, ‘Three men in front!’ and I said I did see them. The bus driver and I simultaneously dipped our headlights and slowed down to walking pace as the men were in front of me, say, two telegraph posts away. The bus passed and I put up my lights and to my astonishment the road was clear, no men could be seen. Being alarmed we got out of the car and searched the road

everywhere. There was no hedge or wall, and nowhere for these men to have gone.

This matter caused me a sleepless night. I knew I hadn't hit these men, as the search proved, then suddenly the thought crossed my mind that we were crossing Marston Moor battlefield at the time and 'ghosts' also crossed my mind. I got out of bed and turned up a history book to ascertain the date of the battle, to my disappointment I found it was in June. A month later I told some of my friends of my experience and everyone laughed at me and told me to 'put more water with it,' but as my friend and I are lifelong teetotalers, that doesn't apply. We both called on Mr. Wood, a grocer of Tockwith, part of the battlefield, who is an authority on the battle, his father having written a history of it. He was deeply interested in our description of the uniform the men were wearing, large soft hats, dark plum-coloured cloaks and leggings. The reason I insisted on cloaks was because we saw the movements of the shoulders but no hands could be seen. This again made the matter complicated. Farm labourers such as one might see on these roads would not all be dressed alike and these men were. This account could if desired be verified by Mr. Arthur Wright, 11 Diddon Terrace, Harrogate. This man is a house-painter with whom I lodged. I am a commercial traveller. Neither of us have at any time studied ghosts, or know anything of the subject, so that you can rely on this information being truthfully given.

Mr. Arthur Wright, who was travelling with Mr. Horner in the car, sends the following letter (21st March 1937):

I can certainly verify the experience Mr. Horner and I had when returning from Filey. It was late on a Saturday night, heavy rain was falling, and the night was dark. We were not travelling very fast, and as the omnibus approached I remarked to Mr. Horner that he had better slow up or we should

be into two fellows on the road in front. He said, ‘That’s all right, I have seen them.’ The figures would then be some twenty or thirty yards away. When the omnibus had passed, the figures of the men, to our amazement, were no longer there. They seemed two fine fellows about six foot high, and built proportionately. The one I saw most clearly had on a long brown cloak, dark brown top boots, long hair, and a large hat, turned up at the side with a cockade. The other was dressed likewise, but being in the shade appeared to be in black. We were both deeply impressed by what we had seen, and described the dress of the men to each other minutely.

I wrote subsequently to Mr. Horner, and had the pleasure of a talk with him during a visit to London. In response to my questions he gave me the following particulars:

1. The fog at the particular spot where we saw the figures was not at all dense. It was more like a sea-fret, with drizzling rain, and as I stated before, visibility was approximately the distance of two telegraph poles, although I could see the lights of the oncoming omnibus a very long way off. Another indication that the fog was slight is that both the omnibus and I were using our head lamps, and each of us dipped our lights on approaching.

2. We could definitely rule out the idea of poachers, as there is no game whatever in that area.

3. No one could normally get off the road for three reasons: (*a*) The figures were never out of my sight; even when dipped, my one head lamp kept them continually covered, and I was within six yards of their heels for quite a long time. (*b*) The road is narrow at this point, and three people could not have jumped to the right for they would have been run down by the oncoming omnibus. (c) There is a fairly high hedge on the left, and a narrow grass verge, so people could not possibly jump the hedge, and the most

important point is, that I was bound to be watching them most carefully all the time, to avoid running them down at so short a distance ahead. They were most distinct with the one head lamp, and with the switching on of the O.T. lamp, they disappeared.

I would like to mention that I pass this place twice every week, and know every inch of the ground thoroughly. In answer to your last question, the men were walking in front of my car, and in the same direction.

A natural explanation of the interesting experience forwarded by Mr. Horner would be that the three figures seen on the road were those of men who for some reason or other took advantage of the dipping of the motor lights to run off the road on to the open moor, where they escaped detection when the motorists began their search. This might be possible thanks to the misty air or the fact that the men threw themselves flat on the ground in the dark.

One difficulty, *inter alia*, of this natural explanation, is the dress of the three figures, accurately observed and described by both Mr. Horner and Mr. Wright. Further it seems clear that the figures made no attempt to escape from the road when the full headlights were on them. That this was a case of poachers seems ruled out by (1) the dress of the figures; (2) the fact that no poaching is possible on a dark, wet night on an open moor; (3) there was nothing to poach on that particular area. Mr. Wright speaks of two figures, Mr. Horner of three. It would have been very interesting to have known whether the driver of the omnibus saw the figures.

Case 72

A straightforward account from two good witnesses of an unrecognized apparition. The first statement comes from Mr. F. Fuller (March 1934):

The single experience I have had during my life of sixty years happened about twenty years ago, and is absolutely true; also my fellow workers can vouch for the following.

Myself and my mate — I was a gas fitter and my mate was about twenty at the time — were cycling home to the village of Paddock Wood, Kent; it was getting dusk, and just on lighting up time as we were rounding a bend in the road, with a very high hedge on either side, I saw an elderly lady in a brown dress and bonnet come through the hedge and hurry across the road, and through the hedge on the other side as I was just going to ring my cycle bell, to let her know we were coming. Now before saying anything to my mate about what I had seen, I asked him if he had seen anything and he described the old lady exactly as I saw her; also he was on the point of ringing his bell, when she disappeared through the hedge. We got off our cycles, but could see nothing more of her. We came round the same road on several other occasions at the same time, but never saw anything again, and I've never seen anything since; was it telepathy?

Mr. F. L. Luck, who shared this experience with Mr. Fuller, sends the following letter (26th June 1936):

Mr. Fuller and I were cycling home from Staplehurst to Paddock Wood. It was just before dusk, and the light was still good — towards the end of May in 1912. We were on the last mile, and approaching Paddock Wood Vicarage, where a small stream runs under the road. As we approached the stream, we saw the figure of an elderly lady wearing a rusty black or dark brown coat and skirt, and a bonnet like those we see on some pictures of Queen Victoria. The bonnet was also a rusty black colour, and the light was good enough to see her face distinctly; she had made up her mind to go somewhere, and two hedges and a ditch were not enough to stop her. She

moved from east to west, along the south bank of the stream, and passed through the hedge about four feet from me, while I was riding close in on the left of the road.

At that time I was a teetotaller, so I knew I was sober, but I should not have mentioned the apparition to a soul except for the fact that Mr. Fuller asked me why I slowed up and reached for my bell. Then I told him what I had seen, and he replied that was exactly what he had seen himself, so we both turned round on the road, and went to the spot on the west side of the road where the figure had disappeared through the hedge The long grass was unmarked, and the hedge intact, but we found the remains of an old gateway beneath the brambles, which is still there.

I was in a better position than Mr. Fuller to have a good look at the old lady's face, and I was so impressed that I feel I could pick her out of a crowd of grannies even if they were all dressed alike, after all these years. The apparition was too plain, and the movements too distinct, and the light too good, for either of us to have made a mistake over a shadow.

The unrecognized apparition in this instance was seen simultaneously by two witnesses — Mr. F. Fuller, Draycott, Malling Road, Snodland, and Mr. F. Luck, Alpine Cottages, Paddock Wood. The details are almost identical in the independent accounts of the two percipients. It is not easy to see how the figure could have been that of a living person.

Case 73

I am indebted to Mr. T. James of Gwernleyshon, Michaelston y Fedw, Cardiff, for the following account:

In the month of August 1899, I and my wife and two children — a girl of twelve and a boy of ten — with a little girl cousin about six, were

returning from a visit to a relative. It was a lovely evening, and we decided to walk home along the bank of the canal to avoid the dusty road. An arrangement had been made before we left home that an Aunt should walk to meet us on the canal side provided she had company.

It was a delightful walk, and the children thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and were anxiously looking forward to meeting their kind Auntie. As we were getting nearer home, we had to pass under a rather gloomy arch; I had walked over the bridge hundreds of times, and had fished in the canal there many times as a boy: but the place had a queer reputation of being haunted. I had never seen anything, and was quite sceptical about the rumour. It was about 8:30 p.m. as we were passing through the archway, and the moon was fully up, illuminating the walk, and on each side of the canal the banks were wooded. The shrubbery of a large garden came down to the water's edge on our left and a small wood was on our right with sloping banks.

We had walked about forty yards from the bridge with the children some fifteen or twenty yards in front of us, when we all distinctly saw a figure resembling a female. The appearance seemed to be gliding from us, and was clothed in black raiment, and seemed as if a shawl covered the head.

The children at once shouted, 'There's Auntie,' and were about to run eagerly to meet her, but my wife and I said, 'Don't go on, it cannot be your Aunt as she is alone.' It flashed through our minds instantly that it was some kind of an apparition, and we dreaded the children having a fright, so they came to us, and we walked slowly on. The uncanny thing still glided on in front of us, and at last suddenly vanished from our sight.

My wife and I were not frightened, and the youngsters supposed it was a strange person. I am positive the spectre did not glide into the wood but simply, as it were, dissolved into thin air.

I looked over the fence in the field after passing the wood, but there was nothing to be seen, and the moon was shining gloriously.

We reached home at last, and found Auntie and her Mother comfortably engaged in household duties.

After the children had retired we spoke of our weird experience, and our relatives were greatly perturbed, as they also remembered that the place had a curious and ghostly reputation.

My son and his sister well remember the event, but their cousin has forgotten it.

This is a true story of a very weird occurrence, and it has never been explained. I may say that the little ones knew nothing of ghost stories.

Later Mr. James wrote as follows:

In answer to your letter of 24th inst. I enclose a letter from my son Mr. Reginald James in corroboration of our strange experience on the banks of the old Monmouthshire canal. The exact spot was close to a bridge, on the canal over which the old highway from Pontypool to Abergavenny runs, some five and a half miles from Pontypool, and four and a half from Abergavenny. The old house is called Ty-Part, and was for many years used as a manse.

Mr. Reginald James writes, 26th June 1936:

In response to your enquiry as to the accuracy of the narrative of our experiences on the banks of the Monmouthshire canal, I have pleasure in corroborating the facts. At the time I was about ten years old and knew nothing of ghosts or phantoms, as my parents at that time kept such ideas from me. All I actually remember was the appearance of a tall lady in black just ahead of my sister and myself. Thinking it to be my aunt, who had

promised to meet us, we ran after the figure, but could not get near as it vanished right away. Then Dad called us back.

Mrs. Cummins writes from Algiers, 16th January 1937:

I am very pleased to corroborate the evidence my father has given you concerning the lady in black we saw walking along the canal bank in Monmouthshire. I was a child of twelve at the time but have never forgotten the weird experience of seeing a woman appear suddenly in front of us, first walk towards us, then away, and disappear into nothingness before our very eyes. I was the first of the party to see the apparition, which I took to be my aunt coming to meet us, and was dashing towards her when my father called me back. It was the sudden disappearance as we watched her, which specially disconcerted me.

The evidence in this collective case is that of four persons, two adults and two children. The possibility of a living person being mistaken for a ghost seems ruled out, as the figure advanced for a considerable time in good light, in front of the party, and then suddenly vanished while under observation. Mrs. Cummins, then a girl of twelve, remarks,' I think it was the sudden disappearance, as we watched her, which specially disconcerted me' (see *Case 96*).

Case 74

This case was brought to my notice by one of the percipients, Miss Y. of Shefford, Bedfordshire (3rd March 1934):

I live with my two sisters at the above address. The house was quite new when we came to live here rather more than eight years ago.

We have all three seen distinctly a middle-aged man wearing a stone coloured golf cap and a dark jacket, walking by the window at the side of the house as if in deep thought.

On several occasions we have hastened to the back door, but found no one there.

It is now nearly twelve months since we last saw him. He usually appeared about 2 p.m. or 4 p.m. We have not spoken of this to anyone here as we do not like publicity, but if the knowledge is of any use to you we felt we could do no other than acquaint you of it.

We are not suffering from delusions, trickery, or bad observation.

In a letter writte on 5th December 1936 Miss Y. writes:

My sisters have signed the note corroborating the narrative I sent you. The figure was seen by all three at the same moment on several occasions. My friend Miss Edwards visited us at Whitsuntide 1932, when I was away for the first two days of her visit.

The corroboration of the two sisters alluded to by Miss Y. is as follows:

We wish to corroborate the narrative sent by our sister Miss Y. We both saw the figure described by our sister.

(Signed) Emily Y.
Jane Y.

Miss Edwards' evidence (22nd January 1937) is as follows:

I saw the figure on two occasions, both at Whitsuntide. I first saw what appeared to me very plainly as the figure of a man of medium height, wearing a darkish cap, and passing with ordinary steps by the window. The first time

was during tea, when we were all sitting at a square table, one on each side. I happened to be facing the window, and so had a good view. Thinking it was someone going to the back door, I said, ‘Miss Y., there is a man going round to your back door’; she got up and went to the door, but there was no one there. On her return, she resumed her seat at the table and all three sisters looked at each other and smiled. I wondered at the time what it meant, but took no further notice. Later on in 1932 I saw the same man again, only this time it was during our evening meal, between seven and eight p.m. I was sitting in the same position at the table, and as he passed the window, I exclaimed, ‘There’s that man again,’ and listened for a moment for a knock, but heard nothing. I felt so convinced that I had seen him, that I couldn’t refrain from following Miss Y. to the back door, to see for myself. I said, ‘Well, he has vanished into space; where on earth could he have gone to?’ They said, ‘We are glad you have seen him too.’

Each time his head was down as though he was looking on the ground. The light was good, broad daylight, and a lovely sunny evening. He looked like a man between twenty-six and thirty, by his steady firm walk, but as the path was soft earth, we should not in any case have heard footsteps.

This collective apparition of an apparently unrecognized man has been seen in good light by no less than four witnesses, sometimes by three simultaneously. The figure has apparently been seen on many occasions and always in the same place, and in view of the details furnished by the percipients it is difficult to believe that it is that of a living man. Further opportunities may present themselves for investigating this case.

Case 75

Mr. H. sends me the following narrative from the University of Leeds (3rd March 1934):

Several years ago I was returning home on a bicycle about two o'clock in the morning from the house of some friends. It was between Aysgarth and Woodhall in the valley of Wensleydale (N.R., Yks.), on a level stretch of straight road bounded on either side by stone walls. There was a full moon and the road was so well illuminated that it seemed scarcely necessary to have a lamp on my cycle. At the point referred to above I met a woman. When I first noticed her she would be thirty yards away, walking towards me on the opposite side of the road. I wondered who the lady could be, for travellers in this lonely part of the country are few and very far between at such an hour. I was travelling about 12 m.p.h. so had plenty of time to look at her as we met. She wore a dark blue or black dress reaching to the ankle and crinoline shaped. The dress was very tight fitting round the waist and she wore a brightly coloured hat with hatpin and white gloves. In her hand she carried a walking stick. The features of the face appeared very pointed.

All these details are probably unnecessary but they impressed themselves on my mind very forcibly. I glanced round several times after we passed but the lady continued on her way walking as one would expect any normal person to walk. I forgot to say that when I was exactly opposite the lady I said 'good night' in what was perhaps a dubious tone. There was no reply. I thought over the incident the rest of the three miles home and as I knew practically everyone within a radius of ten miles of that place, I could not 'place' her at all. She seemed to me altogether out of place but had she lived (say) fifty years before, her appearance would I think have conformed with the general fashion of that period.

There is not a house within half a mile of the place where I saw the figure.

The following morning I explained the whole affair to the folks at home. They made no comment and the matter dropped; but two years later I visited

a friend at T. R. Our conversation drifted towards ‘ghosts’ and he really astonished me by remarking, ‘Oh, you’ve seen the black lady between Woodhall and Aysgarth, haven’t you?’ He then told me that my people knew about this ‘black lady’ because he himself had seen her and afterwards told them about it. His description of her coincided with mine to a surprising degree, and he named four other people who declared they had seen the lady. I have since approached these people (all men) and their stories agree, and I know that the points where we saw the lady are all within two hundred yards on this road. These men (and I know them well) do not romance, and personally I should not be taking the trouble to write this down if I thought it was not the solid fact. It is the only personal’ ghost’ experience I have ever had.

I have hesitated as to the inclusion of the above narrative because of the regrettable refusal of several witnesses to permit their evidence to be used. The detailed account sent me by Mr. H. is extremely clear and straightforward, and had the evidence of the other five persons been available the case would have been one of first-rate importance. As it is, Mr. H. took the trouble to interview all five, but although he found their stories agreed, and it was clear that the apparition of the woman had been seen always on the same stretch of road — some two hundred yards in length — Mr. H. could not persuade a single one of the five witnesses to contribute a single line of corroboration even anonymously, from some obscure apprehension that they might incur ridicule. *Gegen Dummheit kämpfen die Götter vergebens!*

Case 76

Mrs. W. of E. Vicarage, Somerset, writes as follows (3rd March 1934):

Some years ago I was driving in a dog-cart with a girl friend, and just as we were starting to go up the only hill (Wembdon Hill) in this town, the mare slowed down and stopped four times. I flicked the whip, and laughingly said, 'It is a case of Balaam and his ass again,' and the words were hardly out of my mouth, when the strangest apparition glided down a steep path, crossed the road, and disappeared through a gate on the left. It was a very cold October day, about 11:30 a.m., and she was wearing a high-waisted muslin dress, and a white silk shawl over her head, and as she passed through the gate she seemed to stare straight at me with a horrible look on her face. The mare reared till she had passed over the road, and then galloped up the steep hill and it was not until we had gone two miles that I could pull her up. We both saw the apparition and my friend fainted, and altogether it was a mercy that we were not all killed! Naturally, I could not make any inquiries without making a scare, but I did learn later on that when a house was being built about eighty years ago, the skeleton of a man was found, and I was told that he had been murdered by his wife, but although I have passed the same place many times, I have never been able to see her again.

Mrs. W. sends me a further letter (21st May 1936), in answer to questions:

1. As far as I can say it was about 11:30 on a cold October morning (I know it was cold, as I had borrowed my sister's fur coat).

2. The figure disappeared through a closed gate, and a high one at that.

3. The figure floated over the road at about one foot from the ground.

The mare seemed to sense something uncanny because she drew up short several times before we got to the spot, so much so that my sister-in-law, who was driving, used the whip, and I made the ribald joke about Balaam's ass. As the figure passed over, the mare reared, and then galloped

up the rest of what is a very steep hill. I then took the reins, and it was one and a half miles before I could pull her up. The dress of the figure was so peculiar and so flimsy on such a cold day, that I think the idea of it being anybody dressed up can safely be ruled out. The gate was closed, and as I got a side view of it, I saw the figure only just as long as the angle would allow.

Mrs. B. contributes this corroborative account of the incident (8th December 1936):

On a Tuesday morning, early in October 1921 or 1922, about noon, I was driving a horse and trap with my sister-in-law as passenger. I knew the horse quite well, having driven or ridden her for about four years. The mare was naturally highly strung and nervous but on this particular morning, as we were going up Wembdon Hill, I had very great difficulty in controlling her. She stopped several times and finally no amount of coaxing would make her budge. She stood quivering, with sweat glistening on her flanks. Then suddenly a little farther up the hill appeared the tall figure of a young woman, in a pink dress, of Victorian period probably, with trailing skirts, and with a lot of cream lace on and a lace wrap over her head. She crossed over the road immediately in front of us, from right to left, but before disappearing through a gate, she turned her head and looked at me. I can never forget that look: it was one of intense agony and the skin and the eyes looked like grey dust.

After the apparition had passed the horse bolted up the hill, and it was a good five miles before we could bring her under proper control again.

Mrs. B. adds:

It will be of interest to you to know that I did, quite by chance, come across independent corroboration of this particular apparition by a man, who, more than twenty years before we saw it, was driving up Wembdon Hill and

saw the apparition, which by his description was identical with the one we saw on that October morning. Unfortunately I have no idea of this man's address now.

There are some slight discrepancies in the account of the two ladies who shared this experience, but it is difficult to accept the suggestion that it was a living person who crossed the road. The light was good, and the figure is described as having floated over the road, a foot or so above the ground, and disappeared through a high gate which was closed.

Case 77

From Mrs. Goodhall, 27 Nevern Square, S.W. (6th February 1890):

Time, a summer's evening, towards the day's wane, but still quite light. Place, the broad plateau of a high hill, between Willesden and Ravensden, on the road to the town of Bedford. Year, either 1873 or 1874. The road unusually wide, with deep margins of grass on both sides. I was being driven by my daughter in a low pony carriage, when I suddenly saw a figure, dressed in black from head to foot, advancing; it appeared to glide along. I said to my daughter, 'Oh, do look at that strange figure!' It passed on the left side of the carriage, on the grass, within two yards of us; as it did so, it turned its face directly our way, and of all the fiendish faces it was the most horrible you can imagine; its garments seemed to trail behind it. My daughter looked back after it as it passed us; she says it turned its face over its shoulder, and looked towards us. I myself turned round immediately — it was gone. I told people in the county what we had seen, but could never learn any history beyond the saying of the people, that part of the road was supposed to be haunted. The figure passed about three-quarters of a yard beyond the roadway.

I was in good health and quite happy; age about fifty.

The figure had no likeness to any one I ever had seen or have seen since.

My daughter, who was driving me at the time, confirms my statement.

[Miss Goodhall adds here a note: ‘I do. (*Signed*) May C. Goodhall.’]

I took no notes of the experience, but often spoke of it to others at the time, and also since.

CHARLOTTE E. GOODHALL.

Mr. Podmore writes, 7th June 1892:

I called to-day on Mrs. Goodhall. The figure was seen, according to the testimony of both ladies, in all but full daylight — a quite unmistakable figure. They could not determine which saw it first. But their interest was aroused at once, because, as both assured me, the figure seemed to glide, not walk. Mrs. Goodhall described the face as fiendish. Miss Goodhall said that it had a nasty expression, and a large mouth; like a man’s coarse features in a woman’s dress. Miss Goodhall looked round at once, and the figure had disappeared. It could not have disappeared if a real figure, as the distance from the hedge was too great. The vision can have lasted only a few seconds in all.

In the above case the figure is unrecognized, and the reasons for regarding it as supernormal are, first, its disappearing more rapidly than, as it seemed, a real person could have done; and, secondly, its oddness, suggesting that if it was a real person he must have been masquerading in a very strange dress.

Case 78

Mr. G. L. Andrews, who sends me this narrative, is a solicitor practising in Bude, where he holds *inter alia* the offices of Clerk to the District Council

and Deputy Coroner for North Cornwall.

In August 1923 while on a motor tour with my wife we stopped for the night at Ludlow.

After dinner we went for a walk. The sun had just set but it was not yet quite dark. As it was the first time either of us had stopped at Ludlow we wished to explore the town. In the course of our stroll we passed the Parish church surrounded by its churchyard. Skirting the latter we came to a terrace walk bounded on one side by spiked iron palings, dividing it from the churchyard, on the other by a low parapet wall, over which a good view could be obtained of the country. My wife and I were standing at one end of this terrace looking at the view when the attention of both of us was attracted by hurrying footsteps as of high-heeled shoes on the pavement approaching from the other end of the terrace…. We both turned and looked in the direction of the sound and both saw a female figure coming quickly in our direction the details of which were not discernible owing to the fading light. At this stage we neither recognized this figure as anything but a very material one. When she had got half-way along the terrace the sound of the footsteps ceased and without warning she turned suddenly to her right and went through the palings into the churchyard and was lost to sight among the gravestones.

My wife was too shaken to inspect the spot, where she disappeared, at once, but later we walked the whole length of the terrace and found no gap or break of any kind in the palings. At this time we had no knowledge that any other person had previously seen the same apparition or that there was any local tradition or legend concerning the terrace.

We were both of us in normal health, both physical and mental. A few months ago on recounting this experience to a friend who had lived in

Ludlow, he informed us to our great surprise that he could vaguely remember hearing of a tradition of appearances of a lady on that same terrace.

Yours truly,
G. L. ANDREW.

This is a correct statement.

ANNIE ANDREW.

I have on more than one occasion visited the scene of the incident, and it is evident that no living woman, however small, could have passed through the railings in question, or withdrawn from view on the other side of the terrace. The other percipient, Mrs. Andrews, corroborates the above statement of her husband.

I have been unable to find any reliable evidence up to the present for the local tradition referred to in Mr. Andrews' letter as to an apparition on the terrace. But in this connection the following letter from The Rev. F. G. Shepherd, Rector of Ludlow, is of interest, whether it is taken in possible connection with the above narrative, or by itself as an entirely separate experience.

The Rectory,
Ludlow.
23rd July, 1937

In reply to your letter of yesterday's date I have to say that I have never seen anything in the nature of an apparition round our churchyard.

My experience is confined to this house. We came here in 1930 and soon afterwards heard noises at various times during the night, such as someone passing along the upstair passages of this house. The noises may be described as shuffling feet rather than footsteps. This continued at irregular intervals until two years ago — it has been heard say two or three nights in

succession and then not again for a month or two. However, about two years ago at 10:45 to 11 p.m. I saw an apparition coming down our front stairs. It was a woman; she came down slowly but did not seem to notice me. I was standing in the hall. She was tall and slim with grey hair and wearing a light blue-grey dressing-gown; she passed into our drawing-room, which was in darkness. I followed her and without switching on the light closed the door behind me. I saw her pass into the drawing-room and was then four or five yards behind her, but when I reached the room she had vanished. My object in closing the door was to have the experience of being in a room with a 'ghost', but she made no re-appearance.

I am afraid this isolated experience is of no value to you.

We have heard no further noises in this house until last week, when the shuffling was heard again. These noises are not loud, but just audible.

Case 79

The statement below is signed by the two percipients writing from Bushmead Avenue, Bedford (11th March 1934):

The following happened to myself and a friend Miss Kite when we shared a flat in G. Gardens, S.W.5. in 1930.

The flat had been empty for about six months. The late owner had been an old lady, who had died (of pneumonia, I believe) in the back room, which became the bedroom of our gloomy acquaintance. I had the front room, which had been her sitting-room.

We knew nothing about the old lady, but the occupant of the flat above told us that she was extremely economical, and in her opinion, saved too much on gas and food.

I was alone in the flat one afternoon — and had got up thinking to get myself afternoon tea, when I saw a little woman pass my door and go into the

open door of the back room, which had been the old lady's bedroom. She appeared to be dressed in a dark grey coat and skirt, held her hands folded in front of her, and walked with head rather poked forward and rather a quaint hat, such as old ladies wear, perched on top of her head.

I was startled, as I realized after a moment that it was an apparition, but I decided that I must really need my tea and went in search of it.

I now leave the story to be continued by Miss Kite.

JANE ST. LEGER.

That same evening, it must have been in the summer, because it was daylight, Miss St. Leger and I were having supper in her room with the door open. I was sitting with the door on my right, with a good view of the door opposite, which was shut, when I saw a small inconspicuous old lady, without hat or coat, in an old-fashioned dress; she was thin, rather shrunk and head bent; I only saw her back. She seemed quite at home and knew where to go, and seemed to fade away into the door of this room opposite me. I looked so tremendously astonished that Miss St. Leger asked me what was the matter, and I looking at her face knew she knew what I had seen without my telling her.

I ought to have said that I watched her moving along the passage to the door. Miss St. Leger said she could see my eyes moving. Of course the whole thing only lasted a second and I was too staggered to say anything, while I watched.

We lived there for another eight months, but didn't see anything more of the old lady.

ROSALINDE KITE.

There are some curious discrepancies between the two accounts of the figure. One of the percipients notices a quaint hat and coat, the other says

‘without hat or coat’. Miss Kite, however, saw only the back view of the figure, and there is a general similarity between the two appearances. The suggested identification with the old lady who had occupied the flat previously seems uncertain.

Case 80

The narrator, Mr. L., who wishes to remain anonymous, sends me the following narrative from Port St. Mary, Isle of Man (4th March 1934):

In November 1898 I went to live at No. 8 Duke’s Brow, Blackburn, a semi-detached villa. We had been in residence about three months when my wife and I heard someone walking along the landing from the bathroom between 12 and 1 a.m. The footsteps were quite distinct and came along to the end of the bathroom landing, then down two steps to the stairhead, and crossed the short landing there, and then came up three steps to the landing of our bedroom. I got out of bed and opened the bedroom door but could see no one, so hunted the house through from cellar to attic for what we supposed was a burglar, but found nothing. About ten days later exactly the same thing occurred. In another ten days it was repeated. After the last inspection of the house for the supposed burglar, I thought out what had occurred on the three occasions and found that the footsteps had been the same from the same direction each time and I came to the conclusion that we had a ghost and I told my wife that this was the only explanation, and I refused to do any more midnight burglar hunting.

The footsteps continued at irregular intervals for some time and then they came forward into our bedroom which was a large one and they walked from the door (having commenced at the bathroom as heretofore) past the foot of our bed, across the room to the far corner, where the soiled linenbasket was kept, we then distinctly heard the creaking of the basket lid

and then the footsteps went across the fireplace to a large wardrobe and the end door snapped to, as if it had been left open and then firmly closed. It was quite a loud noise. When the noise of the wardrobe door closing (although it was already closed) ended, this was always the last thing we should hear that night. This happened at least twice a month for twenty years up to the time I left in 1919.

My wife and I have at times switched on the electric light when the footsteps were about the middle of the room, but we never could see anything, and the light going on always stopped the footsteps and it did not complete the circuit to the basket and wardrobe. We gave over bothering about it and let it take its regular route and when the wardrobe door snapped we knew that was the last of it and we went to sleep again.

The house was fitted with the old fashioned pull bells and the front door bell would begin to ring violently, several times a year, just as if some mischievous boy was giving it a good jangling and running off. This always occurred in the day-time and we have run to the door often to see if we could catch anyone but never did. It was not a normal ring of the bell, but one prolonged hefty pull after another.

One day I went home and asked for a hurried meal about 6 p.m. as I had an appointment in town, and whilst the meal was being prepared I ran upstairs to the bedroom to change my coat and vest. I hung the coat and vest I took off on the knob at the foot of the bed and went downstairs and had the meal, and then found that I had left the papers I had to take to town in my coat pocket upstairs, so I ran up for them. It was quite light but just going dusk and when I got to the foot of the bed to get the papers out of my coat pocket I saw as distinctly as possible, standing on the hearthrug in front of the fireplace, a little old lady about five feet two inches to five feet four inches high, dressed in an old-fashioned black silk dress with large voluminous

skirts. She had on a nice lace shawl over her shoulders and a lace cap upon her head and it had a bow of blue or puce ribbon on it. I thought I was a fool seeing things like this, so bent down and got the papers out of my coat and looked again, and sure enough the lady was still there, so I sorted the papers I wanted out from others and put the rest back and then looked again and the lady was still there and had not moved. I felt very disgusted at myself imagining things like this and went on to the bathroom and, whilst busy there, thought of what I had seen and resolved to go back and investigate. I did so, but could see nothing, nor were there any shadows that could in any way account for what I saw.

Through ill-health I had to give up business and came to live here and one of our friends (Mr. J. W. W.), who had been told often about our ghost, went to reside at No. 8. We warned him that his wife would not stand the noise, etc., that we experienced, but he laughed it off as ridiculous and thought that we had been pulling their legs for years about our ghost stories. He moved in and then bought the house and then the ghost began to trouble them, in a worse manner than it had done with us. The front door bell-pulling was more frequent. The ghost reappeared and badly scared their son, a boy of six years, about 8 p.m. one evening.

Mr. W. disconnected the front door bell and fitted an electric one, which stopped that annoyance.

Mr. W. heard some one coming downstairs on Sunday night between 7 and 8 p.m. and he went into the hall to see who it was and there he saw a white-draped woman, coming down stairs with her hand on the rail. This apparition, immediately he appeared in the hall, turned round and glided back up the stairs. He closed the room door he had left, as he did not want to alarm his wife, and ran upstairs after the woman, as he thought, who had been playing a practical joke upon them, but he could find no one upstairs. He later

saw this apparition again and the whole matter got so on his wife's nerves that they decided to sell the house. His brother, who lived higher up Duke's Brow with an aunt who acted as housekeeper for him, mentioned to his aunt that he thought of buying his brother's house No. 8. Duke's Brow as it would be nearer the trams and town. His aunt promptly said that she would not live there with him, as forty years ago she was nursing someone in that house and it was haunted and that she had seen the ghost more than once.

Mr. J. W. W., a friend of Mr. L. who subsequently occupied the house, sends the following account of his experiences (10th May 1937):

One Sunday night in November 1919, at about nine o'clock, my wife was in one room doing some knitting, and I was writing in the other. Our son, aged six years, had gone to bed about 7:30, and was fast asleep; the maid was out, and no one else in the house except us three. Suddenly my wife called out that Alfie was out of bed as she could hear him walking on the floor above, a thing he had never done before. I rushed out to see what was the matter, and on opening the door to go up the stairs, which were well lighted, I was confronted with the figure of an old lady standing about three steps from the top of the first flight. She was robed in a white kimono, and her face was partly shielded by her arm. Feeling somewhat scared, I turned to the hall stand, and picked up a walking-stick, and ran upstairs, but on reaching the first landing, everything seemed to be in order, and the figure of the old lady had disappeared. I entered the bedroom, and found the boy fast asleep and no sign of anything having been disturbed. On my returning downstairs, my wife wanted to know what was the matter, but I said I did not know (if I had told her it would have meant a removal).

The next time I saw the figure was some weeks later, when, on coming out of the bathroom at the end of a long passage, I saw the old lady standing

close to a bedroom door, which was open. As there was no way out, I made a dash for it, but on reaching the bedroom, the figure had vanished. On going downstairs I felt I had to tell my wife about these two experiences. She said that we would have to remove, and this we did, after a stay in the house of only twelve months.

Some time after we left, a sister of mine who lived abroad came to see us, and when we mentioned what had happened, she said she was not at all surprised, because an aunt of ours, who had nursed an old man in that house, had an exactly similar experience to mine, for on coming downstairs in the early morning, she was, when returning, confronted with the figure of the old lady on the stairs.

As in *Case 4* noises and disturbances occurred in the house for some time before any visual experiences took place. If the bell ringing was due to some mischievous boy, there is no apparent reason why the substitution of an electric button for the former handle should have caused the cessation of this nuisance.

Case 81

The three following cases, though ‘single’, are quite definite, and are supported by the statements of others apart from the percipient.

The first comes from Mrs. W., Herefordshire (March 1934):

Hopbine, Holmer,
Hereford

I was travelling from Inverness to London with several members of a shooting party. All were young. I was twenty-four, in good health and spirits. At Newcastle I left the rest of the party, who were going elsewhere, and travelled on alone by the then Great Northern Railway. It was in pre-War days and no corridor carriages were available, at any rate on that train. I had

an ordinary first-class compartment (not sleeper) to myself. In those days the Scotch express only stopped after Newcastle at York and Grantham for London (about 2 hours I believe between each station).

Not long after York, I think about 6:30 or 7 a.m., as I never sleep at all well in a train and it was broad daylight, I decided to go in to the cloak-room part and thoroughly wash and tidy, as I had already been about eleven hours *en route.* It must be remembered that I had the carriage entirely to myself so I did not trouble to close the communicating door, took off sundry clothes and washed myself and tidied my hair. While doing this I looked casually into the main compartment and was rather perturbed by seeing that a stout, somewhat red-faced, middle-aged woman was now sitting there close to the communicating door. She was dressed all in black with a certain amount of crepe, had dark hair parted in the middle and a widow's bonnet with the long veil worn in those days, drawn over her shoulder to avoid sitting on it. Her appearance was thoroughly everyday and prosaic.

My first instinct, being more or less undressed, was nervously to close the door, which I did, but a moment or two later I remembered that the train had never stopped and of course not being a corridor carriage there was no possible communication with any other compartment in the train. I waited a few seconds rather alarmed and wondering what to do, then with considerable misgiving opened the door again and looked in. The compartment was now quite empty as I had left it. The whole episode was over in about three minutes or so. I was wide awake and except for the daylight would have been very much frightened in spite of the ordinary appearance of the figure I had seen. As it was, I was more puzzled and amazed than alarmed. My husband and sisters could testify that the first thing I said on reaching home was not in connection with my recent visit but that I had seen a ghost on the train.

The two following letters have been received from Mr. W. and Miss M. B., Mrs. W.'s sister (22nd March 1937):

1. I well remember my wife (to whom I was at that time engaged) telling me on her return from a house party near Fort Augustus, how she had seen the apparition of a middle-aged widow in the train between Newcastle and London in broad daylight. I can only say that she told me of it directly I saw her, very soon after her return to Brighton, where we were both living at that time. R. W.

2. Of course I remember quite clearly your telling me of the widow with a weeper over her shoulder, which you saw on your way back from Crelachy. I am not likely to forget your story of this strange experience.

M. B.

Mrs. W. gained an exceptionally clear impression of the details of the figure, before she realized that it was abnormal. She was 'in good health and spirits' at the time when the incident occurred, and informs me in a later letter (25th January 1938):

I have never before or since had any similar experience of anything of the kind whatever.

Case 82

In view of the corroborative support afforded by the obvious distress and terror of the percipient's horse, his single case may be worth recording. It was sent by Captain C., an officer in the Indian Army.

December 5th, 1891

Between ten and eleven one moonlight night, in December 1865, or January 1866, in Darjeeling, whilst riding my hill-pony at a sharp trot along

the mountain road from that station to the convalescent depot, Julla-pahur, where I happened to be stationed at the time on sick leave, I suddenly saw before me what appeared to be a dead native, wrapped in a white sheet, and lying stretched across the road. My pony evidently saw the apparition, or whatever it was, at the same time, for he instantly reared up and fell over backwards with me on the road, and dragged me close to the edge of a ‘khud’ or precipice. I regained my feet just in time, and raising the prostrate animal by the bridle, found it trembling in every limb, and much frightened. Looked round angrily to ‘wig’ the native — thinking him to be, perhaps, a drunken Bhootea, or Hill-man, lying there, when, lo and behold! he had disappeared! On one side was the precipice, on the other the precipitous mountain side, clothed with a few trees higher up, and not an object else to be seen but the white road! Mounting, and making my way half or three-quarters of a mile further on to my bungalow, I handed the pony over to one of my servants. He presently came to me and said, ‘Sir, what is the matter with the pony; he is trembling all over?’ After a while, my syce, or groom, came running up and entered the stable. (It is usual for native grooms, or syces, in India to run on foot after their master’s horses.) He likewise soon presented himself before me, saying, ‘Sir, what is wrong with your pony; he seems to be much frightened?’ I then told him what had happened, and asked if he had met or seen anyone on the road? ‘No, sir; not a soul all the way,’ replied he. ‘Did you notice anything strange at all?’ ‘No, nothing whatever, sir.’

I remained some months after that at Julla-pahur, and never could I ride my pony up and down that road leading to Darjeeling without his showing the utmost trepidation whenever he approached that particular spot. I may mention that I was a good deal cut and bruised by the sudden and unlooked-for fall, and so also was the unfortunate pony. And to this day I cannot account for my adventure.

I was at the time on nine months' sick-leave from Bhootan, where I had contracted fever during the campaign, but was convalescent, and able to go about in the better climate of the hills at Darjeeling; I was then about twenty-four years old.

In answer to inquiries, Captain C. adds:

The apparition, when I first saw it, seemed to be quite close — a yard or two only in front of my pony's head. I came across it very suddenly in trotting quickly round a sharp curve of the road, which curve was made by the road running round a somewhat pointed spur of the mountain there jutting out. The road was white — a good and smooth one — and the night bright moonlight, with occasional intervals of less light, i.e., when the moon became obscured by passing clouds, but even then it was by no means too dark to see objects around. Bhooteas and other Hill-men were in the habit of visiting the bazaar (Darjeeling) with loads of firewood, fowls, and vegetables for sale, and some of these occasionally indulged too freely in arrack and toddy, and have been known to lie about the roads in a state of intoxication. I consequently took my apparition at first to be a drunken Bhootea, lying wrapped up in his sheet on the road; but the remarkable thing is, if so, where could the fellow have disappeared to, so very rapidly and completely, for on my right hand was the tremendous 'khud', or precipice, and on my left nothing but the steep mountain side, up which there was nothing to prevent my seeing a good way till the trees were reached. I had in those days, and have still, capital sight, and having had rather a stirring life, having gone through many a trying and dangerous experience, both in time of war and of peace — the Indian Mutiny campaign and Bhootan War, etc. — I am not easily upset or frightened. But what the thing could have been beats my

comprehension, nor could any of my brother officers or friends in Darjeeling at the time, or afterwards, solve the mystery.

Case 83

Though evidentially rather weak, the simple narrative of Miss B., lady superintendent of a home for non-delinquent girls, is, I think, worth recording:

Prior to 1921 I was for eleven and a half years Lady Superintendent of a Home for non-delinquent girls. Twice during that period — each time between nine and ten o'clock and the week before Xmas, I was in my own house (apart from the Home but attached to it by a short passage) in an upstairs room and distinctly saw the figure of a girl — about nineteen to twenty years of age — run across the landing and down the stairs. She was ethereal looking — dressed in Victorian style — round neck — short puffed sleeves — full skirt — hair dressed as early portraits of Queen Victoria on coinage. The first time I saw her I was alone and said nothing to anybody — the second time my aunt was with me in the room and as I continued looking after seeing the figure, she said, 'What are you looking at?' — I remarked, 'That's the second time I've seen that,' and then told her what I had seen. We decided it was best in the interest of the girls and staff to say nothing about it, but I made some little inquiries in the small town as to the relatives of the founder of the Home, who lived in the house until her death and have no doubt it was a niece who used to come and stay with her aunt and who died young. I am not at all an imaginative sort of person — rather matter of fact, and I never tried to see her again by going up to the room where she might be likely to appear.

There was nothing alarming about the appearances, rather the reverse and I always like to think the spirit was revisiting the scenes in which she had

spent a happy time when on earth.

Miss G., the aunt referred to in the above letter, sends me the following letter in corroboration of Miss B.'s experience (28th January 1937):

I went upstairs and into a room where Miss B. was standing. She looked past me, on to the landing and remarked, 'That is twice I have seen that', my back was to the door and I asked 'What?' Then she told me of the figure of the young girl in early Victorian dress, which had passed along the landing and down the stairs.

Case 84

I owe the following account to my friend, Miss Irene Cooper-Willis, Barrister at Law, who writes on 14th June 1937:

In the Spring or Summer of 1926 I was staying at Sherfield Manor, near Basingstoke. I went to bed quite early one evening, about eleven or thereabouts. In my bedroom I discovered to my disappointment that the bedside light would not switch on and off from the bed, and that I had to get out of bed to turn the light off. Feeling lazy, therefore, I did not read in bed but turned the light off before getting into bed and soon went to sleep. The bed was an old-fashioned four-poster and at the bottom, between the bed and the fireplace, was a settee with back and sides. I woke suddenly. Either there was a moon outside or it was very early morning for I could see faint light outside the window — the curtains weren't drawn, and I could see things in the room. I saw the figure of a woman sitting slightly sideways on the settee at the bottom of the bed, with her head in her hands. Her hair was dark and I saw a ring on the hand cupping her head. She had a grey dress on, as far as I could see, with big sleeves, I could not see her skirt for the back of the settee was higher than the bed. She sat there without moving and as I looked at her I

felt frightened for though I sat bolt upright she never moved. I remembered that I could not turn the bedside light on, and I was too frightened to get out and switch on the light from the door. It seemed to me that I sat upright looking at her for at least half an hour, but my heart was beating and it is quite likely that I exaggerated the time from my first sight of her and her sudden vanishing. Suddenly she wasn't there: that's all I can say and then I immediately got out of bed, switched on the light and lay with the light on in bed until I heard a clock outside strike five and saw that daylight was on the way. I then went to sleep again.

I slept in that room several times afterwards but never saw the lady again. My hostess knew nothing about her but she had not lived for many years in the house and has now left it.

There is one feature of peculiar interest in this narrative, viz. the duration of the apparition. Miss Cooper-Willis speaks of 'at least half an hour': and even if this estimate were halved or quartered — the percipient admits that there may have been an exaggeration — the persistence of the phantasm has no parallel in any record of a similar experience. Any sustained contemplation of an apparition by the percipient is something very different from the usual brevity of such experiences.

Case 85

The next case sent (March 1934) by Miss Collings of Orchard House, Hostcliffe Road, Leighton Buzzard, is similar in some respects to the experience of Miss Cooper-Willis:

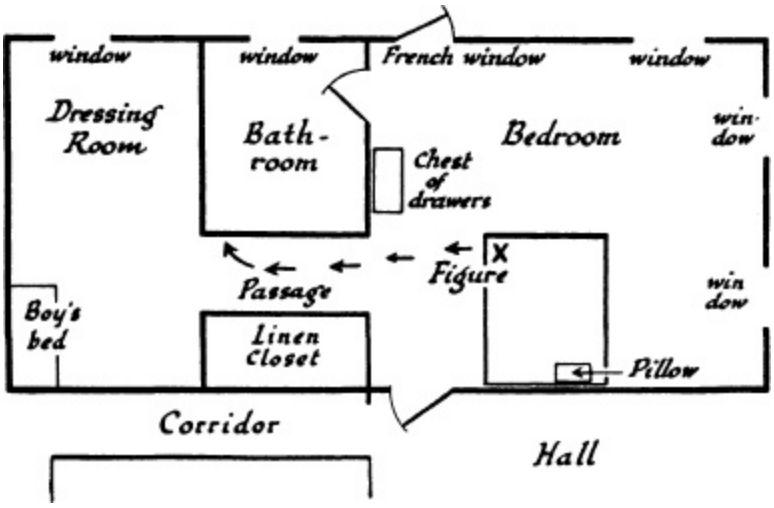
I was resting on my bed, as far as I can remember it was the year 1918, when between my bed and a large wardrobe I saw the figure of what appeared to be a sick soldier lying back on a deck chair or some seat of that

kind which I did not particularly notice. His face was pale and sad and in his left hand he held a very thick small book. He was dressed in khaki without a hat. I might say as regards his colour that he was a study in khaki colour but I particularly noticed that there were white hairs in his thick eyebrows and hair. He was sitting side face to me and looking at the door and he took no notice of me whatever. So far as I know he was a stranger to me; though he was not more than a yard from my bed and I examined every line in his face I could not remember ever having seen him before. When I had watched him for some time he slowly vanished until only his shoulders and face were left and then only the face and then the top of the head and then he was gone.

Case 86

Mrs. Haggard, 17 Camden Hill Mansions, W.8, sent me a full and interesting account of an experience in Brazil of a similar type to the two preceding cases (3rd April 1934):

I was living some time ago on a sugar estate in the far interior of Brazil with my husband and son, then aged six. Our bedroom accommodation (in a quite newly built house) consisted of double bedroom, dressing-room, and bathroom, also linen closet, (see sketch), a little suite separate from the other rooms in the house.



I occupied a large and low double bed with my husband. I woke one morning at about 7:30, the room being then quite light, for though the shutters of the four windows were closed, they were the usual foreign type of jalousies that have fixed slats and light was streaming in.

I was lying comfortably on my back with head where I have marked ‘Left side’ in the sketch, when I became aware that sitting at the foot of the bed and facing down the passage was a white hooded figure. The hood covered the features but the head was slightly bent, the hands were crossed at the wrist lying on the knees, and the feet appeared to be crossed.

The figure was absolutely clear and distinct and sat quite still and I lay and watched it for three or four minutes quite sure that any moment it would vanish. But as it persisted I felt I would like my husband to see it also, that there might yet be time to wake him.

He was lying asleep with his back turned to me and right on the furthest edge of the bed. Also, because he disliked the noise of mosquitoes he had placed a spare pillow over the back of his head and ear, this was therefore between him and me and I should have to move it before being able to wake him.

I did not take my eyes off the figure still sitting apparently on my feet, but slipped my right arm very carefully under the bed clothes and as gently as possible pulled away the corner of the pillow.

While I was manoeuvring the figure still remained quiet but directly my husband was roused by my movements though he woke slowly the figure rose hastily, then turned and looked at me with a very alarmed and frightened expression. It stood for a bare second erect so that I could see it was tall, gaunt in the face, and grey.

Then it ran quickly down the passage towards the dressing-room as I have marked by arrows. As it ran it lifted its knees so that I could see as they showed through the grey draperies that it was very thin, the shoulders also, the whole figure distinctly spare.

As it passed the chest of drawers a wisp of drapery flew out behind through which I could see the corner of the chest.

As I saw the direction the apparition was taking I leapt up in bed to follow it because it was heading straight down the passage and for my boy's bed in the dressing-room. The child I knew was awake and playing and I felt would be terrified.

The figure, however, did not enter the dressing-room but when it reached the end of the little passage, leaned sideways into the wall and disappeared.

I can give absolutely no explanation for this, I have never seen anything of the sort before nor since.

The most striking thing was the figure's absolutely human alarm when my husband woke, the way it turned the hooded head and looked at me, then stood up and ran away. From absolute calm repose lasting minutes it turned to sudden quite obvious fright. I did not recognize the face.

In this, as in the two preceding cases, the figure seen in the bedroom is quite unrecognized, though the features were clear and definite and contemplated for an appreciable time by each of the three percipients. Special and almost unique features in Mrs. Haggard's case are the apparent alarm and flight of the figure and the fact that it appeared to run in normal fashion rather than glide away in the usual manner of such phantoms. Apart from other considerations, the manner of the figure's disappearance rules out the possibility of its being an actual person. The evident interest shown by the apparition in the action and purpose of the percipient is in marked contrast to the attitude of complete indifference usually observed in similar cases.

Case 87

On 28th March 1938 I received this letter from Mrs. Minchin, of 16-36 Buckingham Gate, S.W.1. The statement is endorsed by her husband, Captain Minchin:

The following incident was witnessed by my husband and myself, in a camp in Dorset, in 1933.

We had driven down from London during a summer night in June, arriving in camp at 5:50 a.m.

While unpacking the car, a few minutes later, outside the garage, we both happened to glance up at the same moment, across the bonnet of the car, to an open field lying in front of us, a few yards away, and saw the transparent figure of a woman, dressed in a loosely draped garment, which covered her head; she was bending backwards and forwards, as if, as my husband said, she might be picking up sticks. She was within twenty yards of us. We both stared at this apparition, and my husband commenced to walk towards the figure to investigate, but had to stop. He felt he could not go nearer owing to a feeling of dislike of something he could not understand.

After a few minutes the figure vanished. We have no explanation of this incident. It was a beautiful early summer morning. We could see quite clearly, no mist and no wind. It was quite an open field with a few low scrubby bushes here and there, and fine trees in the background.

We understand that this particular camp is built on a site which was originally a large tumulus, but we had never seen anything during the seven years we lived there; my husband was very sceptical of these things, and I am frankly scared.

(Signed) D. MINCHIN.

I endorse the above statement.

R. P. MINCHIN.
23. 3. 38.

The foregoing narrative is typical of many well-authenticated experiences of the kind. Here under excellent conditions as regards light, the complete absence of expectation or any extraneous suggestion, a well-defined figure suddenly becomes visible within a few yards of two reliable witnesses, and remains in sight for an appreciable time. The stooping and rising movements of the figure are curious. It was never seen at any other time throughout the seven years' occupancy of the house, nor is there any adequate reason for connecting it with the existence of *tumuli* on the spot where it appeared.

Case 88

The narrative which follows is written by General Sir Arthur Becher, of St. Faith's Mede, Winchester, who in sending it, says: 'I am not at all a nervous or superstitious person, but I bear the character of a "ghost-seer" in my

family, as I have seen other, to us, “uncanny” visions, but not of sufficiently clear details to narrate for the purposes of your inquiry.’

The salient facts of Sir Arthur’s letter are as follows:

The general, who held a high appointment on the Staff in India, went, accompanied by his son and A.D.C., to the Hill Station of Kussowlie, about March 1867, to examine a house he had secured for his family to reside in during the approaching hot season. They both slept in the house that night. During the night the general awoke suddenly, and saw the figure of a native woman standing near his bed, and close to an open door which led into a bathroom. He called out, ‘Who are you?’ and jumped out of bed, when the figure retreated into the bathroom, and in following it the general found the outer door locked and the figure had disappeared.

He went to bed again, and in the morning he wrote in pencil on a doorpost, ‘Saw a ghost’, but he did not mention the circumstance to his wife.

A few days after, the general and his family took possession of the house for the season, and Lady Becher used the room the general had slept in for her dressing-room. About 7 p.m. on the first evening of their arrival, Lady Becher was dressing for dinner, and on going to a wardrobe (near the bathroom door) to take out a dress, she saw, standing close by and within the bathroom, a native woman, and, for the moment, thinking it was her own ayah, asked her ‘What she wanted’, as Lady Becher never allowed a servant in her room while dressing. The figure then disappeared by the same door as on the former occasion, which, as before, was found locked. Lady Becher was not much alarmed, but felt that something unusual had occurred, and at dinner mentioned the event to the general and his son, when the general repeated what had occurred to him on the former occasion. That same night, their youngest son, a boy about eight years of age, was sleeping in the same room as his father and mother, his bed facing an open door leading into the

dressing-room and bathroom, before mentioned, and in the middle of the night the boy started up in his bed in a frightened attitude, and called out, ‘What do you want, ayah? what do you want?’ in Hindustani, evidently seeing a female figure in the dressing-room near his bed. His mother quieted him, and he fell asleep, and the figure was not seen by the parents on that occasion, nor was it ever again seen, though they lived for months in the house. But it confirmed their feeling that the same woman had appeared to all three, and on inquiry from other occupants they learned that it was a frequent apparition on the first night or so of the house being occupied.

A native Hill, or Cashmere woman, very fair and handsome, had been murdered some years before in a hut a few yards below the house, and immediately under the door leading into the bath and dressing-room, through which, on all three occasions, the figure had entered and disappeared. The general’s son sleeping in another side of the house never saw it.

Sir Arthur and Lady Becher could give the names of some other subsequent occupants who have told them much the same story.

Subsequently Sir Arthur Becher writes:

Winchester, May 14th, 1884

I write to say Lady Becher does not desire to write anything more personally on the subject of the ‘Ghost Story’ I before detailed, as she says my account of it was given in connection with, and is entirely in accordance with her recollection of the circumstances. The woman appeared to me in the night, and in the ordinary light of a room without any blinds or shutters.

In answer to inquiries, he further tells us that the bathroom door was locked on the inside; that the rooms were on the ground floor; but that there

was no exit except by the doors referred to. Also that the child had certainly not heard of the ghost before he saw it.

Case 89

In the next account I am indebted to Mr. C. C. Garbett, C.S.I., C.M.G., C.I.E., Chief Secretary of the Punjab. I talked over the case carefully with Mr. Garbett at Lahore in 1932 and he kindly undertook to write down the facts, as follows:

It must have been about the middle of April 1902 that I was transferred to Kohat from Miranzai Valley. I was to join the 2nd Sikhs as they were in those days, and on reporting for duty was told to occupy one quarter in the '2nd Sikhs' bungalow'. A few days after I had moved in I woke up suddenly in the middle of the night, being wide awake the instant I woke. There was a full moon or nearly full, and in the dim light in the room I saw a Pathan with a beard and a *kulah* but no *pagri*, crouching close to the head of my bed. I hit at his face as hard as I could, but hit nothing and thought he had dodged under the bed. I pulled a pillow round my waist as a precaution in case he tried to knife me and sat up, revolver in hand. (Station orders at the time prescribed all officers sleeping armed as there had been several cases of looting recently in the station.) I must have sat for perhaps two or three minutes, listening acutely for any sound from the gentleman under the bed, but nothing happened. I then very gingerly lighted a candle on the tea-poy opposite my bed and still more gingerly looked over to see what I could see under the bed, the revolver in readiness for instant action. To my astonishment there was nothing there. I then got out of bed, and went into my dressing-room, candle in one hand and revolver in the other: nothing there nor in the bathroom. The doors were all open as it was the beginning of the hot weather. I then went across the passage to the opposite quarter, which

was occupied by Bill Ames, then a subaltern in the 2nd Sikhs, now dead. I asked him if he had heard or seen anything, and he said ‘no’, but that his two spaniels had been whining and moving about uneasily. I then concluded that I must have been dreaming and went back to bed.

A few days later I met Col. Pollock Commanding the 1st Sikhs, under whom I had served as Medical Officer with the Regiment nearly two years earlier. He asked me what I was doing. I replied I had come to join the 2nd Sikhs. He then asked me where I was living, and I said I was in one quarter in the ‘2nd Sikhs’ Bungalow’. ‘Oh,’ he said, ‘that is the haunted house. Have you seen the ghost?’ to which I replied I did not know: ‘What is it like?’ He then said that when he first came out in the ‘seventies, he had occupied the same room and a Pathan answering to the same description as the one I thought I had seen, had appeared to come into the room through a closed door, had been distinctly seen by him and appeared to vanish through the wall. I then told him what I had seen and he laughed and agreed that it was very extraordinary. He was unable to give me the history of the bungalow or of any incident, which might have been associated with its being haunted except that it was a very old bungalow and dated back to pre-Mutiny days. I occupied the same quarter for the next two or three months, but had no further supernatural nocturnal visitors.

Major-General Pollock, C.B. (the Colonel Pollock of the above narrative), has been good enough to send me the following account of an experience of his in the same bungalow, twenty-five years earlier:

A little time after I joined the Punjab Frontier Force in 1877 I was living in a house near a musjid in Kohat, and the following occurrence took place.

I give a plan of my bedroom so as to make the story clear.

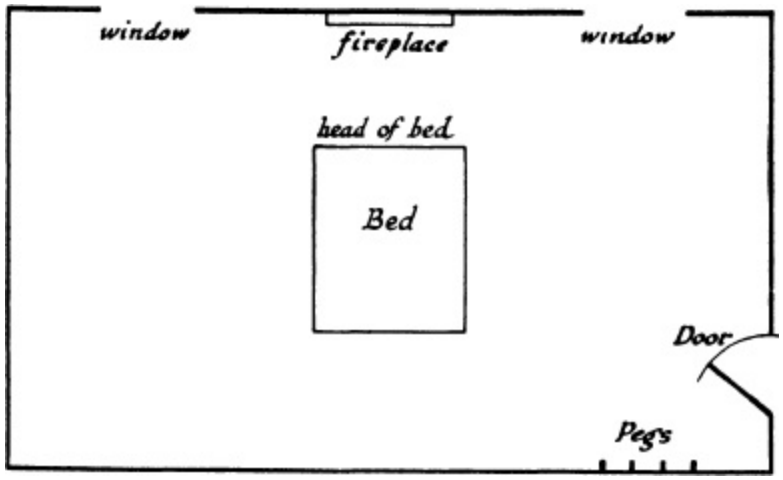
I woke up about 2 a.m. and saw three men dressed in white garments, with turbans on their heads, standing under the pegs.

In those days I always slept with a loaded revolver under my pillow. It was on my right side and I was lying on my back.

I had always been told that it was the custom of thieves for one to stand at your head ready to deal with you in case you offered any resistance. Knowing this, I tried to get hold of my revolver without moving anything but my right arm.

I kept my eye on the three men and moved my arm very slowly, but I could not quite reach the revolver, and I was making a last effort to do so when the three figures slowly vanished away.

(Signed) J. H. H. POLLOCK.



In a subsequent letter (31st March 1938) General Pollock, to whom I sent Mr. Garbett's narrative after I had received his, wrote:

Garbett's account is very clear and more exciting than mine; but I certainly saw three figures. The bungalow was one of the oldest in Kohat, but I never heard of any reason for its being haunted.

The identities as well as the discrepancies in these two narratives are very interesting. The bedroom was obviously the same in both cases, and the difference as to the number of the figures seen may possibly be due to those mishearings or small lapses of memory which are often involved in a casual conversation. The quarter in question was apparently known as ‘the haunted house’ as far back as 1877, and on the whole the case may point perhaps to something more than a curious coincidence between exceedingly vivid dreams in the same environment. Mr. Garbett had certainly no previous knowledge of the alleged haunting.

PART THREE

APPARITIONS OF THE LIVING

Case 90

Mrs. Gaspari, of West Hill Lodge, Highgate, has been good enough to send me an extremely good case of a ‘phantasm of the living’ seen by three witnesses at the same moment.

The first letter is from Mr. East, of 36 New Street, Aberavon, Port Talbot (26th August 1935):

I must warn you that writing is not my strong point, the miner’s pick claiming far more attention than the pen, but I will do my little best to tell you a story for which there has never been an explanation forthcoming.

Some years ago, I rented a plot of ground, about two hundred yards in length, from the G.W.R. Company, for gardening purposes. It ran alongside the metals for that distance. A high wall and houses both took the place of a railings or fence for nearly the whole of the distance, and the only entrance was from the lower end of the plot.

I had sub-let a portion of the garden to my son-in-law, Mr. Sam Bowden. The plot was our hobby, and every moment we had to spare would find us attending to growing produce.

One very fine July morning, about eleven o’clock, my twenty-two-year-old son Alf and I were busily working the allotment together, when suddenly there was a shout, and we both looked, to see, at the lower entrance end, Mr. Jack Cooper — a close friend of Sam’s — calling to us, asking if Sam was with us. Our potatoes, beans, peas, etc., were so high and profuse that a man could easily be hidden from the sight of anyone at the entrance.

Sam had not turned up that morning, but in response to our invitation Jack jumped the railings and came up about a hundred and fifty yards, to where we both were, as we had told him we expected Sam to join us any minute.

There the three of us stood talking, forming a rough triangle in position near the garden edge. I remember I was facing the bottom end, while my two companions had their backs to it. We were thus busily talking for, I should think, about seven or eight minutes, when suddenly I saw Sam come to, and leap over the railings, precisely as Jack Cooper had done, then make his way up the garden path to where we all were.

At once I called out to my mates, ‘Look! there he is, at last!’

Both immediately looked around, and saw him just as I did. Then they turned to me again to resume the interrupted and interesting subject which we were debating.

All the while I could see Sam coming nearer and nearer, and I particularly noticed a swaying of his body as he made his way up the path. Then, when about ten yards from where we were, he stopped, and bent down as though to go in between the rows of potatoes, which were (the haulms) about four feet high in that spot. Momentarily I looked away, as Sam was doing no unusual thing in going into the potato rows. When I looked again there was no Sam. My companions took it that Sam was playing a trick on us by hiding amongst the foliage, as he was quite lively enough to do this.

Now we started searching him out, but though we looked through that plot of garden, its whole length, and from side to side, in every nook and cranny, there was no Sam to be found.

Greatly mystified, we next went to Sam’s house. No, Sam was not there. His wife told us he had gone to his mother’s home in Taibach, a village two and a half miles away. And that was the truth. At the very moment we three men saw him in the garden he was in his mother’s house two and a half miles away.

What is the possible explanation? None of us can even guess. If there had been an accident causing death, then we could perhaps believe in

spiritual intervention (as once happened when my sixteen-year-old darling laddie, Trevor, was killed by my side in the pit), but nothing happened.

Often we have all met together since then, and the wonder of it never grows less as the years go by.

How glad I was that those other two saw Sam's 'Shape', as well as myself. Would anybody have believed my word alone?

Mrs. Bowden, daughter of Mr. Henry East, writes from 8 New Street, Aberavon (1st March 1937):

I wish to say that my father's story (Mr. H. East) as he has written it, of the strange 'appearance' of Samuel Bowden, my husband, in the garden, when he was actually two to three miles away, is quite true in all respects as I remember them.

Mr. E. E. Cooper writes from 36 Olive Street, Aberavon (2nd March 1937):

I was standing in the garden patch with Mr. Henry East and Mr. Alfred East, where I had gone to look for Mr. Sam Bowden, being directed there by his wife. Suddenly we three saw Sam coming up the long garden path towards us (about 11 a.m. on a fine sunny morning).

When about four or five yards from us, he suddenly disappeared. Later we learnt that at that very moment he was in his mother's house, two or three miles away.

(Signed) E. E. COOPER.

In a further letter from Mr. Henry East (26th February 1937) he writes:

I regret that my son Alfred — one of the three who saw Sam — passed into the next life some months ago from a London hospital.

But Sam's wife has written herewith, just as she remembers the incident.

Jack Cooper, the other party, also confirms the story herewith — but I find his name is not Jack, but Edward Cooper, although he is known by everybody locally as Jack. Hence his signing E. E. Cooper.

The principal narrator here, Mr. East, a working miner, stresses in his clear and admirable statement the collective character of the evidence; 'how glad I was that those other two saw Sam's "Shape" as well as myself. Would any one have believed my word alone?' The agent in this case seems to have given his three relatives some reason to believe he would join them, and they were all expecting his arrival on the allotment. But the existence of this expectation can provide no adequate reply to Mr. East's query: 'What is the possible explanation? None of us can even guess.'

Case 91

Mr. Allan Bright sends the following (4th March 1934):

I was staying the end of September 1921 with a relative, Mr. C., at D. Hall, Norfolk.

One day, as he was engaged, he asked me if I would care to go shooting with his keeper. I, the keeper and a boy were the party. I alone had a gun. About 12:30 to 1 p.m. we left a turnip field intending to lunch on the side of a road.

As we walked down the road we saw a figure approaching us. The keeper said to me, 'That is Sir R. H.' I said, 'Certainly' (I had met him the previous year). He was wearing a slouch hat and a black coat. I was near enough to see his face. The road in front of us forked and Sir R. H. turned

down the other road. When we got to the point at which we could see down the other road, we looked round.

There was no one visible. The keeper said to me, ‘Did you see Sir R.?’ ‘Yes,’ I said. ‘What has become of him?’ I said, ‘I don’t know.’ He put the same question to the boy, and got the same reply. The keeper was very visibly disturbed.

We lunched apart, the keeper and the boy together, I by myself. After lunch I went on shooting and then we went home. The keeper spoke to me several times about the incident and kept muttering to himself.

When I returned home I found my cousin Mrs. C. alone and we had tea together. I did not mention the matter to her. Then her husband came. He had seen the keeper, who had told him of the incident, and asked me to tell him what happened. He said, ‘Can you account for the disappearance?’ ‘Certainly not,’ I said. He then said he would send down to inquire if Sir R. H. was at his house in D. The reply came that he had never been there.

I do not know if the story interests you. Both C. and the keeper are now dead.

I did not write the story down at the time, though I have frequently told it.

Yours sincerely,
ALLAN H. BRIGHT.

Apart from Mr. Allan Bright’s own statement we have at the moment no corroborative first-hand evidence, as the gamekeeper referred to is dead, and his son, the ‘boy’ of the narrative, cannot be traced. We have, however, the following statement of Mrs. C. that the incident was reported to her on the same day when Mr. Bright returned to the house from shooting. ‘I can well remember’, she writes (28th February 1937), ‘my husband coming into my

room in the morning, and saying “I hope nothing is wrong with R.” and telling me the story; but as nothing happened we forgot it.’

Case 92

The following is again a case of shared or collective hallucination. From Mr. H. Sims:

64 Geach Street, Birmingham.
May 20th, 1891

Sixteen years ago, I had just got into bed, but had not lowered the gas, which was brightly burning. My wife and I both saw her aunt walk across the room and disappear. The figure was as plain as in life. She lived one and a half miles away, and was ill at the time. Next day we heard she had died about that hour.

My age was twenty-six.

HENRY SIMS.

Mrs. Sims adds a note to the narrative:

I certify the above to be correct.

ELIZA SIMS.

Mr. Sims, who is an engineer in a factory at Birmingham, says that he has had no other hallucinations, except a non-vocal auditory one, and that he was not out of health or in anxiety on either occasion.

Mr. Myers writes:

December 19th, 1891

I saw Mr. and Mrs. Sims yesterday evening. They seem both of them sensible persons. They are quite sure that they saw the figure *independently.*

They both saw it move in the same direction.

Case 93

The strange case which follows was translated from the original Russian by the collector, Mr. Aksakoff, a Councillor of the Czar and a corresponding member of the S.P.R.

St-Pétersbourg, 4 Mai 1891.

Voilà le phénomène dont toute notre famille fut témoin. C'était à Pétersbourg, en 1880, lorsque nous demeurions rue Pouchkarska. Par une soirée du mois de Mai, vers les six heures, ma mère (aujourd'hui Madame Téléchof) se trouvait au salon avec ses cinq enfants, dont j'étais l'ainé (j'avais alors dix-sept ans). En ce moment un ancient serviteur de la maison, qu'on traitait en ami (mais qui alors ne servait plus chez nous), était venu nous voir, et était engagé dans une conversation avec ma mère. Tout à coup les ébats joyeux des enfants s'arrêtèrent, et l'attention générale se porta vers notre chien 'Moustache', qui s'était précipité, en aboyant fortement, vers le poêle. Involontairement nous regardâmes tous dans la même direction, et nous vîmes sur la corniche du grand poêle en caneaux de faïence un petit garçon, de cinq ans à peu près, en chemise. Dans ce garçon nous reconnûmes le fils de notre laitière, André, qui vivait tout près de nous. L'apparition se détacha du poêle, passa au-dessus de nous tous, et disparut dans la croisée ouverte. Pendant tout ce temps — une quinzaine de secondes à peu près — le chien ne cessait d'aboyer de toutes ses forces, et courrait et aboyait en suivant le mouvement de l'apparition. Le même jour, un peu plus tard, notre laitière vint chez nous, et nous fit part que son fils André, après une maladie de quelques jours (nous savions qu'il était malade) venait de mourir; c'était probablement au moment ou nous le vîmes apparaître.

DANIEL AMOSOF.

MARIE TELECHOF.
(la mère de Mlle Amosof en second mariage.)
KOUZEMA PETROF.
(vivant à présent à Lébaijeyé, près Oranienbaum).

This Russian narrative is a very peculiar one; for an hallucination shared by seven persons, and apparently a dog also, is something unique in the records of the S.P.R. There seems, however, no reason to doubt that an apparition was seen by the witnesses, including the three persons who sign the document at a time approximately coinciding with the death of the child, whose figure was seen continuously for some fifteen seconds.

Case 94

Mr. Herbert Watson writes from South Shields (2nd March 1934):

I am going to tell you of an experience I had of a man's ghost that appeared *before* his death.

Some years ago (I should guess ten) on a Sunday afternoon I was resting in my bedroom and was just about to get out of bed for tea when I saw a man in my room (No. 4), I was astounded because I had not been asleep, and had not heard anyone enter; I looked at him, a stranger, I thought. He was looking straight at my bed and seemed to ignore me. I felt something was wrong about him and kept staring at his face when suddenly I happened to notice down from his knees there was nothing. I was about to shout for help (I confess I was afraid) when he seemed to fade away.

Well, I moved out of that bedroom the same night and have never slept in it since.

Seven weeks after my experience a man came to my hotel and asked for a room; he was a stranger to me but I instantly thought, 'I've seen you

before,' and I asked him, 'Haven't you stayed at this hotel before, sir?' 'No,' was the reply, 'I've been sailing on the Australian coast for fifteen years,' he said; but I wasn't convinced, I was sure we had met before but where I couldn't say. Anyhow I booked number 3 room for him, this was at 9:30 p.m. After paying for his room he left saying he would return in an hour's time. He came back at about 10:30 and retired in number 3 room.

The following morning the maid came to my bedroom and told me that she couldn't get any reply to her knocks at number 4 room and I told her, that room wasn't occupied last night, only numbers, 1, 2, and 3 on the floor she referred to, but she assured me that the door was shut and number 3 room wasn't occupied. I got out of bed and went upstairs to 4 room and sure enough it was occupied by a dead man, the stranger I showed to 3 room the night before. I pulled the bedclothes down from his face and looked at him and I recognized at once the ghost I had seen seven weeks before in that very room Number 4.

I received the following letter from Mr. W. M. Patterson, J.P., Coroner for South Shields (8th February 1937).

re John O'Toole, deceased

I am this morning in receipt of your letter of 5th instant. As I was not Coroner for South Shields in 1922, I have no record of the inquest. I have, however, made enquiries and find that an inquest was held at the South Shields Police Station on the 4th April 1922 by the Deputy Coroner, Mr. A. E. E. Boulton. The verdict returned by the Deputy Coroner was one of Syncope brought about by excessive drinking.

Mr. Watson's experience was of a very unusual type — an incomplete phantasm of a living man conveying, as it were, a premonition of his

subsequent death in a special room. As the maid referred to is dead there is no corroboration in this case except the details of Toole's arrival and death, which are officially recorded.

Case 95

The 'phantasm of the living' in this case presents some unusual features.

My wife's notes and those of the maid, Bessie C., are written offhand; both are quite to be trusted not to 'embroider' their experiences.

I have not myself seen 'The man'; the nearest was hearing another address him, as if speaking to me. It has to be noted that I am the only man resident in the house and so naturally the ghost is taken for me. My wife's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. P., were our guests for a few days at Christmas 1926. He was in frail health and went to bed about 7 p.m.

One evening he was on his way upstairs from the ground floor on his wife's arm. Half way up he was facing the front door and said:

'Oh, there's Alec. Good night, Alec.' He had seen me come in as he believed, but at that moment I had just left the children's bedroom on the first floor, after saying good night to them as usual then; I was out of sight of the front door and of Mr. P., and answered mechanically, 'Good night, Grandpa.' Mrs. P. saw the figure and felt the puff of cold air he brought in — so she believes. They were of course upset on hearing me from another direction and my wife followed to their bedroom to explain that the ghost was to us not new and was harmless!

So far as my part goes I confirm my wife's story of Miss G.S. the masseuse. It was in May 1927 and in good daylight. She came to my bedroom in a 'wide-eyed' condition.

This house is about a hundred years old, I have occupied it since 1916; it stands apart. I cannot connect the ghost with any known person.

The maid, Miss B. A. C., writes as follows (6th March 1934):

I first saw ‘our man’ about eight years ago. I was locking up for the night as usual, and was just coming out of the Morning Room when I saw, as I thought, my master going upstairs with his paper under his arm. He had a navy suit on and was the same height and build as my master; I only saw his back. Then I discovered the light was still burning in the room where he had been sitting, and, as he always locked up his own room, I thought perhaps he had forgotten it, so I just put my hand round the door and put out the light and was just going to shut the door when a voice from inside said ‘What are you doing?’ I’m afraid I did not wait to answer but ran upstairs to my mistress and told her what had happened. She laughed.

The next morning she told what it was. I did not see him again for another year, then I was doing my bedroom work about 6:30 and coming across the corridor I saw the master come out of his dressing-room and go downstairs with papers in his hand and under his arm.

I was just going across to the dressing-room when my mistress came out of the bathroom and called the master, so I said he had just gone downstairs and she asked how he was dressed; so I said, ‘He has got his navy suit on.’ ‘Well,’ said my mistress, ‘I called to him because I thought he was in his dressing-room, but he did not answer,’ and while we were talking on the landing, who should come in the front door but my master and he still had his golfing suit on; I could not believe my own eyes, I was so sure it was he that went downstairs.

Mrs. T.’s evidence is as follows:

This man resembles my husband, he is about the same height and build and has the same colouring. I have only seen him twice and both times it was

between 6:30 and 7 p.m. in the winter about sixteen years ago. A maid who has been with us for thirteen years has seen him three times. My parents — once, my sister once and a masseuse — once. He may have been seen oftener — it was thought in *all* cases to be my husband and it was only when my husband was discovered to be 'immediately' elsewhere and in different clothes, that we realized it was 'a Ghost'.

My *own experience*, first time — I got to the front door, was taking my key out of an underneath pocket when I saw as I thought, my husband come out of his Library, which is exactly opposite the front door, and go into the dining-room (next room on his left). I knocked on the glass and called through the door but he took no notice, so I got out my key, opened the door and went upstairs and took off my outdoor clothes and came down and challenged him. To my astonishment, he said he had never moved, had been reading and was not ever out of his chair! Frankly I didn't believe him. Not long afterwards I was coming downstairs (dressed for dinner) when I saw him do the same thing, so I followed him straightway. The dining-room was in darkness, I was so sure, that I switched on the lights, looked behind the screen — even under the table — but the room was empty and I found my husband reading as usual in the Library. We did not tell anyone.

My Maid's experiences. I was just out of a Nursing Home and in bed. It was 9:30 p.m. she was locking up for the night (this was eight years ago). She saw my husband come out of his Library and go upstairs as she thought — to his room. As he had left the light on, she went into the Library to turn it off — to find him in his chair. She came to my bedroom with an ashen face saying — a man has come upstairs. I am sure it was Mr. T. but he is in the Library — I said, 'Well go and fetch Mr. T. quickly,' but she was scared. No, it was Mr. T. and he was downstairs. So I had to tell her of my experiences and that it was 'a ghost'.

On the second occasion, just before Christmas, seven years ago, I had put the children to bed and then asked the maid (Bessie) if she had seen Mr. T. ‘Yes, he had just come downstairs.’ I said he had not been in his bedroom. She said she met him coming downstairs in his navy suit, putting things back in his pockets. While we were talking my husband came upstairs in his brown golfing suit (knickers) and holding out a batch of photographs said, ‘Here are some I have just finished, wifie, and now I am going “to change”.’

Her last experience happened four years ago. Again I was in bed and I heard the maid scream. She was coming up to my room and met the man coming downstairs. Mr. T. was elsewhere, she knew; she threw her apron over her head and when she had courage to peep … he had gone.

My sister, a visitor, stayed on in the dining-room, one day last autumn, chatting after lunch. My husband and my father had left the room. Suddenly she stopped talking, turned quickly and said, ‘I thought that was Alec’ (my husband), ‘I could have sworn he crossed the room and stood beside me’ (on her right) ‘and it isn’t he!’

Just after my father died — seven years ago, my husband and I were having massage. The masseuse came after tea. I had a bath and had to lie so long — quite still before she came. My husband had to soak an arm in hot water for twenty minutes before having treatment. He had his turn first. He was Captain of P. Golf Club that year. On the day before he was only coming back from a Club meeting when the masseuse arrived, so he told her in the hall to come to me first. Next night he was soaking his arm when I heard her car so I slipped into his room to remind him to tell her to bring her account next day, as she was going for a holiday. She came straight to my room and said, ‘So it is you first again to-day!’ I told her no — Mr. T. was ready. ‘But’, she said, ‘he has only just come in.’ I told her he was in his room. ‘No,’ she said, ‘he went in, in front of me and I don’t think he saw me because he did

not turn round but went straight to his Library.' I asked what he was wearing and she said — a dark suit. I persuaded her to go to my husband's room and I heard her say, 'Oh! you really are here.' When she told him her story he told her of our man — of course she knew nothing before.

It is rather difficult to classify the above case; but on the whole it seems reasonable to regard the figure as the phantasm of a living person. Mrs. T.'s statement that 'this man resembles my husband — about the same height and build, and with the same colouring' points in this direction, and it seems that on every occasion when the figure made its appearance the maids and the masseuse took for granted, at the moment, that it was Mr. T. himself. If this is a phantasm of the living case, it certainly possesses some unusual features, e.g. the frequent appearance of the figure to different persons and the fact that, at any rate in one instance, it apparently wore different clothes from those worn by the agent at the moment: the apparition had a blue serge suit, Mr. T. a golfing suit.

Case 96

The single percipient in this case, which I owe to the kindness of Brigadier-General Swabey, of Wavendon, Bletchley, was a very intelligent little girl whose sketch of the phantom provided an admirable form of corroboration.

On my return from foreign service in 1911 I was posted to Preston, and took a small house with garden outside the town, known as 'Cadley Bank'. It was the property of a Mrs. Smith, an old lady who was bedridden. I did not see her or know anything of her, as business was done through an agent. We had two children, a girl aged eight, and a boy four.

One morning while the children were still in bed, and their nurse was out of the room, which was in daylight, the 'apparition' appeared, and was

seen by the little girl. When the nurse came in the child said, ‘Who was that old lady, Nannie?’ The nurse of course said there was no one and that she was talking nonsense.

Later on the child told her mother and myself that a queer looking little old lady opened the door and came in. ‘She seemed to look round the room and at us and then went out.’ We inquired as to what ‘went out’ meant and she said, ‘Well, she was not there.’

The child was unusually good at drawing for her age and at our suggestion she drew a picture of the old lady in profile with a peculiar cap and sort of ribbons hanging each side of it.

A few days later the Vicar’s wife was in the house and was told the story and shown the sketch. ‘Oh, that is undoubtedly Mrs. Smith, but it could not have been a ghost as she is still alive but bedridden. That is just the sort of cap she always wears.’ She also told us that Mrs. Smith was obsessed with the house, and was always thinking and talking about it, having spent most years of her married life in it. A few days previous to the incident I had written to the agent with regard to a tree in the garden which I proposed cutting down. If this request was passed to the old lady doubtless her mind would at the moment of the ‘apparition’ have been concentrated on the property.

Mrs. Swabey’s former nurse, Mrs. Bowlby, writes from 1 Ruby Street, The Mount, York (10th May 1937):

I remember Miss Patsey telling me to come quickly as a little old lady had been looking all round the room, and had vanished through the door. I looked everywhere, but could see nothing. The little girl was quite sure that she had seen the figure.

Mrs. Swabey writes (15th February 1937):

When my youngest son was about six weeks old, he was brought to me by the nurse about seven o'clock. Soon after, to my surprise, she returned with my daughter, aged seven years and three months, and said, 'I found Miss Pat terribly frightened, and I can't make out what frightened her, so I have brought her to you.' Pat was stammering, and much upset, and said, 'An old witch woman came into the nursery, looked into Baby's cot, and then went out, and I was so frightened.' She kept on saying, 'Oh, Mum, she went out,' and when I said, 'Where to?' she said, 'She went out at the door like a candle, that was what frightened me.' As Pat was clever with her pencil, her father gave her a piece of paper, and said,' Draw the witch,' and she drew the back view of a woman with a cap on, and a shawl with a fringe, the child said the shawl was black and the cap black with purple ribbons. On the day Pat saw the figure, our clergyman's wife, Mrs. Wiseman called. I told her of the odd happening to my daughter, and she replied, 'It is your landlady who occupied Cadley Bank before you.' She added that an officer's wife, who had occupied this house before us, was ill in bed, and had been left to sleep by her nurse in the same room as you use for your night nursery, and saw the old lady dressed exactly the same. Mrs. S., the old lady in question (then living at Blackpool), adored the house, and hated leaving it, in fact she had not left the house at all for eleven years, and had been bedridden for five. She always wore a black shawl and cap. She then showed us a large photograph of the old lady sitting up in bed in the exact shawl that Pat had drawn.

The percipient herself (Patricia Swabey, now Mrs. Wilkinson) writes:

I send you what I remember of a strange incident which occurred when I was seven and a half, in an old house called Cadley Bank, near Preston.

Early one morning I was lying awake in the night-nursery, the only other occupant of which was my younger brother who was still asleep, the baby having been taken to my mother a few minutes earlier. I remember looking up from a picture-book I had been looking at, when I saw an old woman moving from the closed door towards the empty cot of the baby. Although I did not recognize the woman I do not remember feeling at all surprised, and I even noticed what she was like, her curious shaped cap and ribbons, and grey shawl, and rather witch-like profile as she leant over the cot and looked in. She then turned and. moved towards the door, whereupon I was suddenly possessed with terror, as I realized that the old fashioned and rather startling wall-paper could be distinctly seen through her. I screamed, and the woman passed straight through the door, a moment before the nurse opened it herself.

The little girl's explanation of what she meant when she said that the figure 'went out' — 'Well, she was not there', 'she went out at the door like a candle', is an accurate description of what usually happens in these visual experiences. Her further remark, 'that was what frightened me', is another example of the fact that in such cases it is the sudden disappearance of the apparition, rather than the figure itself, which terrifies a child (see *Case 73*).

PART FOUR

APPARITIONS OF ANIMALS

Case 97

Of the cases of animal apparitions brought to the notice of the S.P.R. — some twenty-five to thirty in number — the great majority report the appearance of *simulacra* of cats and dogs. In only three or four cases was the animal recognized. Two recognition cases are here given — the first only a single case, depending only on the evidence of one percipient, but the second a remarkable collective experience on the part of four persons.

From Mrs. Gordon Jones:

February 22nd, 1892

I have the strongest aversion to cats — a tendency which I have inherited from my father, who could not endure a cat's presence. After my marriage, I would never have one in the house, until obliged to do so on account of mice. The one that I then allowed to come was an ordinary grey and black striped one — but I very seldom looked at it, and it was never allowed to come upstairs.

One day I was told that the cat was mad and asked if it might be drowned. I did not look at the animal myself, but said, 'yes.' I next heard that it had been drowned by the groom in a copper. As the cat was not a pet and had never been my companion, its death made no impression on me. It was drowned in the morning. The same evening I was sitting alone in the dining-room. I am sure that I was not thinking of the cat or of possible apparitions. I was reading; presently I felt impelled to look up, the door seemed to open, and there stood the animal that had been drowned in the morning; the same cat, but apparently much thinner and dripping with water — only the expression of the face was changed — the eyes were quite human and haunted me afterwards, they looked so sad and pathetic. I felt so sure of what I saw that at the moment I never doubted that it was the living cat who had

escaped from drowning. I rang the bell and when the servant came I said, ‘There’s the cat, take it out’; it seemed to me that she could not but see it too — it was clear and distinct to my eyes as the table or chairs. But the servant looked frightened and said, ‘Oh, ma’am, I saw the cat after William had drowned it — and then he buried it in the garden.’ ‘But’, I said, ‘there it is.’ Of course she saw nothing, and then the cat began to fade, and I saw nothing more of it.

In an accompanying letter, Mrs. Gordon Jones says that this incident occurred ‘two or three years ago’.

Case 98

My sister, H. L. ‘Green’, had a very favourite cat called Smoky, a pure-bred blue Persian of peculiar shade and small. There was no other cat in the village in the least like her. In the spring she became ill and died about the midde of June 1909. The gardener buried her, and planted a dahlia over her grave. Shortly before Smoky died she had been worried by a dog, and had her ribs broken, so that she walked quite lame. This injury was the final cause of her death.

On Tuesday, July 6th, 1909, my sister and I were at breakfast, and I was reading a letter aloud to her. I was sitting with my back to the window, which was on my sister’s left. Suddenly I saw her looking absolutely scared, and gazing out of the window. I said, ‘What is the matter?’ and she said, ‘There’s *Smoky*, walking across the grass!’ We both rushed to the window, and saw Smoky, looking very ill, her coat rough and staring, and walking lamely across the grass in front of the window, three or four yards from it. My sister called her, and as she took no notice, she ran out after her, calling her. I remained at the window, and saw the cat turn down a path leading to the end of the garden. My sister ran after her, calling her, but to her surprise, Smoky

did not turn or take any notice, and she lost sight of her among the shrubs. About ten minutes afterwards, my sister and a friend living with us saw Smoky again going through a hedge in front of the window. My sister again went out after her, but could not find her. She was next seen about half an hour afterwards by the servant, in the kitchen passage. She ran to get her some milk and followed her with it, but the cat walked away, and from that moment she disappeared completely. We made every inquiry of the neighbours, but no one had seen her, or any cat like her. Of course we thought there had been some mistake about her death, though our friend the gardener and the boy had all seen her dead. The gardener was so indignant at the suspicion that he had not buried the cat, that he went to the grave, took up the plant, and dug up the body of Smoky.

We are quite mystified at the occurrence, which was witnessed by four people, namely B. J. Green, H. L. Green, Miss Smith, and Kathleen B. (servant). When last seen the cat was walking towards — House, next door, where she had lived all the winter and spring. But when my sister went over there, the people at — House had seen nothing of her. When my sister first ran out after her, the cat *ran* away in front of her, moving fast, but on one side, as she did before she died.

B. J. (GREEN).

The account is also signed by Miss H. L. Green and Miss D. W. Smith. Miss B. J. Green says in a letter:

We did not ask the little maid to sign it, as we did not wish her to dwell on the occurrence.

The peculiar appearance of the cat and the nature of the surroundings in which it was seen make it improbable that in a small country place a real

animal could have escaped all previous and subsequent observation. In reply to our inquiries Miss Green writes:

March 9th, 1912

Our garden is a fairly large one, over half an acre, and is entirely surrounded by a wall. The high road runs on two sides of it, and on the other sides are our own house and two houses with gardens, both belonging to relations. Neither of these houses had any cat in the least like ours, nor had the people seen one in their gardens. There is a ‘spinney’ about a hundred yards up the road, but none nearer, and each time the cat was seen it was going in the opposite direction to this wood — once towards the end of our own garden, where it seemed to go into a beech hedge which screens the stable, etc. (My sister examined all this part, but could see nothing.) The last time it was going towards the wall separating our garden from that of — House (my cousin’s house in which my sister had lived for nine months while the owners were away; they had lately returned to it). It did not jump upon the wall, but seemed to disappear as it got near it. A tree on the other side of the wall shades this part of the garden.

When I saw it, I was at a large window, which reaches within half a foot of the floor. Outside is a verandah, with glass tiles, about two yards in width; beyond this a grass plot with flowerbeds. When my sister and I saw the cat, she was on the grass, just beyond the verandah, in full sight from the window. I stood at the window while my sister ran out after her, and I saw the cat walk slowly across the grass towards a path which bounds’ the grass plot. My sister says she ran down this path, but I could not see this, as a holly-hedge hid the path from me.

I may add that I have never in my life seen anything supernormal nor had our friend, Miss Smith; but my sister has twice seen curious ‘visions’ or

apparitions, though she is the most practical, commonsense person imaginable.

I have wondered sometimes whether my sister's sight of the cat could have been conveyed to the other percipients telepathically, so that they saw what was present to her vision.

As regards the evidence in this collective case, it is difficult to think that two persons, having normal eyesight could, in good light, be completely mistaken as to the identity of an animal presenting several marked peculiarities, with which they were perfectly familiar and which they had on this occasion an excellent opportunity of observing. If the only evidence was that of the two sisters it is conceivable that Miss H. L. Green might have conveyed an hallucination to her sister telepathically, but a strain is put on the hypothesis of mere suggestion by the fact that Miss Smith and the servant maid also saw the identical apparition. As can be judged from their reports those concerned in this case are thoroughly competent observers. In her last letter, Miss B. J. Green said that her sister was not foolishly sentimental about animals, and though naturally sorry for the cause of the cat's death was relieved when her sufferings were over — there was no question at all of any fretting or hysterical grief.

Case 99

My friend the Reverend F. J. Salt, of Winterbourne Manor, Newbury, Berks, sent me on 14th October 1937 this exceptionally well supported case of the apparition of an animal.

I was staying with my cousins, the Madans, at Walford, near Eccleshall, Staffordshire, in or about the year 1893. I had gone there in order to do some reading for my final Schools at Oxford. At dinner one evening I saw a cat, a

tabby if I remember rightly, on the right side of my chair, and put my hand down to stroke it, but it disappeared, as I thought, under the table. Later on at the same meal I saw the cat again and again tried to stroke it — again it disappeared and I lifted up the corner of the tablecloth and looked under the table. As I was doing this my cousin, Mrs. Madan, who was next to me, at the head of the table, said, ‘Hulloa, Fred — what are you looking for? Have you seen the ghost of the cat? This was the first time I had heard that a ghostly cat haunted the house. There was no real cat in the house at the time. Another evening on the same visit I saw the cat in my bedroom whilst dressing for dinner. I have stayed at Walford many times since but I never saw the ghost again.

FREDK. J. SALT.
14. 10. 37.

Miss Louisa Madan has been kind enough to send me the following corroboration of Mr. Salt’s narrative:

Beacon Croft,
Lichfield, Staffordshire.
29th Jan. 1938

I am very glad to tell you what we remember about the ghost of the cat at Walford. My brother has asked me to answer your letter as he never saw it himself, tho’ my mother, sister and I often did. We always saw it either in the dining-room, or in the passage just outside, and we have all opened the door of the room to let the cat out. I can corroborate my cousin Mr. Salt’s story — we were having dinner, he stooped down, as if he was looking for something. My mother, by whom he was sitting, asked if he had dropped anything, and he said he was going to stroke the cat which he thought was passing under his chair; no cat was in the room, and she said, ‘You must have seen the ghost.’ I

cannot remember what the other people at the table said, but probably not much notice was taken, as we often saw it. Mr. Salt saw it again in his bedroom, but none of *us* ever saw it anywhere but downstairs nor was it ever seen by more than one person at the same moment.

We lived at Walford for fifty-three years, and it must have appeared first in the early days of our time there, but I can give no date as to when it was first seen or by whom. We saw it from time to time all the years we lived there. We left Walford in 1925 when we sold the house to a farmer. I do not know if it has been seen by any members of his household.

I have received this letter from Miss Charlotte Madan (12th February 1938):

I often saw the cat phantom quite distinctly at our old home, and well remember one occasion when I opened the dining-room door for it and, believing it went out of the room, went on to let it through another door that led to the kitchen passage, but it vanished.

The cousin with whom my sister is staying says she also saw it once when she was staying with us there.

Viscountess Hanworth mentions a similar experience in a letter dated 22nd March 1938:

I was staying many years ago at Walford, and one night at dinner was convinced that a cat had come under my chair. I stooped down to stroke it and found nothing there, and on remarking on the fact, they all said, ‘Oh! it’s only the ghost cat!’ and we thought no more about it. We many of us saw it, but as it was a common occurrence and we were all very young, we thought nothing of it.

At least five witnesses, all of them of a thoroughly reliable type, saw the phantasm of the cat at Walford, in some cases repeatedly. Neither Mr. Salt nor Lady Hanworth had heard of its previous appearances. The present owner of Walford informs me that the cat has not been seen since he occupied the house.

Case 100

A story rather similar to the last was secured by my friend, the late Mr. F. C. S. Schiller, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, who heard it in October 1890 from the two percipients. The following account was put together by him from an account (which he also sent us) written by Mrs. Erni-Greiffenberg, and various conversations which he had with both ladies on the subject. He afterwards obtained their signatures to it. Neither of them had had any other hallucinatory experiences.

December 14th, 1890

In the beginning of the summer of 1884 we were sitting at dinner at home as usual, in the middle of the day. In the midst of the conversation I noticed my mother suddenly looking down at something beneath the table. I inquired whether she had dropped anything, and received the answer, ‘No, but I wonder how that cat can have got into the room?’ Looking underneath the table, I was surprised to see a large white Angora cat beside my mother’s chair. We both got up, and I opened the door to let the cat out. She marched round the table, went noiselessly out of the door, and when about half way down the passage turned round and faced us. For a short time she regularly stared at us with her green eyes, and then she dissolved away, like a mist, under our eyes.

Even apart from the mode of her disappearance, we felt convinced that the cat could not have been a real one, as we neither had one of our own, nor

knew of any that would answer to the description in the place, and so this appearance made an unpleasant impression upon us.

This impression was, however, greatly enhanced by what happened in the following year, 1885, when we were staying in Leipzig with my married sister (the daughter of Mrs. Greiffenberg). We had come home one afternoon from a walk, when on opening the door of the flat, we were met in the hall by the same white cat. It proceeded down the passage in front of us, and looked at us with the same melancholy gaze. When it got to the door of the cellar (which was locked), it again dissolved into nothing.

On this occasion also it was first seen by my mother, and we were both impressed by the uncanny and gruesome character of the appearance. In this case, also, the cat could not have been a real one, as there was no such cat in the neighbourhood.

(Signed) MRS. ERNI-GREIFFENBERG.
MRS. GREIFFENBERG.

Case 101

The legend of a ghostly horse and its rider on the Pilgrim's Way in Kent from east to west is widespread locally; but as far as I know, the only definite evidence is provided by the three letters which are here published, one from Mrs. Whitestone of Hadley Cottage, Bexley, and the others from Miss Scarth and her sister Mrs. Arkwright, who write from Charing (May 1937):

In the early nineties, early in February in the afternoon, I was driving with a cousin up Water Lane which leads from Bearsted (near Maidstone) to Broad St. on the Pilgrim's Way, returning to Hollingbourne where we lived. Something happened to the back seat of the pony-carriage where the coachman was sitting, my cousin was driving, and I called out to her to stop. The man seemed slightly hurt so we made him sit in front and hold the reins

and my cousin and I walked behind up Water Lane and turning to the right along the Pilgrim's Way. Some way in front I saw a man in a large hat, such as worn by cowboys, and a very frisky horse. I said to my cousin I would stand by the hedge until he passed. She said she did not know what I was talking about, as she saw nothing. The figure then disappeared. Some years afterwards down Water Lane, a few minutes walk from where I saw the man, Canon Scarth, who was then Vicar of Bearsted, saw a man on a horse who disappeared, and I was told of three farmers who were driving along the Pilgrim's Way about midnight, who heard the sound of a horse coming towards them and peered out into the night. They could see nothing, but their own horse shied right on to the grass. I have not been able to verify this from the actual men themselves.

Yours faithfully,
(MRS.) J. WHITESTONE.

Letter from Miss T. F. Scarth, daughter of the late Canon Scarth:

I well remember my father coming into lunch late, one day in December, and saying, 'I have seen a ghost.'

He was walking up Water Lane, which leads south from Pilgrim's Road to Bearsted, when near the end he was overtaken by a man on a fine horse, who gave him a greeting. My father noticed he had a wide-brimmed hat, and, what struck him especially, silver spurs. No sooner had the horseman passed, than he vanished entirely. He was no longer on the road in front, and there was no turning or gap in the hedge where he could have turned off. My father walked on to the cottage at the top of the lane, close to the Pilgrim's Road, where he was going to visit a sick woman. He asked the daughters if they had seen a rider go past, but they had seen no one, and when questioned, they said no horse could have got out of the lane without passing their house.

We were anxious to know what the mysterious horseman was like. “He was”, said my father, “a dark man, and reminded me of a portrait at Mrs. Green’s house, Hucking Hill.’ When the relatives of Mrs. Green were asked whose portrait my father meant, they immediately said it was a Mr. Duppa, a relation and ancestor of the De Uphaughs now at Hollinbourne House. They added, “He is supposed to haunt the hill.”

From Mrs. B. E. A., another daughter of Canon Scarth:

I remember very well my father (Canon J. Scarth) coming home on a morning in December — sometime in the nineties — saying, ‘I believe I have seen a ghost.’

He had been visiting parishioners who lived in a cottage just where Water Lane runs into the Pilgrims’ Road (in Bearsted Parish). He had left them and was walking towards Hollingbourne when he was aware of a stranger riding by his side. The man seemed to know my father and asked him one or two questions — and suddenly he wasn’t there and my father was alone in the Pilgrims’ Road, with a clear view along it before and behind him. There was a hard frost that morning, yet there was no sound of a horse’s hoof.

I went the next day to the people my father had been visiting and asked them if they had happened to see a stranger riding by and the girl, Mabel Long, said, “Yes, mother and I saw a gentleman talking to the Canon, but he went away so sudden we didn’t see who it was.”

The following day I took this startling news to friends in Hollingbourne and Miss Jessie Goldsmid (now Mrs. A. Whitestone) started up and said, “But that’s *my* ghost!” and gave her version of the appearance.

Some time after, my father was visiting Mrs. Green at Hucking Hill House and saw a portrait on the wall exactly like the ghostly rider and told

the old lady about it. She was highly indignant and said that the picture was a portrait painted by her first husband, a Mr. Duppa, of his brother, long ago dead. Hollingbourne had wonderful tales about this young Duppa; he was supposed to have killed himself and his horse by riding at the closed high iron gates at the end of the drive of Hollingbourne House. The present owner denies this tale, but he inherited the property forty years after young Duppa's death.

As Canon Scarth described his experiences to his daughters within a few minutes of his seeing the apparition, Miss Scarth's evidence is virtually first-hand. The figures of the horse and its rider were seen by both the main witnesses at nearly the same spot and both speak of the large hat. Canon Scarth also heard a 'greeting' from the rider, and specially noticed his 'silver spurs'. Mrs. Long and her daughter also saw the same figure apparently 'talking to the Canon', and noticed its sudden disappearance. On both occasions the 'rider' was seen in broad daylight.

PART FIVE

APPARITIONS OF INANIMATE OBJECTS

Case 102

The three following cases are in a class by themselves for the apparitions here are those of inanimate objects — a building, a dark vehicle, suggesting a hearse, and a ship. They are all collective cases, in two of them there are two witnesses, in the third four.

Miss Ruth Wynne wrote to me from Rougham Rectory, Bury St. Edmunds, on 11th March 1934 as follows:

In response to your wireless request for information concerning psychic phenomena experiences, I send you the following account of an odd experience in case it may interest you.

I came to live at Rougham, four miles from Bury St. Edmunds, in 1926. The district was then entirely new to me, and I and my pupil, a girl of fourteen, spent our afternoon walks exploring it.

One dull, damp afternoon, I think in October ‘26, we walked off through the fields to look at the church of the neighbouring village, Bradfield St. George. In order to reach the church, which we could see plainly ahead of us to the right, we had to pass through a farm-yard, whence we came out on to a road. We had never previously taken this particular walk, nor did we know anything about the topography of the hamlet of Bradfield St. George. Exactly opposite us on the further side of the road and flanking it, we saw a high wall of greenish-yellow bricks. The road ran past us for a few yards, then curved away from us to the left. We walked along the road, following the brick wall round the bend, where we came upon tall, wrought-iron gates set in the wall. I think the gates were shut, or one side may have been open. The wall continued on from the gates and disappeared round the curve of the road.

Behind the wall and towering above it was a cluster of tall trees. From the gates, a drive led away among these trees to what was evidently a large

house. We could just see a corner of the roof above a stucco front in which I remember noticing some windows of Georgian design. The rest of the house was hidden by the branches of the trees.

We stood by the gates for a moment, speculating as to who lived in this large house, and I was rather surprised that I had not already heard of the owner amongst the many people who had called on my mother since our arrival in the district. This house was one of the nearest large residences to our own, and it seemed odd that the occupants had not called. However, we then turned off the road along a foot-path leading away to the right to the church which was perhaps under a hundred yards off. On leaving the church, we cut down through the churchyard into the fields and home, without returning to the road or to the farm-yard. It was then drizzling rain.

On arriving home, we discussed the big house and its possible occupants with my parents, and then thought no more of it.

My pupil and I did not take the same walk again until the following spring. It was, as far as I can remember, a dull afternoon with good visibility in February or March. We walked up through the farm-yard as before, and out on to the road, where, suddenly, we both stopped dead of one accord and gasped. ‘Where’s the wall?’ we queried simultaneously. It was not there. The road was flanked by nothing but a ditch, and beyond the ditch lay a wilderness of tumbled earth, weeds, mounds, all overgrown with the trees which we had seen on our first visit.

We followed the road on round the bend, but there were no gates, no drive, no corner of a house to be seen. We were both very puzzled. At first we thought that our house and wall had been pulled down since our last visit. But closer inspection showed a pond and other small pools amongst the mounds where the house had been visible. It was obvious that they had been there a long time.

Yet, we were both independently certain that we had seen house and wall on our previous visit, and our recollections coincided exactly. I should mention that my pupil was neither imaginative nor suggestible, and that we were sufficiently good friends to permit her to disagree with me firmly had she wished to do so.

We then returned home, half amused, half bothered, and yet convinced that we *had* seen that wall and house on the occasion of our first visit. We mentioned the matter to my parents, who, though not altogether incredulous, thought that we must have been mistaken. They don't think so now. Later, I made various tentative inquiries of some villagers who lived near the site of our mystery, but they had never heard of a house existing at that spot, and obviously thought my question a foolish one, so I let the matter drop.

I have not yet succeeded in finding an 18th century map of that district, but I am convinced still that the house either once stood there, or else I shall meet it again somewhere else. I have often been past its site since, but I have never seen it again. The matter has puzzled me ever since and I would be grateful if any light could be thrown on the experience.

I am not what might be called psychic and this is the only experience of the kind that I have ever had.

Miss Allington of Lady Margaret Hall Settlement, S.E. 11, the pupil alluded to in Miss Wynne's letter, wrote to me in February 1937 as follows.

I am sorry to say that the incident has become somewhat blurred by the lapse of time, but here is our experience as far as I can remember. Miss Wynne and I were going for the usual daily walk, and happened to choose a footpath leading to Bradfield St. George. We were both new to that part of the world, and it was the first time we had taken this walk. We passed the church and Rectory, and came out on to a road, just an ordinary country by-

road, and saw opposite us an old brick wall. Behind the wall could be seen trees, and obviously, a house. I can't remember the details of the house, but I remember discussing with Miss Wynne, who could be living there. Next time we took the same walk, we came to the road at the same spot, but no trace of the wall could be seen. I thought it very strange, but wondered if I had mistaken the spot, as we were comparatively new to the neighbourhood; but Miss Wynne asked me at once where the wall had got to, as she had evidently expected to see it there, as I had also. We never saw it again, and in the four years that I was in those parts, I got to know the country well. There was quite definitely no wall in the neighbourhood like the one we saw, so it could not be a case of a mistake in our way.

The vision of the Georgian mansion is unique in this collection and reminds one of the well-known 'Trianon' experience of Miss Moberley and Miss Jourdain. It may at first sight appear impossible that no recollection or tradition should exist to-day of an imposing Georgian mansion, had this formerly existed in a village. But the perpetual drift from the countryside to the towns, and the decimation of a whole generation in the Great War, are factors which have rudely shaken the former continuity of village tradition. Church registers and tombstones are often the only reliable evidence for the existence of houses and families in rural England which otherwise have lived without a history and perished without a memorial; and if research along these or other lines revealed the fact that a large house did once stand on the site indicated in the story the case would be one of singular interest and importance.

Case 103

Colonel Leland and his chauffeur are the witnesses in this curious account of a vehicle, the sudden disappearance of which at such close quarters is very

difficult to explain.

Colonel Leland writes from The Clearing, Hawkhurst, Kent (12th March 1934):

I was recalled from France at the end of 1915 to organize a Mechanical Transport Depot at Kempton Park, close to Sunbury. For the 1st month or two, October, November and December 1915, I lived in the Watersplash Road at Sunbury-on-Thames. One night, I can't remember the actual date, in November 1915, I had to go back to the Depot as I will now call it, to do some work after dinner, about 9 p.m. My own car, allotted me by the W.D., and my driver were waiting for me, and I left the house a few minutes after nine. My driver's name was Webber, a soldier, and after we had gone two or three hundred yards, I noticed a moving light on my left; concluding that this was a horse-driven vehicle coming in to our road, I told Webber to slow down and let it come in ahead. This was done and the vehicle, which was very indistinct, drew in and turned the way we were going. I told Webber to go up behind it and not pass. He did so and we kept behind it, close behind, for about two hundred yards. I could plainly see the back of the vehicle, which was black and appeared to be a hearse; it was moving at a trot. The queer part was I could see no driver, and the two panels at the back and the keyhole for locking the doors showed up most distinctly under the rays of our lamps. The road is, or was narrow with a bend in it. I told Webber to slow down and crawl letting the other go ahead, and when we got round the corner, I said, 'push on'. We did so, and the road before us was empty. We accelerated but there was nothing to be seen, and Webber said, 'Lord, sir, what was that!' We went down and around Sunbury but did not see any vehicle. It was a wet night too by the way. I can assure you that the vehicle, whatever it was, only rounded the corner a few yards ahead of us, and there was nowhere it could have gone. If ever you're down that way you can check

the distances, etc. I have to be somewhat vague in that respect as I have not been there since that time, as I took a house for a few months afterwards nearer my work. There is no turn between the points where we first saw the vehicle and where it disappeared except the one it came round.

Mr. Webber, the driver of Colonel Leland's car, on the occasion referred to, writes from 5 Gloucester Road, Newton Abbot (27th January 1937):

As regards the incident at Watersplash Road in 1915, as far as I can remember, the night was not what one would call an inky black, but just an ordinary November night. I went to fetch the Colonel after dinner, to take him to the depot, and we had just started from the house, when a strange vehicle drew across in front of us and turned the same way as we were going. I followed the vehicle for some distance and when it was round the corner, on towards Sunbury-on-Thames, the Colonel said, 'Push on'. I accelerated and went to pull out in order to pass the vehicle, but as I did so there was no vehicle to be seen. I well remember exclaiming to the Colonel, 'Now sir, what was that and where has it gone?' That, sir, is what happened, and I hope my side of the story is convincing evidence enough to corroborate the fact of this strange happening.

Case 104

Mr. N. K. Stone, Assistant Bursar of Stowe School, wrote to me on 10th March 1934 as follows:

In 1923 I was 4th Officer on board the P. & O. S.S. *Barrabool*, bound from Australia to London. On the 26th January 1923 we left Capetown (I forget the time of departure); my watch on the bridge commenced at midnight; I was assisting the 2nd Officer, Mr. C. C. W., on his watch. About 0:15 a.m. we noticed a strange 'light' on the port bow; I may add here that it

was a very dark night, overcast, with no moon. We looked at this through binoculars and the ship's telescope, and made out what appeared to be the hull of a sailing ship, luminous, with two distinct masts carrying bare yards, also luminous; no sails were visible, but there was a luminous haze between the masts. There were no navigation lights, and she appeared to be coming closer to us and at the same speed as ourselves. When first sighted she was about two to three miles away, and when within about half a mile of us she suddenly disappeared.

There were four witnesses of this spectacle, the 2nd Officer, a cadet, the helmsman and myself. I shall never forget the 2nd officer's startled expression — 'My God, Stone, it's a ghost ship.'

I drew a sketch of this strange ship afterwards, and the 2nd officer agreed with the details. I still hold this sketch, and would have enclosed it herewith, but I am afraid of losing it. Should you care to see it, I will post it to you. Many people who have seen it wonder if she was the *Flying Dutchman* we saw that night.

The 2nd Officer referred to by Mr. Stone writes as follows:

The experience related by Mr. Stone is perfectly true, but as it happened so long ago, I regret that I cannot remember the names of the cadet and quarter-master who were also eye-witnesses of the phenomenon. I am only too happy to give you my corroborative evidence. My impressions are as follows, and differ in one or two minor respects from Mr. Stone's narrative. On the night of the incident in question, on turning out for my 12 to 4 a.m. watch, I distinctly saw the silvery appearance of a full-rigged sailing ship. Stone and I both levelled our glasses, and were astonished to note that no sails were set, or in other words that the yards were bare. The only conclusion was that the vessel was a derelict, and abandoned, when, to our increased

amazement she simply vanished. I wondered at the time if some form of mirage could be responsible for the phenomenon. Both Stone and I mentioned it to the Chief Officer, and Mr. Stone drew a pen and ink sketch from memory, of what he called the ‘ghost ship’.

The percipients in this very unusual experience (though many legends are current of a phantom ship in these waters) were two officers on the same watch. Whatever be the explanation of the phenomenon in this case any form of mirage is obviously ruled out. I have been unable up to the present to trace the whereabouts of the cadet and helmsman who saw the mysterious vessel at the same time.

SUMMARY AND CONCLUSION

The general objective of this volume has been partly realized in the preceding chapters by a survey of the evidence furnished in a series of first-hand experiences. What remains to be done is the presentation of a theory or theories to account for the admitted facts, for, unless some attempt is made to explain as well as accumulate our material, we lay ourselves open to the criticism that we are merely preserving old and new narratives in a kind of cold storage, without any honest attempt to offer or record a solution of the problems they present.

The attitude taken up by even the more thoughtful section of the community, when confronted with apparently well-founded cases of a dead man's apparition, is, in general, unsatisfactory and inconclusive.

The neglect of these problems by our intellectual leaders amounts indeed to a veritable scandal. From generation to generation these psychic phenomena remain with us, either ignored by the great majority of our scientists and other thinkers, or receiving a superficial and haphazard treatment which would be accorded to no other form of research.

Since Frederic Myers and his brilliant contemporaries endeavoured to explain the phenomena of apparitions little has been done in this direction, and the three hypotheses summarized in my broadcast still hold the field. The apparition, whether of the living or the dead, is either a mere subjective

hallucination, or an objective entity perceived occasionally by the organs of sense, or an image conveyed to the brain and eye of a percipient by telepathic action on the part of an external agent.

Let us deal briefly with these three suggestions.

1. A purely subjective hallucination may perhaps be defined as one which is independent of any external agency and has no existence apart from the mind of the percipient. That such unsubstantial forms and phantasms do find their way into human experience is, of course, indubitable. Certain drugs, notably alcohol, when taken in excess, can bring such hallucinatory pictures before the minds of their victims. Pathological conditions of the body may also be accompanied by delusive forms and figures: similar delusions may affect the senses of men suffering from extreme fatigue and exhaustion.[1] Such visions as these are generally assumed to be empty fantasies of the brain, ‘such stuff as dreams are made of’, and nothing more. No scientific explanation, however, of these unsubstantial visions is forthcoming, and I find it difficult to rule out the possibility that they may be due to some external agency as yet unrecognized. An interesting question arises as to whether these adventitious influences — drugs, extreme fatigue, etc. — are the *verae causae* of such eccentric phantasms, or merely provide a condition of mind or body peculiarly sensitive to the telepathic reception from some extraneous source of these fantastic visions. A further area of speculation is opened up as to whether other discarnate agencies, apart from dead or living men, may be capable of exercising telepathic influence upon the human mind.

Whatever be the cause of the phantasms in question it must at any rate be clearly recognized that as a matter of fact normally healthy and sane people do not suffer from hallucinations of this type. The apparitions which they see demand some fuller recognition and more adequate explanation than

are accorded to the visual experiences of *delirium tremens* or nervous collapse.

2. The second hypothesis with which we deal is that the apparition is objective, an external entity, existing in space and, from time to time, visible to the human eye or audible to the ear. Such an explanation is obviously simple, direct and comprehensive. It would, if accepted, cover every type of apparition, even including the strange and baffling phantasms of animals occasionally seen by healthy and normal persons. The recurrent phantom in such a haunting as that of the Morton family would *ex hypothesi* be always in and about the house, and visible at certain times and in certain places to some of the occupants. To the natural question, 'Why to some and not to all?' I can suggest no adequate answer. At the prayer of Elisha the eyes of the prophet's young companion were opened, and he too saw the celestial horses and chariots on the mountain side. Whether, indeed, we accept this hypothesis of the apparition as an external and objective thing or not, I can offer no explanation of the mystery that one person sees a ghost and another does not.

3. Perhaps the most satisfactory solution of our problem is that apparitions are in every case caused by telepathic action. This hypothesis, which appears to fit the facts more completely than any other, was accepted by the authors of *Phantasms of the Living* as the *vera causa* of the phenomena covered by that volume, and it possesses a scientific quality absent from other solutions inasmuch as to some extent its processes and results can be reproduced by the investigator. I refer to certain experiments in telepathy which have taken place. Here is a typical example of a deliberate attempt to produce a corresponding apparition.

On a certain Sunday evening in 1881, Mr. S. H. Beard determined with the whole force of his being that he would make his spiritual presence perceptible in the front bedroom on the second floor of a house in London in

which slept two ladies of his acquaintance, Miss L. S. and Miss E. C. Verity. He was living about three miles away. At that hour the elder of the two ladies (aged twenty-five) was much terrified by perceiving Mr. Beard distinctly standing by her bedside. When the apparition advanced towards her she screamed, ‘There is S.’ This awakened the sister, aged eleven, who also saw the apparition. Both sisters were certain that the figure was in evening dress and that it stood in one particular spot in the room. The gas was burning low and the phantasm is reported to have been seen with far more clearness than a real figure would have been. The elder sister spoke of her experience spontaneously to Mr. Beard when he called four days later, and before he had mentioned his experiment.’

We have indeed ample proof of such successful experiments in deliberate telepathy,[2] and there can be little doubt that such extra-sensory perception is in general the true source of all phantasms of living persons.

What, however, are we to say when the apparitions which appear to us are those of persons no longer alive? My own conviction, after a careful study of the available evidence for many years, is that, in general, as Myers held, apparitions of the dead may be, and frequently are, caused by telepathy from the dead; in other words, that beyond the portals of death a discarnate mind persists still capable of the conscious transference of thought to a living percipient.

This theory fits the facts best in the case of those recognized apparitions which carry with them indications of their identity, and exhibit some knowledge of earthly affairs. It is at first sight less appropriate to those unrecognized and unrelated phantasms, which, as Myers suggested, might be mere dream-fancies of the dead. How closely do they resemble certain phenomena of somnambulism! One sleep-walker will recognize nobody whatever: another recognizes certain persons only. ‘Rarely or never will a

somnambulist spontaneously notice what other persons are doing, and adapt his own actions thereto.' Yet even if these erratic phantasms — *animulae vagulae* — which reach us from time to time strongly resemble the stuff of which our own dreams are made, such projected dreams of the dead must still imply some form of mental activity in the dreamer — *somnio ergo sum.*

These fugitive and apparently meaningless apparitions may be negative and unsatisfying, but they have nevertheless to be explained. It is difficult to suggest any other source of telepathic activity in many of these cases than some continued survival of human personality. Such unexpected and unidentified phantasms cannot well differ in origin and character from the recognized apparitions of dead or living contemporaries.

An interesting question, however, arises as to the time limit, so to speak, of apparitions. Identification can of course supply a clue as to date, but personal recollection of an individual's features — apart from the aid of photographs or pictures — becomes less and less reliable as the years advance and may almost fade out towards the close of a long life. The apparition, therefore, of a person who died some fifty to a hundred years ago would be in nearly every instance unrecognized. On the other hand we may regard some phantasms as dated by the clothing which they appear to wear. In summary one may suggest that while recognized apparitions of the dead normally occur within a year or so of the death, telepathic activity may survive the grave for an indefinite period and, in rare and sporadic cases, become effective after long intervals of time, in accordance with laws of which we know nothing.

Half a century ago the authors of *Phantasms of the Living* were confronted with many cases in which the death of the agent had already occurred at the moment when the phantasm was seen by the percipient. As an alternative therefore to post-mortem agency, they invented the strange theory

that in such ‘borderland cases’, as they describe them, some form of delayed telepathy was at work, i.e. that the apparition of a dead man had really been transferred from him before his dissolution, and had remained latent in the percipient’s mind for some period of time before it emerged into consciousness and became effective as a vision.

In support of this hypothesis a few instances have been quoted of apparently latent telepathy deliberately produced between living persons; but, as Mr. Gurney states, such experimental cases are few and uncertain, and moreover, in them the period of latency has been measured by seconds or minutes, not by hours. Nevertheless, the authors of *Phantasms of the Living* saw fit to include forty cases in which the interval between death and the apparition did not exceed twelve hours. That this period could be perhaps bridged by latent telepathy has always appeared to me an arbitrary hypothesis unverified and unverifiable, but even if we accept it, such a theory cannot possibly cover cases where weeks, months, and years divide the vision from the moment of death. Even Mr. Podmore himself admitted that the bulk of such cases as are included in our present volume could not be explained by ‘latency’.

Another alternative put forward in order to avoid the hypothesis of a conscious survival beyond the grave takes shape in the suggestion that apparitions of the dead are conveyed telepathically to the percipient by other living persons. If a mother sees the phantasm of a dead son whom she believes to be living, this was simply an hallucination conveyed to her by suggestion from some unknown individual somewhere in the world; if two or more people see an apparition simultaneously, the identical phantom is suggested by one or more living persons to each and all of them at the same moment! Surely this is stretching the theory and practice of telepathy to breaking point.

For the perplexing phenomena of haunted houses and localities, some special explanation seems to be required, and it is indeed hard to discover it. How are we to account for the local association of so many well-attested apparitions with certain houses, rooms, or roads?

If we accept the view that apparitions of the dead are due to the post-mortem agency of the deceased, the local character of the haunting might be explained as due to the deceased man's personal attachment to the house, or the association of the house with certain outstanding experiences of happiness or misery during his occupation of the building. Several well-supported local cases are on record where phantasms of living persons who have left their old homes are repeatedly seen in the familiar surroundings of their earlier days; and if terrene knowledge survives the grave it may well be that the spirits of the dead may

… there delight to dwell
Amid the scenes in life they loved so well.

Post-mortem agency, here as elsewhere, fits the facts best, but, if this be set aside, how are we to explain the local character of the apparitions? Can it conceivably be the case that in some inscrutable fashion the woodwork and masonry of a house may exert some physical or mental influences which cause certain individuals to see the phantasmal figure of a former resident? If so, some analogy may be found in those precise statements which are said by Dr. Osty and other investigators to have been made by trustworthy mediums under strict test conditions with respect to certain articles placed in their hands. If mere contact with a man's cravat can produce from the medium a detailed and accurate account of the suicide of the unhappy prisoner who had worn the cravat, the stones and beams of a house might perhaps, in the same mysterious manner, be responsible for suggesting the audible and visible

phenomena of a haunted house. Some well-authenticated cases exist in which alteration of structure in a house has been followed by the cessation of the hauntings.

At this point one may allude to a question which arises in the course of our research. If apparitions of the dead are in very truth conscious personalities, how comes it that they do not exhibit a much greater knowledge of earthly affairs and a deeper personal interest in their surviving friends?

An examination, however, of well-authenticated narratives leads one to realize that such personal concern in those who survive is by no means so rare as is sometimes alleged. The majority of the apparitions mentioned in this volume are recorded because of their evidential value and not from any special regard as to their apparent purpose or behaviour. Had my object been to present a collection of stories in which the apparition plays the conventional role of guardian, penitent, revealer of hidden documents, or the like, a fairly good body of evidence could have been put together from the many hundreds of more or less well attested single cases, and some collective ones also. In this volume, however, good collective narratives have been selected solely on evidential grounds, and of these a large proportion are cases of phantasms, unconcerned apparently with the percipient, which in some instances enter our field of vision as little more than ἀμενηνὰ κάρηνα — the 'strengthless heads' of the Homeric underworld. The human personalities which are *ex hypothesi* represented by these fleeting shapes would in general appear to belong to earlier periods of time, and would not naturally exhibit any appreciable concern in human affairs of the present. On the other hand, we find a considerable number of cases in which the apparition does manifest a quite definite interest in the friends of his or her earthly life.

In this connection, too, we must not overlook the fact that virtually all the ‘borderland’ cases recorded in *Phantasms of the Living* — those at or about the moment of death, and those seen within twelve hours of death — seem obviously to indicate an intense interest in the living percipients. The accumulated evidence of such cases — which have been scarcely touched upon in this volume — would appear to provide a clear refutation of any suggestion that apparitions of the dead display little or no concern with the living who survive them.

In the case of the largest class of apparitions referred to above, viz. those appearing at or about the moment of death, it is indeed significant that the telepathic message comes from an agent not in vigorous and normal health, but at the moment of life’s eclipse when our physical powers are at their lowest ebb. Strange indeed it is that this supreme act of volition, never exercised before, and transcending the ordinary channels of sense, should come to pass at a moment when the brain has almost ceased to function or is drowned in the oblivion of coma. Such a phenomenon would at least suggest that the mind is not essentially dependent on the body and consequently would provide an important argument against the contention that the death of the body necessarily involves the death of the mind.

An interesting feature which appears in a few of the narratives here printed is the existence of a promise made by a living person to appear after death to a survivor.

Here is a typical example of such a compact.

> From Miss E. M. T. (14th September 1891): I awoke from sleep and saw a brother who had been dead more than five years standing at the foot of my bed. He stood still, gazing at me earnestly. I cannot remember a voice, but he distinctly conveyed to my mind the impression that I was to have no more anxiety and that all

> would be for the best. I said, ‘Oh, Arthur!’ and jumped up to go to him, when he vanished. This took place on a bright sunny morning in June about 4:30 a.m. No one was present. I was in perfect health; but we had some family trouble at the time. I was twenty-eight. My brother in life had said he would appear after death if possible.

In a collection of cases made by the S.P.R. in 1894 some five per cent of those covering apparitions after death mention a promise on the part of the deceased person to try to appear or communicate after death. If on examination of all well-attested cases this was found to be the average percentage, we might conclude that something more than coincidence is involved; for it seems improbable that of all the persons who die anything like five per cent make such promises or pacts. If these reappearances are not accidental, then the promise and the apparition must be in some way causally connected; and in most of these cases where the survivor is not aware of his friend’s death, nor expecting it, the apparition must, one would think, be due to the telepathic action of the dead person — another indication that death does not involve discontinuity or abrupt transition.

The whole subject of these promises to appear after death requires much more consideration, and much more abundant evidence than has yet been furnished. And it is, however, unfortunately the case that this particular type of evidence is often difficult to secure because of its personal and intimate character. Many such promises are doubtless made, but they remain in the heart of the survivor as a sacred memory and, if fulfilled, bring a satisfaction too precious to share with others.

The hypothesis of telepathy from the dead certainly provides, as we have said, an explanation of apparitions which fits the facts more completely than any other. But in accepting this as the best solution we are by no means free from all our difficulties. The popular *crux* of the clothing worn by ghosts

need not, it is true, detain us long, when we once realize that the agent, alive or dead, who transfers the apparition does so obviously in order that it may be recognized by the recipient, and therefore the normal appearance of the figure is projected. The clothes are no more of a difficulty than the limbs or features of the transferred hallucination.

Other difficulties, however, are not quite so easily resolved. What are we to say, for example, to apparitions which produce coldness as they pass, or are reflected in a mirror? How can a vision telepathically conveyed to a recipient interrupt rays of light or heat or cause its touch to be felt? Frankly, I can offer no adequate explanation, but the statement by one of our witnesses (see *Case 62*) that he reached out of bed to close the door which the apparition had visibly opened, and found that the apparently open door was still closed, might suggest that these perplexities of touch and sight all come under the same explanation as the apparition itself, as an hallucination telepathically conveyed.

We have next a comparatively small group which comprises the phantasmal appearances of material objects. What telepathic agency was at work in the case, for example, of the Georgian mansion or the hearse (*Cases 102*, *103*)? The evidence is collective in both instances. The unseen driver might, of course, project the image of the hearse with which he was associated in his life, just as the ordinary apparition appears in its clothes; but it is less easy to associate the phantasm of a building with any individual post-mortem agency.

Finally, how are we to regard certain extremely well-attested accounts of animal apparitions? If we accept telepathy as the *fons et origo* of all apparitions (except purely subjective delusions), what is the agency in this case? The suggestion that these animal shapes are projected from some human personality, alive or discarnate, does not seem satisfactory or

convincing. Can we take our courage in both hands and trace these humbler apparitions to some form of animal survival? Bishop Butler saw nothing incredible in the idea that the conscious existence of an animal might survive its physical death. It seems clear that animals are frequently affected by the telepathic apparition presented to the eyes of their masters. Can it be that they, in their turn, are able to exercise some telepathic activity in relation to man, even after the destruction of their bodies? The cases of animal apparitions before us indicate exactly the sort of telepathy which one would expect in such cases — exhibiting nothing whatever beyond the ordinary experiences of a domestic animal in association with its master or mistress. I am well aware that the inclusion of a cat or dog in a scheme of telepathy from the living and still more from the dead may be exposed to the ridicule and contempt of those who decide such questions on *a priori* grounds, but the true researcher must be prepared to face and ignore the disapproval of such superficial critics. The strange and baffling phenomena with which we are concerned must be covered by some law, and in our search for some principle, some ‘psychic factor’ which will serve to coordinate and explain them, we must not be deterred even by the frowns of contemporary science or philosophy. The attitude of the scientific world to Sir William Crookes’s researches into psychic phenomena was, as Professor Broad says in his Broadcast of 1934, ‘characteristic and contemptible’, and, he adds, ‘most philosophers have never taken the trouble even to read the best of the relevant literature, much less to do any investigation for themselves; this indifference on the part of philosophers is quite inexcusable. Natural scientists have their own special subjects of research, which are enough to occupy a lifetime, and they are not to be blamed if they confine themselves to these, provided they do not dogmatize ignorantly about what they have never investigated. But no such excuse is open to philosophers. It is plain that the alleged facts which

they ignore are directly relevant to the very problems which it is their main duty to discuss. Quite apart from this it is the business of a philosopher to make a resolute attempt to see the world steadily and to see it whole. He has not the right which other scientists may have to ignore certain aspects of it as irrelevant to his particular purpose.'

We have not even as yet received from either scientists or philosophers any general and authoritative acceptance of the phenomenon of telepathy. Few of these thinkers would to-day go so far as to endorse the opinion of Professor Jodl (quoted by Tischner) that 'such a direct transmission of ideas from one mind to another, without any perceptible physical method of communication, would indicate the presence of a crack in the very foundations of all our views on Nature,' or that of Dr. Henning:' Psychophysics, yes, even psychology as a science must be utterly wrecked before we have recourse to telepathy.' Nevertheless, the fact remains that the British Association has never bestowed more than a cursory glance, so to speak, on the subject of telepathy or made any gesture towards accepting its validity. Certain individual scientists of recognized ability and standing accept telepathy; but in general the subject is simply ignored and kept apart from the normal topics discussed by contemporary science. Yet what impartial investigator can, in face of so great a volume of positive evidence,[3] deny that telepathy is a scientific fact?

Again, as regards their more or less general disposition to question the quality of our evidence, it seems doubtful whether scientists recognize adequately the *cumulative* effect of such evidence in the field of psychical research, though the principle is apparently accepted in many departments of scientific inquiry. Some may rule out the possibility of absolute proof on the ground that in every scientific experiment lurk some possibilities of error. Nevertheless, scientific proof in some instances appears to be built up upon

the cumulative effects of secured results which, though individually they may possess no absolute cogency, ultimately come to possess in the mass such overwhelming probability that they are accepted as established truth. Psychical Research, as Professor Schiller points out,[4] affords a good example of this, for, though a critical mind may not find individual cases absolutely cogent, the cumulative effect of this persistent and copious evidence cannot be denied. Even Kant, who lived before any serious attempt had been made to treat psychic evidence seriously and scientifically, admits in his *Träume eines Geistersehers*, 'I do not care wholly to deny all truth to the various ghost stories, but with the curious reservation that I doubt each of them singly, but have some belief in them all taken together.'[5]

Scientists must no doubt tread warily in areas which, owing to their own prejudices and neglect, are to a large extent unexplored. They may maintain (1) that the testimony which psychical researchers can produce does not reach the level of exact scientific evidence; (2) that the facts we record are incapable of being reproduced at will; and (3) that in every case it is more probable that these facts are invalid than that any conscious personality survives the destruction of the human brain. In other words, it is more probable that an apparition of a dead man, seen by three or four reliable witnesses, is a purely subjective hallucination or illusion than that it is directly caused by a human personality which has survived the tomb.

As regards the criticism that our results cannot be repeated at will I have endeavoured to show above that telepathic forms and figures can under certain conditions be conveyed from one living brain to another by deliberate experiments. The ordinary processes of hypnotic suggestion, the convincing experiments recorded in the Proceedings of the S.P.R., and *Phantasms of the Living*, all point to the fact that in favourable circumstances telepathic processes can be repeated at will in the case of living persons.[6]

As long as we deal, then, with thought transference between living persons we can, I believe, go far to meet the demands of the scientist and statistician. When, however, the agent is, according to our theory, a discarnate personality we are obviously cut off from any deliberate repetition of the telepathic process. Yet the general similarity which exists between the apparition of a dead and that of a living man furnishes in itself a strong indication that both manifestations result from the same process, viz. telepathy from one mind to another.[7] Those who maintain that such telepathy from the dead is *ipso facto* an impossibility are in the unenviable position of having to prove a negative — never an easy task. And indeed, as said above, if we accept telepathy between living persons as proved and so admit the existence of a psychic or 'extra-sensory' force, apart from the ordinary channels of sense, how 'can we reasonably deny *a priori* that in such a phase of existence disembodied personalities, souls or spirits — call them what you will — may find a place?'

On the other side the positive evidence furnished by many of the preceding narratives, apart from that derived from other areas of psychical research, does seem to me to furnish adequate ground for the belief that human personality survives the change we call death. In this connection I should like to quote the support of the late Mrs. Sidgwick. In June 1932 her brother Lord Balfour, after reading Mrs. Sidgwick's Jubilee Paper 'On the History of the S.P.R.', added these words, 'Conclusive proof of survival is notoriously difficult to obtain. But the evidence may be such as to produce *belief*, even though it fall short of conclusive *proof*. I have Mrs. Sidgwick's assurance — an assurance which I am permitted to convey to the meeting — that, upon the evidence before her, she herself is a firm believer both in survival and in the reality of communication between the living and the dead.'

To what extent is this firm assurance, built upon the devoted research and critical judgement of one of the ablest women of our time, shared by the majority of our countrymen or even desired by them? *Prima facie* one would expect that every thoughtful man or woman would welcome any fresh light, however faint and glimmering, on the vexed problem of man's survival, as some assurance of moral control in the universe around us, or as some corroboration of the doctrines of revealed religion. Nevertheless, in answer to the query, 'Do you desire a future life, whatever the conditions may be?' which appeared in a questionnaire circulated by the American Branch of the S.P.R. in 1900, the 'noes' numbered no less than 78 per cent of the total replies received (3,321) — many taking the form of 'Not at all', 'Not in the least', 'Never think about it'. And although the results of an investigation within such narrow limits cannot be regarded as decisive, it is probable that the note of scepticism or indifference which runs through the majority of the replies reflects to a large extent the attitude towards a personal survival adopted by the average man or woman of the present day. To minds like theirs, our survey of evidence can, I fear, offer little interest or satisfaction, for to quote Myers' admirable summary of the whole question,

'This is not what men desire — this inferential, incomplete demonstration that in some fashion or other there is something which survives the tomb. What men want is the assurance of personal happiness after death; or if they cannot feel this, they wish at least for such half-belief as may enable them to dismiss such speculations altogether. They do not desire to know more about that, but to avoid thinking of what they know already. A man will tell you in the same breath that he trusts to enter upon eternal happiness when he dies, but that he would rather not discuss such depressing subjects. Some weak spirits even invent for themselves a kind of new superstition — one knows not whether further removed from the temper of

Plato or of Augustine — according to which there is something presumptuous or irreverent in allowing the mind to dwell or speculate upon the serious destiny and chief concerns of man. All this, I do not doubt, the ministers of religion well know. They know that besides those nobly trustful souls to whom all good seems natural and all high hopes assured, their flocks contain a large percentage of timorous spirits who ask only to be lulled into security and to be saved at any cost from fear. Such men certainly are not disposed to look too closely at the evidence for what they desire. It is not they who are influenced by any words of ours, or who are at the pains to follow the groping steps with which in these Proceedings we clamber to a dubious glimpse of that Promised Land which they have already mapped out to their satisfaction.

Our work, so far as I can tell, is mainly followed by readers of a very different type. There is an attitude of mind becoming yearly commoner among educated men, which, although neither cynical nor pessimistic, yet regards the present without enthusiasm and the future without eagerness. There is an acquiescence in the life of earth, and a deep distrust of the unknown. With the advance of knowledge, with the quickening of imagination, a feeling almost new in the world has arisen, a kind of shrinking from the magnitude of Fate. The words Infinity, Eternity, are no longer mere theological counters; they have taken on an awful significance from our growing realisation of astronomical periods, of galactic spaces — ’the gleam of a million millions of suns’. A soul from which the Christian confidence is withdrawn may well feel that it is going forth into the void — not as a child to his Father’s home — but rather as a spark of sentiency involved amid enormous forces, and capable of unimagined pain. And thus it comes that men tacitly desire to make a compromise with Fate, to be satisfied with this mixed and fleeting life, and to ignore the possibilities of the Unknown.

Such, as I observe, is the prevailing temper which our evidence has to meet. That evidence does not attract, it rather irritates many of the best minds of our age. They are unwilling to re-open the great problem at all, and are naturally the more unwilling in so much as the new evidence itself seems so perplexing and grotesque. Perplexing and grotesque indeed! I answer; but it *is* evidence; and if any evidence there be, science cannot continue to ignore the problem.[8]

Yet between these two vast sections of mankind — those who anticipate a future life without misgiving, and those who from doubt or despair endeavour to ignore and forget it — we find happily another class of men and women to whom this problem is of deep significance. On the one hand they feel that with a certainty of man's survival we can face the perplexities and difficulties of life, and leave our future destiny in the hands of an Almighty God and Father. On the other hand they are forced to the conviction that if mind and body perish together, death has indeed its sting and the grave its victory. Once the hope of survival is lost, reassurances that virtue is its own reward, or that death brings rest from labour, afford no mental calm or moral satisfaction to such thinkers as these. Faced with the inevitable hour of annihilation which lies ahead, they feel that they are doomed to live their brief span of life 'on the outside of all deep significance, gazing for a moment on the enormous pageant as it sweeps by us with an unknown purport, in obedience to an incognizable Power'.

If the survey of evidence presented in this volume can be of any service to honest souls like these I am more than satisfied. The general attitude of our younger people today towards ethical and spiritual things seems to a large extent superficial and indefinite. A generation morally dulled and embittered by the horrors and hypocrisies of the War has been succeeded by sons and daughters in whose minds scepticism and indifference find root more early

than at any other period of our history. If we can help to rebuild the scaffolding of a shaken faith and raise a structure nearer to the heart's desire of those who trust that death is but the portal to another life, I can imagine no better work.

In an age marked by amazing developments in theoretical and applied science the advance of psychical research is slow and halting. Earlier pioneers like Myers and Gurney hoped with confidence in their own days that the cumulative force of the evidence they had gathered would compel intellectual conviction and change the whole outlook of mankind. They passed away without seeing this fruition of their labours, nor indeed can such hopes as theirs ever be fully realized until scientists and philosophers devote to the indications which exist of man's survival the same steady research which has been devoted to the problem of his evolution from the past.

'Hardly as yet', said William James a year before he died, 'has the surface of facts called psychic begun to be scratched for scientific purposes.' Amid the almost limitless possibilities of the coming years — great developments in surgery and medicine, bio-chemistry, television, and transport — it may be that not the least of the discoveries which glorify a new age will come from the scientific results of psychical research. *Kühn ist das Mühen, herrlich der Lohn!*

ENDNOTES

A Broadcast on Apparitions and Haunted Houses

1 Mrs. Sidgwick died in February 1936.

Case 1

1 This packet is dated June 30th, 1874.

2 It is not certain whether the deceased lady made a similar promise to her husband.

Case 5

1 We learn from the War Office that Lieutenant B. died at Peshawur 2nd January, 1854.

Case 20

1 This account was sent to the S.P.R. but is not printed here.

Case 40

1 The idea that we have already a superabundant number of any important types of cases is, we are afraid, only too common a misapprehension among

persons who are perhaps in a position to give us valuable information. We may repeat, as we have often said before, that it is impossible to have too many *recent* and *well-authenticated* accounts, and we are always glad to receive new ones.

Summary and Conclusion

1 Cf. A. Boisragon, *The Benin Massacre.* Both of the survivors during their desperate escape through the forest repeatedly saw hallucinatory figures of small men sitting on the trunks of trees.

2 Cf. 'Experimental Hallucinations', Proc. S. P.R., X. 270–8.

3 Cf. *Phantasms of the Living, passim.* Osty, *Supernormal Faculties in Man* (trans.). Tischner, *Telepathy and Clairvoyance* (trans.). Mrs. Salter, *Evidence for Telepathy.*

4 Cf. Schiller, *Logic for Use*, ch. xviii, pp. 401–2.

5 Rosenkranz, *Kant*, vol. vii, ch. 77.

6 Cf. p. 376; and *Phantasms of the Living*, vol. I, pp. 103–4, 104–6, 108–9, etc., Myers, *Human Personality,* vol. I, pp. 688–90.

7 Some very interesting features are, however, associated with post-mortem apparitions which as a rule are not found in the case of phantasms of the living. The latter, for example, do not take shape or fade out gradually, nor are they transparent or self-luminous — all common characteristics of the former. (Cf. Proceedings S.P.R., vol. XLI, p. 248.)

8 Proceedings S.P.R., vol. VI, pp. 339–40.